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"Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds"—Herodotus.

(See Deeds and Dangers of the Flying Mail Service, Page 18)

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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ROOSEVELT'S UNFINISHED PROGRAM

BY

DAVID C. STEPHENSON

A CONDITION of marked unrest exists in the United States. The visible effect is, chiefly, the swift growth in numbers of the so-called Third Party with its radical appeal to the farmer, but the basic cause is a very general, a very serious, uncertainty in policies and politics which has in it too many of the elements of an economic catastrophe.

It is not over-stating the case to say that the confusion of thought — the demands for various conflicting reforms — now prevalent is even more marked than during the time immediately following the war. And it should be added, in fairness, that — excluding the merely vicious elements which originate in Moscow—it springs from a conviction that our national policies are not working out for the well-being of all the people. That cannot be denied. In the last decade the country has strayed from the path of economic sanity.

Radicalism is a tendency to cure everything with laws. Roosevelt called that sort of thing a "nostrum calculated to kill the patient." Throughout his public life he inveighed against any inclination toward a paternalistic form of government. Yet the drift to-day is in that direction, and it should be checked in time. What is more important, it should be cured.

If Roosevelt were alive he would clearly recognize the fact that the United States has reached a turning point in its development. The republic began with a population of three millions, confined to a narrow fringe settled along the eastern seaboard. To-day we have 110 millions, and the tide of settlement has reached the Pacific and turned back. The virgin prairie was the foundation, but to-day the open land is nearly gone. From a beginning 90 per cent agricultural we have grown into the greatest industrial nation of the world with more than 55 per cent of the population in the cities.

This has come about quickly; much too quickly. We are only a century and a half removed from an English dependency. It is a fact that we could not have progressed far without the alien whose children and children's children became citizens of America, but it is also a fact that that condition, our traditional open door policy, has hastened the national crisis. During this period the source of the stream of immigration moved from the northwest of Europe—that is, from England, Ireland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Germany—around to the southeast, with a profound alteration in the character and cultural traditions of the incoming population. A completely new set of industrial and social problems has arisen. To deal with them sanely and bravely, it is necessary

to have them defined in terms we can all understand; and if Roosevelt were here he would so define them. He sensed them in 1916; had he lived, surely it would have fallen to him to carry them through. The program he had in mind was, broadly, based on the idea that our future development must be from within; that safety lies in self-reliance, self-help, individual initiative—above all, the square deal. It was his profound conviction that government should aid by regulation but not usurp the functions rightly belonging to the individual. A believer in and preacher of nationalism, at the same time he was the most intensely individualistic of all our leaders. "Fear God And Take Your Own Part" was his whole summing up. That set of principles might be called the unfinished program of Roosevelt.

Roosevelt's Unique Power

The tragedy of Roosevelt's death was that the one voice which could reach the entire nation was hushed. More than any other man, he had the power of reaching every part of the country and of centering thought for the time upon the particular problem with which he was dealing. More than any other American, he understood all classes and all parts of the country. No other statesman has been able to permeate the nation with his thought and personality as Roosevelt was able. In the absence of a man of such stature today, the formulation of the new and controlling public policies is more difficult; possibly the time has passed when we can rely on a single personality to do such a work for us. It may be a question of group action, of policies resulting from collective effort. But the main point is, a start must be made somewhere to carry on the unfinished work of Roosevelt. A starting place is needed.

If our future development is to come from within, the State of Indiana, the people of Indiana, can fittingly take the peculiar relationship to the problem of formulating these new policies. Things are understood by their mean. In dealing with the mass the engineer seeks the center of gravity; and the center of the social mass is Indiana. It is significant that the center of population has rested there for several decades: here moving westward, there shifting back eastward, but always remaining in the State of Indiana.

But in a far deeper and truer sense this state is central of our national life. It is, in fact, a cross-section of the nation. In Indiana two tides of immigration met, the one from the New England states, the other from Virginia and the southern states. Each brought in one of the great strains of original stock. The early history and literature of Indiana are filled with a thousand ties that run to every eastern and southern state. From Indiana the children of the original settlers moved west to play a great part in the opening of new states, thus creating innumerable and more intimate ties and closer understanding between Indiana and her western neighbors than have ever existed in any eastern state.

Just as the nation, which, at first 90 per cent agricultural, developed toward industry, so Indiana, in the beginning a state of agriculture, became progressively a manufacturing center. To-day our industries, as in the Calumet region, present us with all the problems of labor, immigration and Americanization; and we have likewise the problems of the farmer. We are midway between the agricultural West and the predominantly industrial East. The formula that can prove successful here is most likely to be the true mean for the whole nation. We have in Indiana, and to a large extent in the adjoining states of Illinois, Ohio and Michigan, a peculiar opportunity to help formulate our new *national* policies. With this opportunity goes the duty of constructive action.

A principle of Roosevelt's life was self-reliance. He said self-reliance should be "neither governed nor thwart-

"In the last resort the man who wins will be the type of man who has won always, the man who can win for himself."

ed by laws," but should be "guided into forms to secure justice between man and man by the enabling arm of the government." He applied that mainly to the farmer. The well-being of the farmer was his passion. Indeed, although he was a many-sided man concerning himself with *all* problems, it may be said that the well-being of the farmer was the keystone of his whole later program. He saw clearly that economic freedom for that class meant a happy, contented and prosperous Union. In 1916, during the week of the Republican National Convention, he formulated and published his program, "Nationalizing the United States;" and in 1917 and 1918, sensing the impending crisis in agriculture he formulated and published an agricultural program that, applied in time, would have forestalled the present state of unrest.

Roosevelt and the Farmer

If Roosevelt were alive he would urge cooperative action by the farmers themselves. To timid objectors he would say, in his characteristically trenchant way, "Better trial and error than no trial at all." He would brush aside the mist of sophistry and aphorism engulfing the usual "programs" in behalf of the farmer. As a shining example he would take up the North Dakota experiment and say

again that "I most heartily commend the earnest efforts the leaders in that movement have made actually to better conditions; and I say this although, from the facts at my command, I judge that most of the work which it is thus proposed to have done by the states is better done by cooperative societies among the farmers themselves."

Right there he would put his finger on the line dividing constructive reform from pure socialism. It is an illusion that real freedom can come through purely political forms. There has been too much word-worship on this subject. The radicals have not given sufficient thought to the problem. Apparently they do not understand the complexities confronting them: that freedom for the farmer means a long pull through the serious problem of organization, in changing conditions that now allow apples to rot on the ground in the country while children in the cities are undernourished, or takes a middleman's toll of $2.30 on the southern farmer's seventy cent potatoes.

Roosevelt's Story

Roosevelt told this story:

"Recently an Indiana woman was peeling some potatoes, and in a hollow of one she found a note from the southern farmer who had raised the potatoes, running:

"'I got sixty-nine cents a bushel for these potatoes. How much did you pay for them?'

"She wrote back: 'I paid $4 per bushel.'

"The farmer sent her just one more letter. It said: 'I got sixty-nine cents for those potatoes. It could not have cost more than thirty-one cents to carry them to you. Who got the other $3? I am going to try to find out.'"

Roosevelt made this comment:

"It is idle to say that when such an occurrence is typical — and it most certainly is to a large extent typical — there is no cause for uneasiness. Something is wrong. It may be wholly the fault of outsiders. It may be at least partially the fault of the farmers and of those who eat the food the farmers raise. The trouble may be so deep-rooted in our social system that extreme caution must be exercised in striving for betterment. But one thing is certain. The situation is not satisfactory and calls for a thoroughgoing investigation, with the determination to make whatever changes, including radical changes, are necessary in order once more to put on a healthy basis the oldest and most essential of all occupations, the occupation which is the foundation of all others, the occupation of the tiller of the soil, of the man who by his own labor raises the raw material of food and clothing, without which the whole fabric of the most gorgeous civilization will topple in a week."

Political control will not remedy such a situation. It will only aggravate it. Roosevelt said, "The function of the government is to provide rules, to preserve a balance between social groups," —but not to get into business. He believed in group organization and group action. One of his lightning flashes of wisdom was, "Great is the persuasive power of concrete action." He commended as entirely sound the farmers' cooperatives of Denmark, Holland and parts of France, Northern Italy and Germany. There the farmers are working out their own salvation. They pool the energies of great numbers. They run the whole machinery by which their products are marketed. Roosevelt himself thus defined the workings of their plan:

"Each little district has its own cooperative group. The groups of all the districts in the state are united again in a larger cooperative unit. In sending their shipments to market they move them in great bulk-quantities at the lowest possible cost. They contract for long periods ahead and sell in the most advantageous market. Middlemen are eliminated. The labor of moving farm products is reduced to a minimum.

"But these enterprises are not state enterprises. The relationship to them of the state is confined to supervision, just as our bank examiners supervise the association of stockholders who come together to do a banking business; and certain general regulations that are in the interest of public policy are imposed on all. The profits are very simply divided: capital gets only a limited profit and the entire balance is distributed pro rata to the patronage that each member contributes to the group. The control does not depend upon the number of shares that a member may own, but it rests upon the democratic basis of one man, one vote. They elect their own officers, and these officers are subject to the direct control of those whose business and interests they handle.

The Farm's Best Service

"Through cooperative organization," Roosevelt said, "our farmers can build up their strength." He wanted them to become strong enough to oppose, or deal on an equal basis with, the great combinations of capital that would prey on them; above all, to eliminate the wasteful middleman. It was his idea that we must look upon the farm not merely as the source of foodstuffs, but as a breeding ground for men. He held that the largest contribution the American farm has made in the past has not been its material wealth, although the fabric of the nation rests on that, but the men it has contributed. "The farm," he said, "is the place where independent manhood develops." He believed that, with their six millions of votes, the farmers could become the bulwark of a system protecting private initiative and private property.

Holding that the most dangerous thing in our present social structure is the fact that, with six million farms, more than 40 per cent are farmed by tenants, Roosevelt laid down this definite policy. He prefaced it with the assertion that "I greatly prefer to see the government leave untouched whatever the corporations *under government supervision* can do; and just as far as possible I want to see all the corporations made into cooperative associations." This policy was, in his own words:

"To make the tenant farmer a landowner;

"To eliminate the seasonal tramp type of labor and give the farm laborer a permanent status, a career as a farmer, the chance to own his farm, along the lines worked out by Elwood Mead in California;

"To secure cooperation among the small landowners;

"By progressive taxation, preferably a graduated land tax, to break up and prevent the formation of great landed estates, especially of unused agricultural land;

"To make capital easier to secure for farm operations;

"To care for the woman on the farm as much as the man, eliminating the conditions tending to make her life one of gray and sterile drudgery;

"To do this primarily through the farmer himself, with the assistance of enabling laws where needed, but not by attempting to put the government into the business of dealing with farm products."

Corporations and Big Business

In referring to farm cooperatives as corporations, Roosevelt was simply applying corporation principles to the farm. He believed with all his soul in corporate organization, in leadership. He said, "We must develop new attitudes toward the corporation. It is the indispensable tool of commerce. Corporations bring together the capitals and talents of many men. Out of their common counsel and their common labor develops a power that is infinitely more than the sum of them individually. The corporation is as wonderful as steam or electricity.

"Corporations must subordinate their activities to the general welfare. Corporation managers must realize that they

are the agents of the people in carrying on the work of the nation. But the government must recognize that the corporation has its sphere of activity. That sphere of activity must be approved and built up. The demagogue that plays with popular prejudice against the corporation must cease."

The Republican party created the corporate organization. In 1840 came the first corporations, with the railroads; but corporate legislation was slow and imperfect until after the Civil War, when the Republican party undertook to build the business structure. Most of the corporate legislation of the country was written by the Republican party. A protective tariff was created to develop American business corporations, but that was in a day when we were chiefly an importing nation for manufactured goods. Tariff no longer is the governing element; quantity production has given American industry such leadership that the tariff is no longer paramount. American manufacturers are to-day more interested in a reasonable cost of manufacture than in tariff. They can be helped more by policies which will bring down the living cost of their workmen; and in this the interest of the manufacturer is identical with the interest of the workman.

Leadership and Labor

A corporation must have two elements: leadership and labor. The status of each must be firmly protected. Their joint operation must be founded on the principle of the square deal. Lincoln said the rights of property were secondary to the rights of men; that he was for both the man and the dollar, but the man before the dollar. Roosevelt observed that, "That doctrine applies now to any wealthy corporation which fails to respect and preserve and encourage all the manhood rights of its workers, and to treat them as partners, and it applies no less to any powerful labor group which shows brutality or insolent disregard for equity in dealing with the rights of our citizens." So far as it was consistent with the safety of individual property rights — but no farther — he believed in a partnership of employer and employee.

Man is gregarious and social by nature. Every crowd requires leadership. Roosevelt was dominantly a leader. Great results can be accomplished only when there is great leadership. Effort without leadership is chaos. We must recognize the fundamental fact that no group of human beings can work together effectively unless they have leadership of the highest order. Private capital confers the power of establishing leadership in new centers. Wherever a man arises with a sound idea, with a new technical process, he can, out of the business itself, accumulate capital, which in turn confers upon him an opportunity for leadership.

The problem is not at this stage, but later, when great wealth has been accumulated. The important thing then is for leadership to maintain such relationships of fair dealing with its great associate, labor, that it has labor's trust.

Henry Ford's Leadership

A basically important phenomenon in all ages has been the relationship between leadership and the mass. Henry Ford is an example of what can be accomplished under our system of private capital. Starting without capital, but with a new technical idea, he has accumulated vast capital which confers on him power greater than that formerly held by kings. He has an army of 85,000 workmen and a consumer market of 2,000,000 on the other side. He stands between the two groups as the great leader. With his workmen he divides the profits of his business on such a basis that they feel they are being dealt with fairly, and they yield themselves unresistingly into his hands as workers. It is quite unimportant to hear some radical "reformer" demand that Mr. Ford split his earnings 85,000 ways; the important thing is that the 85,000 themselves advance no such

proposition. For his consumers Mr. Ford has incorporated a policy of selling at the lowest possible cost. They, too, feel that they are being dealt with fairly, and place themselves eagerly under his leadership.

Because of such leadership, Mr. Ford can utilize and introduce into American industry the latest scientific discoveries, creating in his own organization new processes. This is illustrated in the case of coal. By proper means of combustion and of power development by low temperature distillation and the creating and saving of wasted by-products a ton of coal in his hands will render double the service of coal burned in the ordinary way in 99 per cent of the places of consumption. From a ton of coal, besides heat and power, he makes available 4,000 feet of gas, five gallons of motor fuel, 20 pounds of fertilizer, 20 to 30 gallons of a special grade of light tar, a valuable base of chemical processes: and, from the tar itself, he produces motor oil, creosote for preserving wood, lubricating oils and grease; while the residue is again available as fuel. The 1,500 pounds of coal, powdered and properly burned, will furnish more heat than a ton of crude coal burned as we ordinarily burn it, with its smoke and waste gases. Out of such a plan can come to the American home cheaper light, and heat for cooking, power and domestic purposes.

What is it worth if, by the Ford standards of power, production costs in every other industry will be reduced? Private capital gives to Mr. Ford the power to carry through these technical improvements. The great achievement of capital is that it has given power to leadership to carry through such technical improvements in the processes of life. In the last 150 years more progress has been made in the mastery over the forces of nature in that way than in all previous centuries, and real freedom comes as we learn to get our food and clothing and satisfy our bodily needs by the subjugation of nature; in other words, we free ourselves from the bondage of nature through mastery over natural forces. Or, if not by mastering them, at least by using them intelligently.

No form of government is good, no legislation is good, that halts technical progress or disturbs the doctrine of self-help. Roosevelt said, "I doubt the possibility of any mere law eliminating the chance of trouble in a great strike." He doubted "even more strongly" that any worthwhile result would come from compulsory arbitration, on either the Canadian or New Zealand model. On the safeguarding of property rights he pointed out that "If wealth were abolished this week, the majority of laborers would starve next week." But he always had the square deal in mind. In 1902 at Logansport, Indiana, while he was President—speaking of material prosperity as "the foundation upon which every mighty national structure must be built," he weighed heavily on "the high moral purpose" that must accompany that prosperity.

Income and Inheritance Taxes

What Roosevelt called the national structure is bulwarked with taxation. It cannot be made mighty, it cannot be kept strong, without equitable taxation laws. If Roosevelt were alive his wise counsel would be sought in amending the present laws in the interest of a more equitable balance. He would say that to penalize initiative and legitimate industry would be like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs.

James J. Hill, Edison, Rockefeller, Ford, gave us the railroad instead of the stage coach; electric lighting in place of the pine knot and candles of our grandfathers' days; oil instead of the oak log; the automobile in place of the horse and wagon. The power with which these men were able to bring about such changes in the standards of living came from the ownership and private control of the wealth that accumulated on their hands. They were not handicapped by heavy income taxes,

but, on the contrary, were free to utilize the accumulation in further productive enterprises.

To-day we must be careful, lest, by excessive income taxation, we hamper the unfolding of a vitally necessary business. Mr. Ford personally uses but little of the wealth in his hands. He has pointed out that by a heavy income taxation the development of his work would be impeded. We want power entrusted in the hands of such leaders, who are bringing about technical progress, so long as they are alive.

Hence, during their lifetime we should tax their incomes only as far as is necessary for revenue, ignoring altogether the demagogic and insincere cry that "the rich must pay." It should be our policy to leave wealth in their hands so long as they themselves can use it in the legitimate strengthening of industry; but when they die the partnership between them and society is dissolved.

Then we should recognize this principle: that alone, on a Robinson Crusoe's island, such a leader could accomplish little. His business is a joint product of his own leadership, his workers' society with its accumulated scientific knowledge, and the consumers who have contributed their part to its building by supplying the capital on which he bases his operations. Therefore, at death, when the partnership is dissolved, a division is only fair. This can take place under a progressive and heavy inheritance tax administered as an organic law; such a tax on sums in excess of ten million dollars might be as high as a fifty-fifty basis.

Such a plan of taxation will put a new incentive, a new stimulus, upon the heirs of wealthy men. By reducing the vast fortunes it will open the way for other leaders, still in the ranks of industry, who have some new improvement of their own, some new technical idea, and await only an opportunity to work their way to the top. It will put new life in existing enterprises and in new undertakings by leaving them free from a too-heavy income taxation while their leaders are alive and by doubling the opportunity for future leadership. It will prove an unequaled factor in preserving a balance in society.

Roosevelt made these significant statements on the joint relation of capital, labor and government:

"This is an age of combination. Big business has come to stay. It cannot be put an end to; and if it could be put an end to, it would mean the most widespread disaster to the country. The proper thing to do is to socialize it, to moralize it, to make it more an agent for social good, and to do away with everything in it that tends toward social evil. To do this there must be a wise governmental control, a governmental control that will check the corporation when it is doing wrong, and check labor when it is doing wrong, and hold each accountable for its deeds and misdeeds, but which shall at the same time recognize that each party has its rights, and that each is to be encouraged as long as it does well. We need the highest possible standard of efficiency. But we also need the highest possible reward for that efficiency, and reasonable equity in the distribution of that reward." He called this program industrial justice, and he meant just that. To render it more secure, to make Ford's practice a national concept, was a part of his unfinished program.

The Meaning of Preparedness

No progress was possible, Roosevelt thought, without stern preparedness: industrial preparedness, *self*-preparedness. He spoke earnestly of "preparedness of the soul and spirit," of "*manhood* preparedness." This is a word that has been greatly misunderstood and maligned. People are disposed to think of it solely in terms of battleships and armies, whereas these constitute but an outer expression. The essence of preparedness is in social health and strength, the sound organization of each individ-

ual man, with such development opportunity created that every boy may grow to sound manhood. How true that

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay!"

Under the village and small town conditions of a century ago each father could provide for his children a playground in the yard around his house. As Roosevelt said, "The open fields and woods were distant only a few minutes' walk. In them resounded the voices, the music, the open welcome of nature." To-day the father in the city cannot give his children these things. Roosevelt said that "The new conditions of crowded life in industrial centers have put upon the city the functions of providing play grounds, museums, music, proper hospital facilities, milk and other food inspection, the means of controlling epidemic diseases, and decent living and working conditions for the laboring classes."

Government can go further. The average man has neither the foresight nor the financial ability to save for emergencies. When the laboring man is overtaken by sickness, accident or old age he is often thrown upon the mercy of those who will not, or can not, aid him. When he dies his children are left destitute. It was a firmly fixed policy of Roosevelt's that the man or woman giving the service of daily toil that the nation might prosper, deserved protection against the accidents of life. "We cannot call ourselves civilized as long as we allow forseeable contingencies of life or death to wreck the fortunes of millions of our citizens every year," he said.

Dr. E. Lyman Fisk, of the Life Extension Institute, after a statistical analysis of all data, made the statement that by saving the babies and older children who die needlessly each year for lack of proper care, we can get an increment in population as great as from immigration in ten or fifteen years. By saving the lives of youths and men between the ages of fifteen and forty through proper care, we can get the increase in man power that we now try to get through immigration. This can be done by furnishing proper food, proper housing and proper milk supply, by the avoidance of communicable diseases, and by accident prevention in industry. Much of this can be accomplished, not through state help, but by *social* insurance, which is not state insurance but is the compulsory organization of workmen and employees into groups for the purpose of fighting accident and diseases. We should have compulsory insurance for the laboring classes, covering sickness, accident, old age, death, and providing benefits for maternity. The major cost of this insurance should be borne by the individual, workers and employers should bear the cost of accidents, while the state could contribute toward old-age insurance moneys now spent for almshouses.

Recognizing, as Roosevelt said, that "It is for the 95 per cent undercrust that our legislation, our institutions, our thoughts, must be directed," we must, however, bear in mind the further fact that a new social brotherhood will fail without a new economic brotherhood. The masses—all the people—must not only be protected, but they must do positive things. Self-preparedness, self-help, initiative, individual ambition, leadership—what could we do without these?

Roosevelt had no more burning message to give his people than the message of self-help. As long as we depend on others, he said, "Uncle Sam will be in the undignified position of the man who gets on a street-car and then fumbles in his pocket while somebody else pays his fare." He was thinking then in terms of the whole nation. In 1902, as President, he said, "In the last resort the man who wins will be the type of man who has won always, the man who can win for himself. Do not make the mistake of thinking that it is possible to call in any outside force to take the place of

the man's individual initiative, the man's individual capacity to do work worth doing." The corollary was given in his address at Kansas City, May 31, 1916: "A nation to survive must stand for the principles of social and industrial justice. We must not let any man think he can shirk his own duties, or blame his own failures and shortcomings on others; and yet we must shape our collective action so that as far as possible each man shall have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him, unhelped and unhampered by special privilege."

Building from Within

Roosevelt many times used the phrase "building from within." He held to the idea that we must undertake to bring the best out of the population which is already here, and he contended that we cannot do this if we admit the alien indiscriminately. He said, "We should exercise the strictest control over, and wherever necessary entirely exclude, the transitory laborer who does not intend to become a citizen. We should never admit any merely because there is 'need of labor;' better run short of labor than foul or dilute the body of citizenship into which our children are to enter."

The man who, a few years ago, suggested bringing in coolie labor, struck at the very foundations of our nation. If we have learned anything about man's evolution, it is that the most enduring thing is heredity. It persists through tens of thousands of years. Every immigrant who comes to us is the potential ancestor of future generations. When a manufacturer is tempted to bring cheap and non-assimilable labor into a town—his purpose generally being to lower prevailing living standards—he must know that that immigrant's son will sit in our public school, next to his son, and that that son, or *his* son, will mingle his blood with ours through intermarriage.

Other nations have perished because they brought in non-assimilable alien stock. Roosevelt, in castigating what he vigorously termed "pawnbroker patriotism," solemnly warned against turning America into "a polyglot boarding house." It was his conviction, and it should be ours to carry on, that "Fundamentally our aim should be to admit only immigrants whose grandchildren will be fit to intermarry with our grandchildren. We cannot have too many of the right type, and we should have none at all of the wrong type."

He saw the whole problem from the broad viewpoint of a nationalist interested in the future of the race. Affirming that "I believe that the strengthening of the nationalism of the United States will have a definite meaning for humanity," he predicted that "The race will die out unless the average family contains at least three children. The real danger in American families is, not lest they have too many children, but lest they have too few." He pointed out that the families he had in mind were the desirable strains, the stock with the cultural and physical heritage. He called them the "self-respecting eight-tenths," and he inveighed bitterly against broadening the doctrine of birth control for the "submerged tenth" to include *all* mothers. He called attention to an alarming situation in Massachusetts, where, for the twenty-five years ending in 1911, the deaths among the native-born population exceeded the births by 270,000, whereas during the same period the births in families with foreign-born parents exceeded the deaths by nearly 530,000. This condition moved him to say, "If this process continues, the work of perfecting the boasted common school and college system for Massachusetts native Americans will prove about as useful as the labor of those worthy missionaries who on different occasions have translated the Bible into the tongues of savage races who thereupon died out!"

Roosevelt's theory of immigration led to this conclusion, so typical of his whole thought for his people: "In this country," he said in his Lincoln speech June 4, 1917, "we must have but one flag, the American flag; but one lan-

guage, the English language; and above all, but one loyalty, an exclusive and undivided loyalty to the United States, with no Lot's wife attitude, no looking back to the various old-world countries from which our ancestors have come.

"We should provide for every immigrant, by day schools for the young and night schools for the adult, the chance to learn English; and if after say five years he has not learned English, he should be sent back to the land whence he came. We should have a system of labor exchanges and employment bureaus which will enable us to distribute the immigrants to the places where they are most needed and can do most for their own advancement. We should protect them from fraud and rapacity.

"And having thus protected them, we should demand full performance of duty from them. The wisest and quickest way to Americanize the immigrant is to make him understand that in America we have at last waked up to our needs, and that henceforth every man, whether born here or abroad, owes this country the service of body and soul."

Majesty of the Law

Any one—even a Roosevelt—essaying to recognize, define and grapple with national problems would fail utterly if the law failed. Law-enforcement is at a low ebb; only the sternest sort of rededication to the law will save this country from becoming "to hastening ills a prey." The fathers of America in the founding of the first republic made an experiment untried before in the history of the world: the orderly self-government of a nation. In our constitution, in our legal structure accumulating through the years, in our system of the majority will of the voters, we have a heritage precious above all price. In Europe, governments founded on force have made destructive revolution necessary; but the idea of European communists attempting to measure us with the old-world yardstick, seeking to apply their methods against *our* government, sums up as nothing less than a betrayal against mankind.

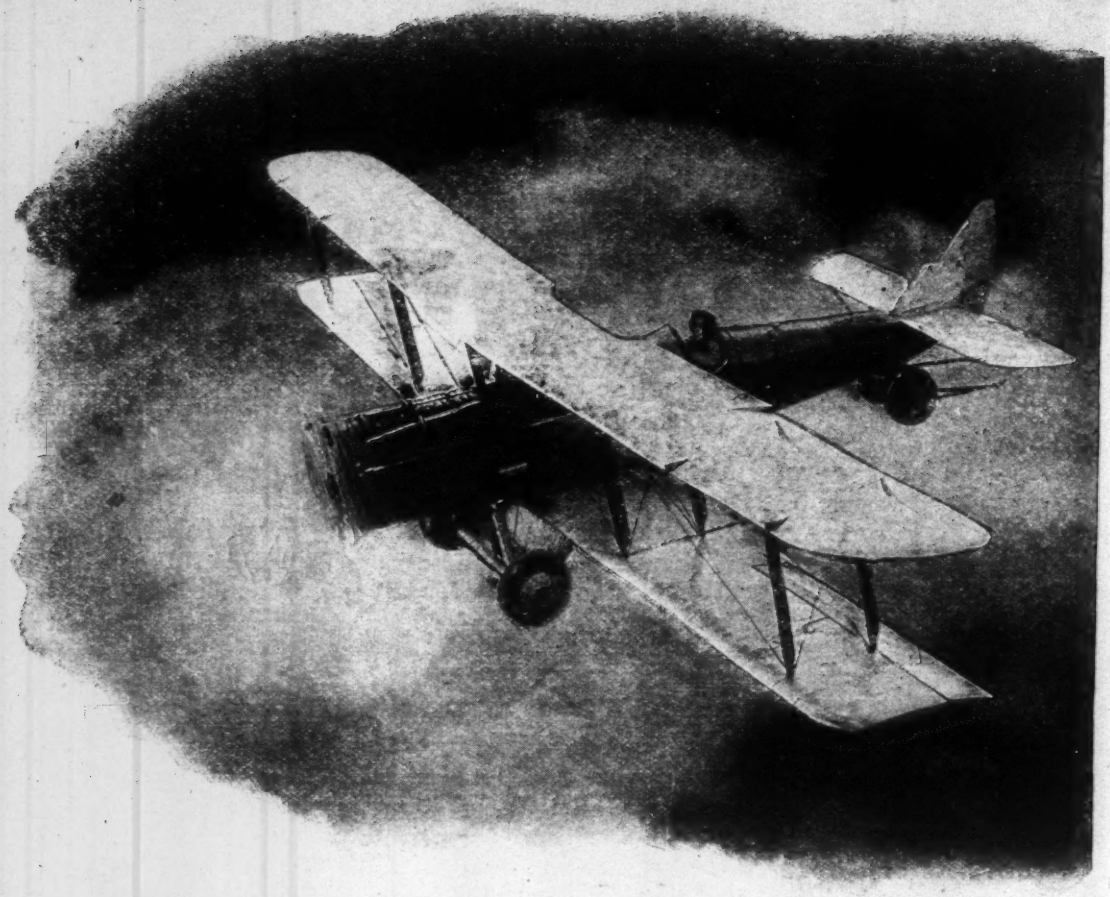
It behooves every American to set his face flintlike against subversive movements of every character; it behooves him to live the good example. We *constantly* need social adjustment to meet changing conditions, but this must be brought about in the orderly manner prescribed in our constitution.

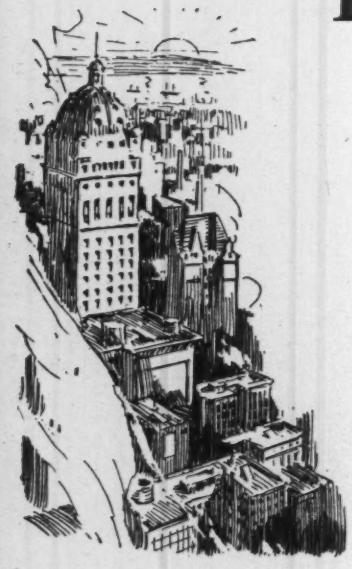
The reactionary, seeking to repress a fundamental and constitutional right like free speech, and the communist, plotting under the guise of the right of free speech to wreck our government altogether, are alike enemies of the cause of free government. The forces building our whole social structure together are based on orderly procedure under the law. Therefore, respect for the law; the building up and strengthening of the established instrumentalities of government; the insistence that as a matter of conscience these instrumentalities be used in a fair and just way, only for public purposes and never for private motives of any kind, on the part of any group—these things constitute our highest duty.

Roosevelt had this end in view, as his ideal for America:

"A high and fine national life based on an industrial efficiency which shall be accompanied by social and economic justice. A nation so organized will give to the children that grow up in its traditions, and to the citizens that live under its flag, a larger life. There will be legions of strong men and strong women, ready to work in its service in the years of peace; ready to fight for it in event of war; and willing to die for it if the need should arise, so that the nation itself may live."

The great leader himself is gone, but the program that he formulated as his own for the Presidential Convention of 1916, and the additions of an agricultural policy which he announced in 1917 and 1918, preparatory to 1920, wait as an unfinished work to be taken up in this, another Presidential year. It is a heritage for strong men to carry on.





DEEDS and DANGERS

By HOWARD MINGOS

PEARSON was an air mail pilot. He went West a few weeks ago. In the parlance of the flying game, where they speak a language all their own, he cracked up his ship and himself. He was over the Alleghanies, lost evidently, for he crashed many miles off the course which the mail planes have traversed since they commenced flying the transcontinental route four years ago. The Pennsylvania farmer who had been watching the machine as it came rushing out of the mist at terrific speed heard the dull thud as it struck the earth and saw the burst of flame that followed. When he reached the wreck, Pearson was dead.

than the public can appreciate. We risk our necks; we give our lives; we perfect a service for the benefit of the world at large. They, mind you, are the ones who call us fools. But stick to it, boys!"

Pearson did not know that the cause for which he had sacrificed his life was almost won, that the business and transportation world and others who have called the pilots fools are now beginning to appreciate the possibilities of the airplane for carrying mail and parcel express.

Freight by Flight

As this is written a high official of one of the largest parcel express companies is completing a report based on his own observations, recommending to his directors the employment of aircraft for parcel transport as soon as circumstances permit.

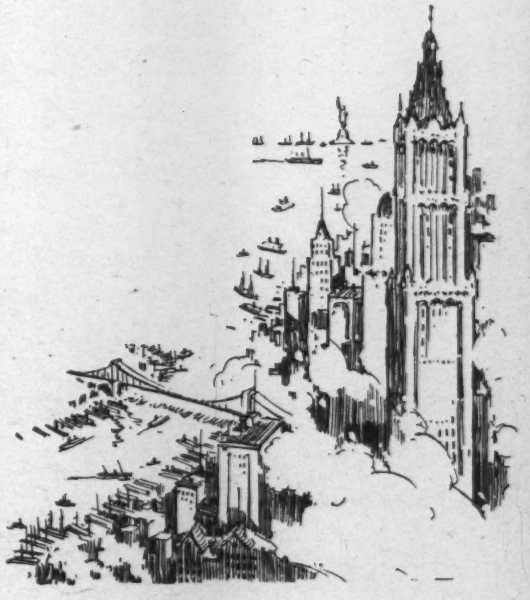
A number of trade bodies, among them the New York Merchants Association, have concluded that the time has arrived to use flying machines in a

Of

The Flying Mail Service from Coast to Coast

He left a letter addressed to his brother pilots back at the mail field from which he had operated. When they opened the letter, they read:

"I go West with a cheerful heart. I hope that the small sacrifice I have made may be of use to the cause. When we fly, we are fools, they say. When we are dead, we aren't half bad fellows. But everyone in this wonderful aviation service is doing the world far more good



large way. They have found a demand for the 120 miles an hour speed at which airplanes can transport light merchandise.

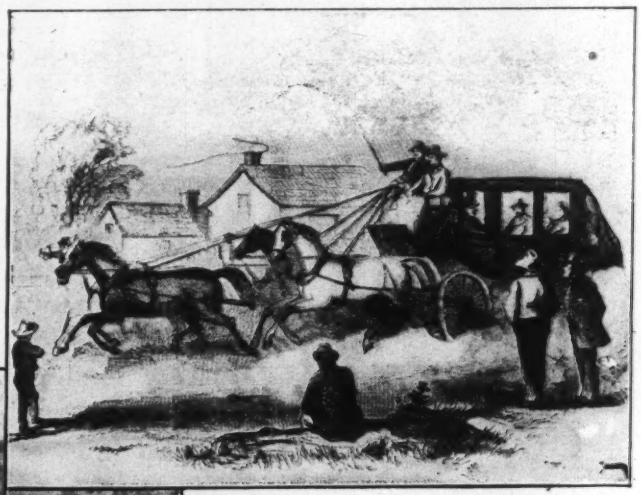
Groups of bankers are consulting with aviation bodies and Government officials regarding the most practical methods to be adopted in establishing day and night airplane services so organized that they shall link all the important cities and many of the smaller communities. They are about ready to undertake the organization of great aerial trunkline systems, financed and operated much as the railroad companies are, here in the United States.

Investigating the Air

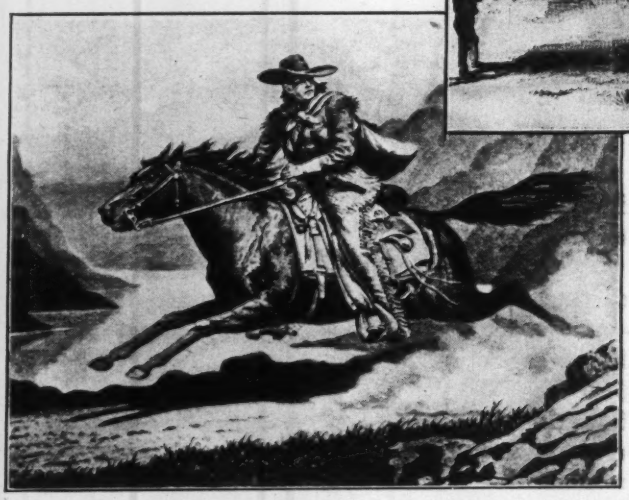
And at least three great railroad organizations have seen the signs of the times. They are now investigating the possibilities of creating auxiliary airplane lines to operate over their rights of way, to carry the fast express and mail, in other words relieve the rails of the faster traffic which has proved so costly. Railway executives have long realized that if they could eleminate their traffic which required more than thirty-five miles an hour in speed, they would thereby eliminate much of the overhead expense of maintenance of the roadbed and the rolling stock required for high speed service.

For months all these various agencies have had experts at work conducting investigations independently of each other. Some of them have gone to Europe and inspected the flying services which now carry mail and fast express between all the large cities and into Africa and the Near East. Letters and small packages may be sent anywhere on the Continent by airplane, across three or four countries if necessary. Some of the European lines are increasing their business yearly. Air transport is becoming popular in Europe.

Transportation experts have gone to Washington and talked with Post Office officials. They have been shown volumes of statistics explaining that millions of letters have been carried on the daylight route between New York City and San Francisco, that fifty pilots, half of them in the air every day, flying twenty-four airplanes daily, rain or shine, have completed 8075 flights out of 8280 attempted in a single year. In that period there were only two fatal accidents.



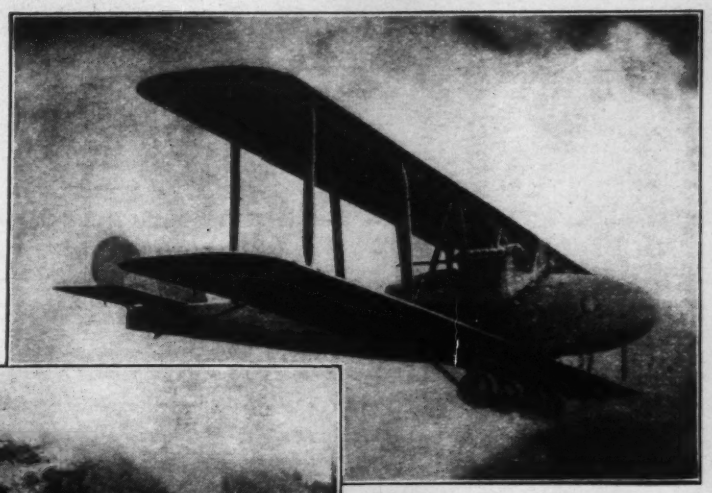
Then came the Stage Coach.



First the Pony Express in 1860.

Between eighteen and twenty hours have been saved

in coast-to-coast mail delivery, and this with the planes flying only in daylight. At night the pouches were relayed by train. It was that record of more than 97 per cent efficiency which led Congress to appropriate the $2,500,000 necessary to establish the night air mail.



The Air Mail of to-day.

The 20th Century Limited and the first mail train.

The night mail will go into operation on July 1st. It will be a part of the present transcontinental system. The planes will fly in daylight between New York and Chicago, both ways. Between Chicago and Cheyenne, Wyoming, they will fly at night. The Cheyenne-San Francisco section will be flown in daylight. That means that the pilots will have daylight for mountain flying in both East and West. And the success of the entire service depends utterly upon the pilots.

The Pilots are All-Important

That fact was impressed upon the transportation experts when they visited the mail fields along the route. They spent days about the planes, watching the great winged ships drop down with their cargoes. They talked with the pilots, mechanics and field superintendents. They brought out the maps and figures obtained at headquarters in Washington and asked the pilots what they thought about the conclusions that had been reached. They were seeking the opinion of the pilots as to the practicability of private organizations establishing throughout the country some fifty air mail routes with both day and night service.

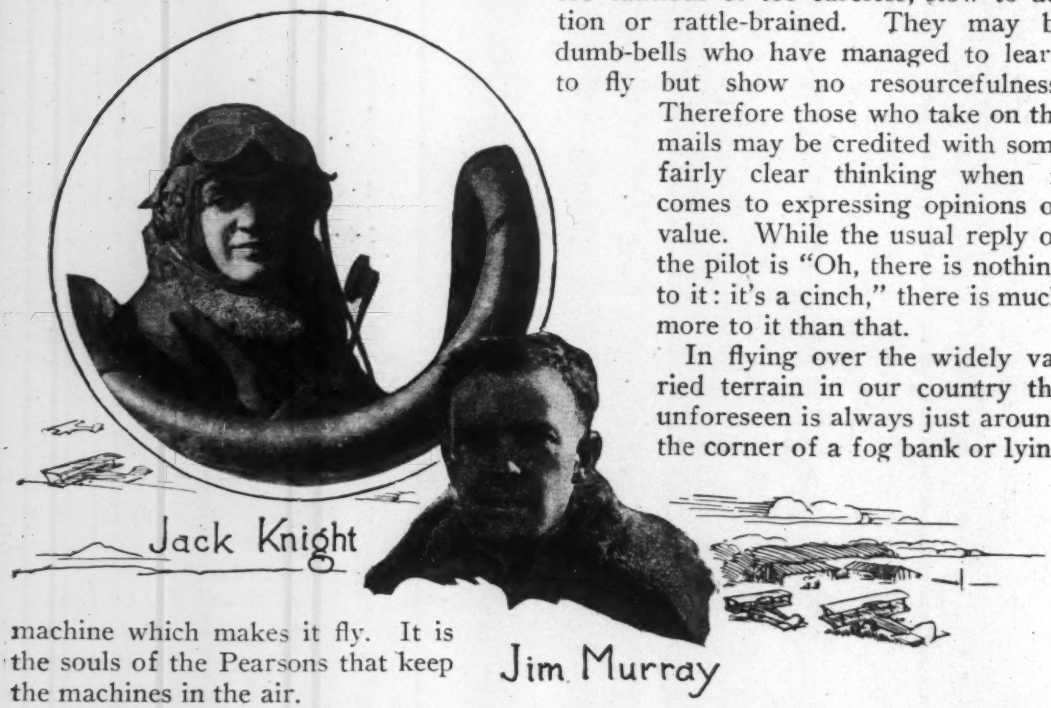
The pilots agreed that it is now possible and practicable to operate at least fifty new air mail routes over which letters and package express may be transported economically and profitably through the air. And that at more than thrice the speed of any terrestrial service.

It was the word of the pilots and their conclusions based on actual experience which clinched the argument with the investigators. By the time they had crossed the country in their search for this new knowledge they had acquired an abiding respect for the men who go up to the skies in flying ships.

The New Pioneers of America

They heard enough stories to fill a book of adventure. But that wasn't all. The adventure is there, to be sure. It exists everywhere about a plane, even when the thing is standing idle on the field. But along with it is the heart and

soul of the man who proves himself its master. He must be a rare bird in himself. It is his heart that he lends to the



machine which makes it fly. It is the souls of the Pearsons that keep the machines in the air.

That is what the transportation men concluded after they learned the sort of life the average pilot leads while he is carrying your letter through the unknown, trackless waste, faster and higher than the birds can fly—all in the name of speed.

Before they hire a pilot and trust him with some sixty thousand first class letters to fly out over the three hundred miles or so between stations, the air mail officials have first made sure that he has spent at least 500 hours in the air elsewhere. He also has undergone a period of probationary flying under a competent observer. Then he is either hired or rejected. About half the applicants are rejected; that is, ten out of the twenty who apply each month for the job of flying the mails. The successful applicants are placed on the waiting list to be hired when vacancies occur. It speaks well of aviation when so many men are willing to qualify for such an arduous task which at best pays only $5,000 a year, and usually less.

Their qualifications may be judged by the failures. They may be too timid or they may be dare-devils. They may be too cautious or too careless, slow to action or rattle-brained. They may be dumb-bells who have managed to learn to fly but show no resourcefulness. Therefore those who take on the mails may be credited with some fairly clear thinking when it comes to expressing opinions of value. While the usual reply of the pilot is "Oh, there is nothing to it: it's a cinch," there is much more to it than that.

In flying over the widely varied terrain in our country the unforeseen is always just around the corner of a fog bank or lying in wait with sinister purpose below the fleecy whiteness of the clouds. It may be bitter cold or torrid heat. All sorts of emergencies arise from extremes of heat and cold when one is depending on an internal combustion engine, as any motorist knows.

A man may fly in his pajamas one week and the next take off from a mail field so bundled up in many suits of underwear and fur-lined clothes that he can hardly wedge his form into the cockpit. Sometimes the thermometer registers 60 degrees below zero, over the mountains which the mail planes hurdle as they bear the mails at approximately two miles a minute between the stations along the route.

Fog the Worst Enemy

One doesn't know whether the black clouds ahead will welcome him with rainbows or hail and lightning. Fog is the worst enemy of all. The flier cannot see where he is going. Often he cannot make enough progress to get out

of the bad spot before his fuel is exhausted or his machine tries to scrape off the top of a mountain. About one-half of the flying has thus far been done in storms and fog. The remarkable part of it is that so much of the mail carrying has been successful. The mails usually come through on schedule. When they fail, it means that the pilot is undergoing extraordinary trials.

Clair Vance, only a few weeks ago, came down in the Sierra Nevadas. He had struck snow, blinding flakes which made observation useless. It required only a few minutes of that sort of flying to throw him completely off his course, an ever-widening breach, a gap that increased to miles as he swept on at terrific speed. Finally he was compelled to seek a landing somewhere over the Sierras. He came down and picked himself out of a badly smashed bundle of sticks, fabric and piano wire and started wandering through the mountains seeking a trail to civilization.

For days his brother pilots, aided by others from the Army Air Service, sped back and forth over the Sierras. They flew high and low, seeking Vance and his wreck, now zooming down into the narrow, wind-swept defiles and again hovering closely over a barren peak. They finally gave him up as lost. Days later Vance arrived at a mail field. Half-starved, his clothing torn to bits and his shoes worn out, he had stumbled about from one range to another, always going down, until one day as he sat in the snow, exhausted, he looked ahead and saw a pack train wending its way down the pass. With his remaining strength he caught up with the astonished prospectors. And he rode down to the nearest railroad astride a mule.

A pilot may leave the Eastern terminus at Garden City, Long Island, in a clear sky and find New York twelve miles away so shrouded in mist that he cannot go through it. Going east from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, one late afternoon, a pilot met a terrific storm over New Jersey. He lost all sense of direction and night found him still in the air unable to see, yet striving to pick a landing by means of intermittent flashes of lightning.

The flashes served only to show him the swaying, storm-battered trees popping out in uneven bunches below his rollicking plane. He knew he was in the mountains. All out of gasoline, he was about to come down, when he saw the lights of a village in the distance.

Trusting that somebody would come out to pick up the pieces, he turned low over the main street, circled again and

again, the hot exhaust spitting sparks like the tail of a comet. Then he chanced a landing on the outskirts of town, blindly glided into what a flash of lightning told him was a pasture lot. He lived. Furthermore he was unhurt.

But none came out from the village. He spent the night under a wing of his machine, the pouches of mail serving as a bed. When he strolled into town the next morning, he learned he was in Monticello, New York, and that he had been frightening old women and children throughout the Catskills. They had not been able to identify the fiery creature that had swept out of the mad embrace of the storm a hundred and fifty miles off the path of the mail planes.

During a tornado which halted all traffic in the Great Lakes region, tied up train service and drove ships helter-skelter off their course, Pilot Harris was riding the gale. Tossed about like a piece of driftwood in the surf, his plane was nosing toward Chicago with the Cleveland mail. His engine sputtered and missed when he was over Lake Michigan. Hailstones cut the fabric on his wings and gnawed chunks out of the whirring propeller blades. He could not see the instrument board in front of him. Time and again he had a sickening sensation of dropping through space—air bumps tilting the machine back and forth in a sheer drop of a thousand feet or so. Then it would be brought up like on elevator stopping suddenly. Jarred half out of his senses he was literally blown into Chicago, where he found the storm abated, the mail field wide and welcoming in the clear sunlight. The mail went on but the plane went to the shop for repairs.

Flying by compass over the mountains is a most hazardous occupation for they never have been accurately mapped. The Appalachians, Alleghanies, Sierras and Rockies are full of pitfalls for the machine driven off its course. Navigating by compass is all very well as far as it goes, but the wind pushes a plane to one side constantly, so rapidly that the pilot is kept busy checking up his landmarks, when that is possible. He soon learns to depend on his six senses, the five that he had and the sixth that he acquired when he became a pilot. He does his best by dead reckoning and tries his mightiest to keep within sight of the landmarks he knows.

West of Bellefonte is the Hump, high, wide and stuck full of trees like a pincushion. For twenty minutes over the Hump the pilot has no place to go but down and into the timber, if his engine fails. It is the most feared place in the Alleghanies. There is danger flying through those mountains for power wires are stretched across the valleys and rivers and several pilots have come smack into the lines at more than 100 miles an hour, crumpling the machine which fell into the water like a duck with a broken wing.

With fog covering a landing field there is nothing to do but sit aloft and watch for an opening; and then dive through quickly. One pilot hovered for hours over what he believed was Bellefonte field until he had smoked a full package of cigarettes. Then he saw a tiny hole and dove through it toward his field. Many of the residents are growing old prematurely standing out in the main street in rough weather waiting for one of the mail planes to drop down against the ancient vane on the cupola of the courthouse. It has been missed by inches.

A Song and Dance Act in the Air

C. B. D. Collyer did a song and dance act when a freak storm caught his machine and turned it upside down three or four times and then kept him aloft until the small cyclone had passed on.

It was Haight who spent an afternoon over Indiana, unable to make headway against the wind. It must have been blowing faster than 90 miles an hour for his engine could better that. On the same afternoon another pilot going

westward struck a different sort of storm. The mercury dropped to zero. The mist froze to the wires and braces and they became coated with ice. The instruments were soon clogged and frozen fast.

He landed at North Liberty, Indiana, and kicked the ice from his controls and the edges of the wings, thawed himself out and took off once more. Again the ice caught him, weighting the plane so that it would no longer stay in the air. He landed with a punctured tire; and shouldering the pouches of mail, trudged down a country road to a cross-roads post office.

On one occasion when the Missouri river was so swollen by floods that there was no crossing it, a mail pilot whose name escapes me happened to land on a lonely farm far from the nearest settlement which was across the river. As he jumped out of his machine a farmer came running out to meet him:

"You have come in answer to our prayers, Mister," he exclaimed. "My wife is sick in yonder house and we are shut off from all help. We have spent the night in prayer."

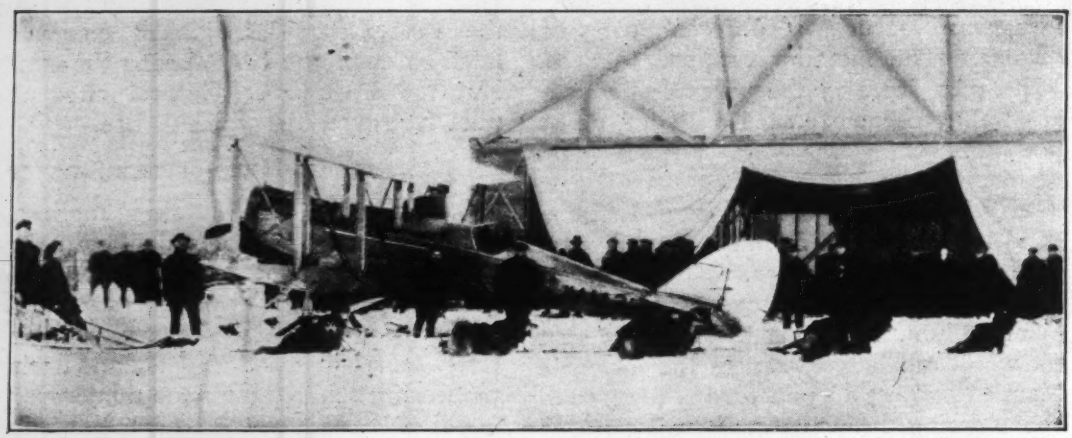
"Well, old timer, a clogged gas lead and bad winds helped answer the prayer for they brought me down here on your farm," replied the flier. "If you will help me fix the bus, I'll fly over across the river and bring back a doctor." Which was done.

It was one of the rare instances when the Post Office Department congratulated an employee for delaying the mails. But the Postmaster General cited the pilot for saving the woman's life.

Knight is the Hero of the Service

Jack Knight possibly does more astounding things with his mail ship than the others, though, for that matter, all of them are having experiences. Knight is one of the heroes of the night flying tests, coast-to-coast flights and other pioneering achievements too numerous to mention. One of the oldest pilots in the service he has spent over 3,500 hours at the throttle of his mail plane. He reported for duty at Cheyenne, Wyoming, one morning to find the storm signals up and fluttering in an angry gale.

Knight decided to risk flying the pouches through to Rock Springs, the next relay point on the transcontinental route. First he put on three suits of fleece-lined underclothing, then his whipcord flying togs and finally the combination fur-lined flying suit. Then he tucked chamois skin about his ears and around his goggles. He was a well-stuffed aviator as he waddled toward his plane. Two mechanics left the throbbing engine to ease him into the cockpit which he filled completely. After the engine had been warmed up sufficiently Knight gave it the gun. That is, he opened wide the throttle and the loaded



Copyright Manger, Fairbanks, Alaska.

The old and the new in the Alaskan Mail Service.

plane arose and headed in the general direction of Rock Springs.

Once in the air Knight found it was not going to be so easy as he thought. The wind whipped against the machine with such ferocity that it threatened to overpower the 400 horsepower Liberty engine; and he brought the craft closer to the earth in order to avoid the heavier gusts above. He reached the first mountain range and found that the peaks were covered with mist and snow. At that moment his engine commenced coughing. With most of his power lost Knight looked over the side for a possible landing. He was unable to see the earth through the murk. Glancing ahead at that instant he was startled to find a cliff looming up in front of him. His plane was almost on the rocks.

Knight worked swiftly at the controls; but he was helpless for a terrific downgust swirling over the mountain peak beat upon the wings of his machine. It kept on out of control. The next moment it had crashed against the ledge high up on the side of Telephone Canyon. The impact wrought a freak accident. It tore off the nose of the plane and knocked Knight unconscious. The engine and propeller lay there in the ice and snow. The rest of the machine, with Knight in it, was whirled out into space again, where it fluttered about like a falling leaf, still in the grip of that downward blast.

Hours later Knight recovered consciousness and dug himself out of the snow and splinters at the bottom of the canyon. His nose was broken and he was almost frozen. From his path in the sky he had observed a ranch house some ten miles back and with this as his objective he staggered painfully and by slow degrees through the drifts. He reached the house. The people there carried him into Laramie, where he was put to bed.

Three days in the hospital and Knight was flying again. On the fifth day after his accident he made a remarkable night flight from North Platte, Nebraska, to Chicago, his first trip over that route half of it through a blinding snowstorm at night. Ask him how he did it and he will say he doesn't know.

Caught in a Blizzard

Jim Murray was caught between two snowstorms which closed in on him west of Snow Mountain in the Sierras. As he could not see past the nose of the plane he was not surprised when it struck the peak of a mountain at about 12,000 feet above the sea level. With his body and face a mass of cuts, he set out down the mountainside which lay buried under three feet of snow. When night fell he realized the hopelessness of going further. He sat down under a tree. His flying clothes kept him from freezing to death, but he was a shivering wreck the next morning. He got up and walked on; and there, only a few hundred feet from the spot where he had spent the night, were several comfortable cabins

The Christmas myth is a reality where reindeer bring the mail.

He had stumbled on Sand Lake which had been deserted for the season.

Murray continued on his course until he reached a house near Arlington. He had walked twenty miles and had eaten nothing but snow for over thirty-six hours. He shocked the boys in the department at Washington when he sent in a requisition for a pair of snowshoes. But they sent them to him, as they are accustomed to do in such cases, for they have learned by long experience that the pilot is invariably the best judge of what he needs on his long flight. Other pilots have followed suit. Nowadays flying over the snow country they carry snowshoes lashed to the side of the plane.

After several pilots had won a marathon race with their dread enemy, thirst, the men flying over the Nevada desert between Reno and Elko added to their equipment army canteens. And after they had been accompanied by packs of coyotes on the long walk to the nearest habitation they acquired the habit of carrying six-shooters and rifles. A forced landing at night may compel them to remain near their plane. The wolves creep uncomfortably close. Often the nearest settlement or house is 70 miles distant.

He Drank the Radiator Water

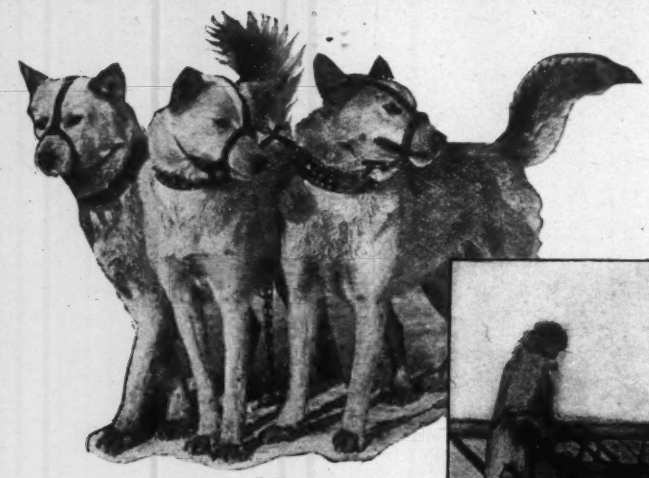
John Eaton, making his first flight over that route, lost his way and landed. He spent three days with his plane, knowing that if he wandered away from it, he would die of thirst. So he sat there and drank the radiator water. When they found him, he was doubled up in pain with metal poisoning.

A few weeks later Eaton and W. L. Blanchfield flying in opposite directions came upon each other in a snowstorm. As they hurtled past at full speed their machines were less than three feet apart. Neither saw the other until the instant before the near-collision.

Eddie Monton struck a sandstorm over that desert. It blinded him and he landed without seeing where he was going. There was a punting sound as if someone had kicked a football and Eddie felt his plane bounce up in the air again only to settle back on a broken wing skid. That was all. It was his lucky day.

Aside from thirst and the rather disagreeable sensation of being surrounded by a pack of coyotes a desert landing means little harm providing that there is no snow, no sand and no high winds. High winds make a pilot wish that he had remained at home. It is over the mountains that a missing motor finds an echo in his heart. When his engine stops it is impossible for him to step out and crank it again. He must come down. In the desert this is a simple proposition and a safe one. In the mountains the situation is varied, but always replete with difficulties.

Flying the mountains the pilot with his machine loaded for all it will stand finds beneath him canyons, crags and unknown depths where lurk the dank tempestuous winds. They seem to reach up for him



Courtesy Canadian Pacific.

with wet and yearning tentacles, always striving to pull the machine down from the heights at which it must fly, 16,000 feet or more above sea level.

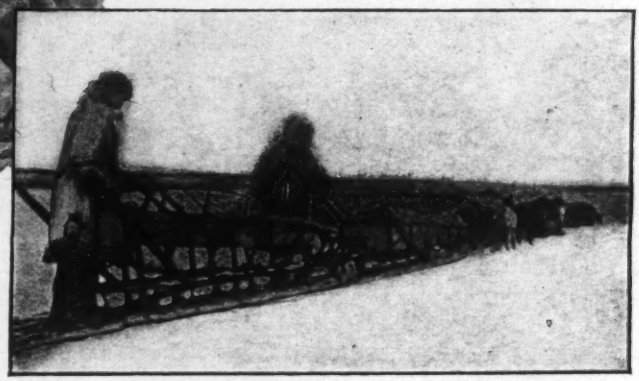
Often the winds are so strong and come in such heavy cross-currents that the plane is stalled up there, swinging back and forth over one peak and then another, unable to make headway. There is only the sidewise swinging motion like that of a pendulum, until from fuel exhaustion the pilot is forced to hurl his machine over on one wing and dive dizzily toward the earth. Bob Ellis had that experience.

Stalled in the Sky

He was buffeted about until his plane was caught in a downdraught which finally crashed him against the side of a precipice where the plane clung to the snow like a fly on a wall. Ellis could do nothing but sit there and wait for help. Another pilot found him a few hours later and spread the alarm. A rescue party worked its way to the top of the mountain. From there ropes were lowered. Ellis tied one of them about his waist and by that means he was hoisted a hundred feet or more up and over the top. It was many weeks before the plane could be salvaged.

Another pilot made a forced landing on a small plateau in the Wasatch range and it was necessary for the salvage crew to dismantle the machine entirely in order to remove it. The parts were carried down the mountain by pack train.

In the Far West the pilots fly low through the mountain passes when storms do not force them to fly two or three miles high. They have to depend on the steel rails and telegraph poles for guidance; skirting within fifty feet of a mountainside, knowing that if they are lost for a second, there is nothing to do but land. The distance from Reno to San Francisco by airline is only 190 miles but the mail planes make it in from 250 to 300 miles of flying, following the rails which wriggle about under the sheds where the snow sometimes piles up as high as the trees and the needle of the compass plays tag with itself as the machine squirms in and out over the right of way.



The aeroplane travels straighter than the swift husky.

The Lake Tahoe region is the storm center of the Sierra Nevadas. There the winter gales sweep strongest about the peaks standing sentinel two and a half miles above the level of the sea. There, too, the clouds hang low and are thickest of any area in the country, mantling the peaks and sometimes rising as high as 20,000 feet. The Pacific Coast is most difficult for landings, this is particularly true in the vicinity of San Francisco.

Invariably the bay section is hidden in fog and mist. There are two methods

of approaching it. One is to fly low at Benecia, dash among the boats with their masts and yards yearning to poke the ribs out of the wings, swerve until one is low enough to get under the wires and thence on past the islands and to the Presidio where the mail planes park. It is that or a dash overhead a mile high, taking a chance of finding a hole in the fog big enough to drop through near the field, or failing to drop through, continuing on out over the Pacific.

Boggs lost his way at the Golden Gate and his engine groaned itself to sleep before he could penetrate the fog. He could do nothing but hug the joy stick as he glided into the corner of Hayes and Gough streets, San Francisco. His luck held good. He was not badly hurt.

The pilots with whom I have talked recently are confident that night flying will be as successful as that by day has been. They have tested it and found it practicable. One sees them now out in the Middle West flying along in the dark picking up lights and tinkering with the new equipment which is designed to make night flying possible.

The airplanes are being equipped with navigation lights, instrument board lights and powerful headlights. They will have a one-man radio set so that the pilot may have direct communication with the ground forces.

Picture a mail plane arriving over Omaha at midnight. It is not only dark, but the air is so full of fog, snow or rain that the pilot cannot see the field even though it is illuminated. He picks up his radio receivers.

"Hello below," he shouts.

"Hello up there," comes the reply.

"How's the wind?"

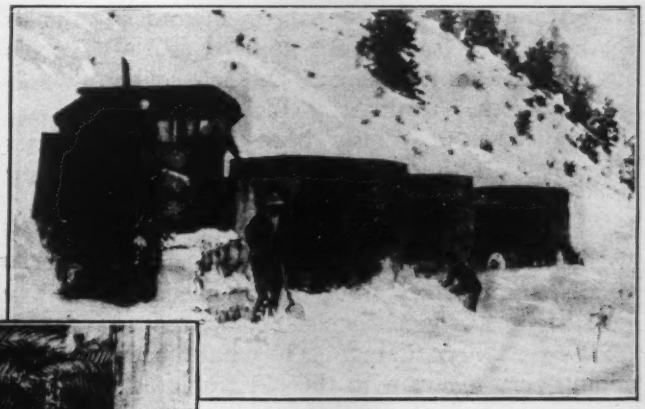
"Coming from the West."

"Is everything clear?"

"All clear."

And down comes the pilot steering his machine so that it will be heading due West as the wheels touch the field. That prevents crashing. The night flying section of the route is now established between Cheyenne and Chicago. Between these points there are three principal mail fields, where the planes are changed, as well as their pilots. It is operated exactly like the divisions on a railroad, except that the cars go through over the entire system, while only the engine and crew are changed. In the mail service, planes and crews both are changed at each of the sixteen division points between New York and San Francisco.

Over the night route between



A caterpillar mail train in Wyoming.

Special delivery in Mississippi.

Chicago and Cheyenne emergency fields are located approximately 25 miles apart. They also extend for 150 miles west of Cheyenne and an equal distance east of Chicago to make allowance for the seasonal differences of time. At each of the five central fields in that night division high intensity arc searchlights have been installed on top of 50 foot towers and pitched one degree above the horizon. By means of a motor the searchlight revolves three times a minute and throws a beam of 500,000,000 candlepower. These lights have been seen by pilots flying 100 miles distant. Then, too, all the fields have boundary lights set in vapor-proof globes 150 feet apart. All the surrounding buildings are floodlighted, even the wind cone by which the pilot may tell the direction of the wind on clear nights.

Beacons of the Night

Every three miles throughout the night route there is a small routing beacon, always lighted automatically when the sun goes down or behind a cloud. It throws a light upward at 150 flashes a minute and can be seen seven miles away. Ordinarily the pilot will have three of these beacons within range at all times; so they will form a straight route over which he may fly.

Six of the pilots, each of whom has had at least 2,000 hours with the flying mails, summarized some of the needs of the night flying service as compared to that of daylight flying. They have been doing very nicely with the old war craft, machines built before the armistice and turned over to the air mail from the army surplus. Of course the Post Office Department has constantly changed these machines as experience pointed the way to improvement. More than 200 alteration have transformed them until they hardly look like the original type. But all their characteristics could not be removed. They still land too fast.

Planes especially built for night flying are now coming out of the factories. The pilots say that they should have engines possessing greater reliability before flying becomes really safe. The American Liberty which they are now using is the equal of any engine built; but all engines have a habit of failing at the most inopportune moments.

Further, the new planes will carry greater loads, some of them as many as 100,000 letters or their equivalent in weight. Electrical altimeters are required to warn the pilot of unseen peaks and buildings. Radio direction finders are a necessity. They will serve to make the pilot independent of forced landings when he runs into fog and storms. A gyroscopic control system to relieve him in moments of uncertainty when he is not sure whether his plane is flying level or tilted over at an angle is among the improvements considered. One cannot tell how he is flying unless he is able to see the horizon. Aerial maps are needed, accurate maps showing landmarks and topography. Add to these requisites, all of which are practicable, a more complete radio service on the earth and you have about all the things necessary to the pilot's comfort and safety. He is willing to vouch for that.

He adds that the new night flying service will astonish the country because it will virtually shrink it to a third of its present size, speaking in terms of transportation. For a letter will leave New York at 11 a. m. and arrive in San Francisco at 4:15 the next afternoon. A San Francisco merchant will mail his order from the Golden Gate at 6 o'clock in the morning and it will arrive in New York at 3:15 the next afternoon—in all about 26 hours between coasts.

That is the model system out of which will develop a countrywide network of lines between all cities. The pilot has won his cause.

NORFLEET—MAN-HUNTER

The first of three articles telling the amazing story of a Texas ranchman, who, single-handed, hunted down a gang of five confidence men who had swindled him out of $45,000 *cash and left him* $95,000 *in debt.*

By MAX BENTLEY

A FEW weeks ago a stocky little man from Texas with the slightly bowed legs of a horseman stood before a half dozen Congressmen in the House of Representatives office building, in Washington.

Five feet five he stood under his big white hat, but keen and hard and carrying his 140 pounds like an Indian. He had grayish hair and mustache and very keen gray eyes. He wore puttees, and there was a bulge on the right hip, under the coat, toward which significant glances were cast. His whole appearance suggested competency on edge.

He had a story to tell and started mildly enough. His soft Southern voice had a leisurely quality comporting with his sixty years and very pleasant to the ear; but as he talked on there came in vibrant notes curiously like the sudden twanging of a violin string. The Committee on Claims had allotted fifteen minutes for hearing his case, and then listened to him for two and one-half hours. The story he told was the most astonishing the committee had ever heard.

House Bill No. 8096 introduced March 20, 1924, by Mr. Jones, of Texas, and referred to the committee, sets forth his claim on the government. It reads: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay to J. Frank Norfleet, of Hale Center, Texas, the sum of $11,110.40, being a portion of the expense incurred by him in capturing and assisting to se-

Copyright National Photo

The "little old fox" himself. A recent picture of Norfleet, taken in Washington.

Reno Hamlin, "Mule buyer from Hill County, Texas."

W. B. Spencer who contributed "every penny left by his dead mother."

cure the conviction of a band of confidence men who had been operating in various States of the Union, and in assisting in the capture and conviction of a number of other law violators who had been violating the laws in the United States."

The Committee on Claims is overwhelmed with work. Refunds, rewards and the like involving millions of dollars are always awaiting attention. Before a complainant is invited to appear in person there must be a conviction in the committee that unusual circumstances exist. In this case the chairman, Mr. Edmonds of Pennsylvania, said he had been assured by his colleague, Mr. Jones of Texas, that the most extraordinary circumstances existed. Therefor he invited Frank Norfleet to address the committee, but to say it in fifteen minutes. After Norfleet had talked for 150 minutes, and then guiltily pulled out his watch, there were cries of "Go on!" But just then the bell clanged, summoning the members to the House.

A Four Years Man-Hunt

The story he told was of a four years man-hunt for Joe Furey, *alias* Stetson, and his gang of bunco men. He led the committee across forty-seven states, to Cuba, to Canada. He told how, as a peaceful stock raiser of nearly fifty-five years, he had fallen into the clutches of the Furey gang at Dallas, Texas; how they robbed him of $45,000 in cash and plunged him $95,000 in debt before "ditching" him at Fort Worth; and how he ran them down. He described the odds against him: how, when on December 2, 1919, he took up the pursuit from Dallas—alone and unaided—he did not have any pictures of his men to guide him. All that he had was the memory of them, man by man and feature by feature, burned into his brain. That, and the will to "stick."

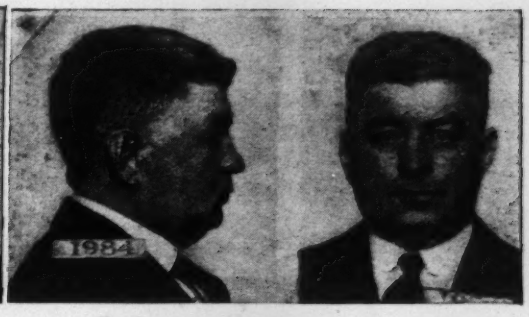
The Terrible Shadow

He "stuck" for four years. He followed his quarry into every state of the Union except Maine, and thrice chased his last man into Canada. He became familiar with the rogue's gallery in nearly every important city. He met hundreds of miscellaneous crooks and spoiled more than one swindle directed against other men. At Denver, for example, he was a factor in the rounding up of the Lou Blonger gang and the conviction of twenty swindlers in one trial. Altogether, he had a hand in the apprehension of sixty-nine badly-wanted men. In four years he spent $17,000 in the public service, and his only reward thus far has been that he "got" every man—without once pulling the trigger.

The real story in Norfleet's case is not what the gang did to him, but what he did to the gang. The long chase ended last October; the final score sheet shows three of the swindlers "doing time" for their misdeeds, and two dead—one dying as a felon, the other perishing at his own hand.

For all of which Norfleet earned from his quarry the title of "the little old fox."

Charles Gerber, "Secretary" of the Fort Worth "Stock Exchange."

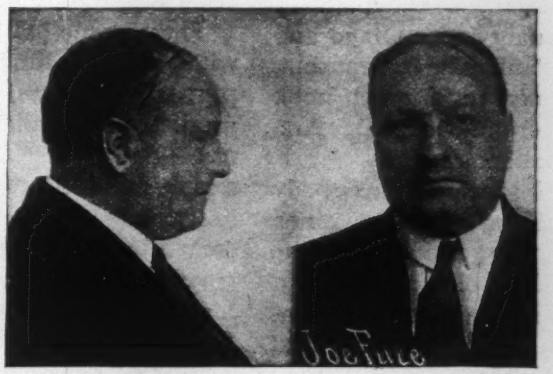


E. J. Ward, "Secretary" of the Dallas "Stock Exchange."

Swindling him brought no profit. His tricksters fell, one by one, and it is estimated they spent $100,000 in bribes and "running expenses. As W. B. Spencer said to Norfleet when the Texan confronted him in the Salt Lake City jail, last October, four years after the swindle:

"You old fox, we beat you the first time, but you've beaten us all the other times. The further I got you from home the nearer I got you to me. I'd rather die and go to blazes to-night than live as you have made me live. Every knock on the door, every telephone ring, every stranger in the night, was *you*."

Norfleet's book, "Norfleet," just now coming off the press, records his amazing adventures from his meeting with the swindlers to the conviction of the last man. These men, instead of working independently, were members of a closely-joined swindler's ring. Norfleet affirms that the ring is directed from New York, is financed by wealthy men and institutions scattered over the country and apparently of high standing, operates simultaneously in a dozen cities, maintains an elaborate system of information and communication, and lays away a percentage of the spoils for a defense fund. He goes further and presents a sinister picture of swindles perpetrated without police interference. In describing the indifference of local authorities in many cities he gives names, places and dates.



Joe Furey, alias Stetson, the "Master Mind."

An Innocent Stockman

J. Frank Norfleet was a well-to-do stockman when he went to Dallas to sell 2,000 acres of his 8,000-acre farm near Hale Center for $45 per acre, expecting with this cash to buy a ranch adjoining his place. The two deals were to match, dollar for dollar. He had been an old-time "puncher" of the Texas Panhandle and was foreman of a 265,000-acre ranch when he met and married the first white girl to settle in what is now four Texas counties. They had three children of whom the boy, Pete, now twenty-three, figures heroically in his father's story.

Norfleet reached Dallas in November of 1919. The sale of his 2,000 acres was not consummated, but he went ahead with the ranch deal. He agreed to pay $5,000 as forfeit money and to sign a note for $90,000, due in one month. The next day he ran into Reno Hamlin, an alleged "mule buyer from Hill County, Texas."

"I can help you sell that farm, Mr.

Norfleet's daughter, Ruthie, who helped keep the farm going while her father was following his big game.

Norfleet," Hamlin said—they were both country men, it seemed, lonely in the city, and struck up a cordial friendship. "There's a friend of mine down here, a Mr. Spencer. He is a land buyer for a Minnesota concern and he wants Texas property."

Thus was W. B. Spencer brought into the picture. There was an "accidental" meeting in the hotel lobby. Introductions followed. Spencer was only mildly interested. His firm was not inclined to buy "stuff that far west."

Norfleet had to sell. He expatiated eloquently on the quality of his land and the character of Panhandle citizenship. He followed Spencer to a quiet nook where two chairs were unoccupied. And sat down on a pocketbook.

"Well!" said Norfleet. "Somebody lost his wallet." The two men examined it. It contained papers bearing the name of Stetson, a stock broker's bond for $100,000 guaranteeing faithful performance, a code letter, a card showing that Stetson was a member of the United Brokers and $240 in currency.

Stetson, it was learned, was registered at the hotel. Norfleet and Spencer went to his room to return the wallet. At first he would not admit them. He was gruff and rude. "I thought you were newspaper reporters. We fellows who buck the market must be careful," he said apologetically, when explanations had been made. Then he was grateful. To have lost the broker's card and code would be an irreparable disaster, he declared. He explained that his firm in New York had sent him to Texas to play the market on "sure tips" emanating from them.

"Gentlemen," he beamed, "you must take $100 each as a reward."

Spencer hesitatingly accepted the tender, but Norfleet declined. "Always glad to help a stranger," he said heartily.

But Stetson insisted. "At least," he urged, "allow me to invest this hundred for you, and you, too sir," turning to Spencer. "It won't cost you anything and may bring you a bit of change."

It *did* bring a bit of change. In a few hours Stetson returned from the "stock market" with $1600.

"I hit it right. Your profits," he smiled.

Norfleet had been "hung." His bewildered elation showed it. Playing the stock market was legitimate—everybody was doing it—and Stetson evidently was on the inside. Besides, Norfleet could use the money. In fact, he had to have it.

The Friendly Tip

The "come-on" proceeded normally with a too-willing victim. The lost purse, the grateful owner, the stock market, are an old dodge, but it was all new—and very wonderful—to the simple-minded stockman, and it is worth describing here in detail. Norfleet consented to the use of his name in "undercover deals" to be made by Stetson, on a percentage basis; so did his new friend Spencer.

"You see," Stetson explained, as, with perspiring brow and oaths of exaspera-

tion he worked out a newly arrived code message from the office, "this is going to be a big day and I can use a helper or two. You men seem to be honest and I trust you. It is highly irregular, of course; you are not members of this exchange and my bondsmen would break me in a minute if they learned of it, but I have a $100,000 mortgage due on my house and I want to make one good killing. Conditions are just right to buy Mexican oils. How about my making some bids in your names, with my money and your $800 apiece? You can't lose."

"Suits me," said Norfleet. The technique of the thing left him cold, but the thought of his eight-for-one was a hot trail to follow. Spencer acquiesced, too, with grateful protestations.

Norfleet accompanied Stetson to the "stock exchange." There were tickers, telephones, blackboards, scurrying messenger boys and everything. The fact is the exchange was genuine enough, but it was the Dallas Cotton Exchange. Norfleet's and Spencer's $1600 were invested in their own names. After the market closed Stetson returned to the hotel with $68,000 bona fide currency, as the day's profits, of which Norfleet's share was $28,000. The money was handed to him in Stetson's room.

While the bills were being sorted there was a knock on the door. The third swindler entered the game. Dismay was registered on Stetson's countenance as E. J. Ward unceremoniously strode in. Ward was introduced as the secretary of the exchange.

"What about those bids made in the names of Norfleet and Spencer?" he inquired wrathfully. "These men are not members of this exchange. Mr. Stetson, you have made yourself liable to expulsion. I will have to ask you gentlemen if you were in a position to confirm your bids in case you had lost?"

"No sir," answered Norfleet and Spencer. Stetson broke in spiritedly.

"Mr. Secretary, I know the rules," he said. "Your settlement days are the first and the fifteenth. The fifteenth is

A devoted wife, Mrs. Frank Norfleet. A woman "with a million-dollar smile."

Saturday. As a member of the Exchange I personally guarantee this confirmation by Monday the seventeenth, and my bond is back of me."

Ward's face cleared. That was satisfactory, he responded, but it would be necessary for Norfleet and Spencer to return the $68,000 pending confirmation of their bids. The money would be held in escrow, on receipt and due bill, and in the meantime the bill might be used as credit on the floor. The money was surrendered and Ward left the room. Norfleet's face fell as the door closed on the Secretary's broad back. But why worry? After all, he was out nothing.

"Well, gentlemen," Stetson said, "it's up to us to confirm that bid and save our money. What are your resources?"

Spencer was sure he could raise $35,000 from his people in Kansas. An importuning telegram—"Relief urgent!"—was dispatched. Norfleet's apportionment was placed at $20,000. Stetson agreed to underwrite the balance. Where was Norfleet to raise his $20,000?

Then came a happy thought. Why

could not Spencer complete the deal for the 2,000 acres?

"Come out and see it," the Texan urged. "You say your people will buy on your recommendation. You can have it for fifty an acre and it's worth every penny. Let's go see the land. Pending the first payment I will borrow from the bank."

"Fine!" Spencer agreed. Stetson spoke warningly.

"Put that deal through, Spencer. It's up to you. And be back before the seventeenth."

In the Guise of a Friend

"Gentlemen," Norfleet said to the House Committee on Claims, "that man went with me to my farm. He broke bread at my table. He enjoyed the hospitality of my wife and children for three days. He made the most careful examination of the soil. He visited the rent houses, went to adjoining farms, examined the threshed wheat and made many inquiries about the character of our citizenship. He assured me that his company would buy my land for $100,000 and pay me my money in plenty of time to allow me to meet my ranch obligation.

"I went to the bank and borrowed the $20,000. I introduced Spencer around and was delighted at the fine impression he made. When we boarded the train for Dallas I had $20,000 in my pocket. I was a happy man."

The Texan beat his hands together in memory of it and his eyes blazed.

Norfleet and Spencer reached Dallas well ahead of their time limit. Spencer's $35,000 had arrived. Stetson was in Fort Worth. He telephoned that his company had transferred him by code message, in anticipation of a break in Mexican oils. The three men were "long" on Mexican oils. They met a few hours later.

"She's breaking fast," Stetson said rapidly. "We'll sell now instead of buying, and make a killing. There's no time to lose. I'm putting my last nickel in one big play and then I'm through. How about it, boys?"

Into the pot went Spencer's $35,000. Norfleet hesitated. He was having his first qualms.

"Getting cold feet?" Stetson sneered. With a proud gesture Norfleet tossed his due bill—and his $20,000—on the bed.

Stetson announced they would sell on a two-point margin. Spencer was instructed to place the bid, in his own name, Stetson writing it on a margin slip.

Let Norfleet take up the story here.

"A little later Spencer returned to the room. He was excited but happy. His face was aglow. He said there had been a terrific jam, that he had lost Stetson's margin slip, but—by now being familiar with the procedure—he had written one himself.

"He exhibited the receipt. I at once noted that it indicated he had bought, and not sold. I called his attention to the error. While we were debating the point Stetson burst into the room, excitedly exclaiming:

" 'Spencer, haven't you made a mistake of buying instead of selling, Mexican oil? I have just seen a purchase posted on the board for exactly the same amount I instructed you to sell. Let me see that receipt.'

"Spencer looked frightened as he explained that he had lost Stetson's slip and written one himself. He passed it over. Stetson gave one look and shouted: 'You fool, you have ruined us! Every dollar is gone!'

"Spencer fell across the bed in a fit of weeping. He cried out that the $35,000 he had contributed represented every penny of his inheritance from his dead mother. Stetson cursed him furiously, and then suddenly reached for his hat.

" 'There is one chance left,' he cried. 'I will rush back and try to hedge by selling. If the market has hardened in the meantime we may cover our loss yet.' He returned soon, saying he had placed an

order in my name to sell $80,000 worth of Mexican oil. He seemed more hopeful.

"Soon a visitor came to the room. Stetson introduced him as Charles Gerber, secretary of the Fort Worth Exchange. Gerber said that $160,000 in profits had been made in the names of Spencer and Norfleet, but, as we were not members of the exchange, we would have to deposit $80,000 before the next settlement day, to confirm our bids. He threatened Stetson with exposure, and left with a warning that we must confirm our bids by the first of December.

"I was deeply involved and bewildered. Spencer was in a sad state. Only Stetson was cheerful. He said it was up to us to raise the money. He fixed my allotment at $25,000 and Spencer's at $35,000. 'It will just cost you $10,000 extra for being a fool,' he said to Spencer. Spencer was very humble. He said he would go to Kansas and mortgage his farm for his share. I left for my home to borrow more money.

Never Again!

"I explained my difficulties to my wife. She patted my hand comfortingly and told me to see it through, but never again to indulge in speculation of any form. She was very sorry about Spencer's mistake, and urged me not to be hard on him. I borrowed $25,000 from my brother-in-law, stuck a gun in my pocket, and reached Fort Worth the same day that Spencer returned. He had $25,000 of his $35,000. Stetson had $20,000. We were still $10,000 short.

"Spencer then announced that he had Liberty Bonds worth $10,000 in an Austin bank. It was agreed that he would go to Austin and sell them and telegraph the money to me, at Dallas. We were transferring our operations to the Dallas Exchange. Stetson took the money we had raised, rolled it in a newspaper and said he would leave for Dallas immediately and apply it on the $80,000. That plan did not suit me a little bit. I was getting suspicious. We had words, and I stuck my gun against him.

"'You don't take *my* money,' I said. He tossed the bundle on the bed, exclaiming: 'Take the money and go to blazes with it if you can't stand by the agreement we made.'

Norfleet's boy, Pete, who participated in the captures of Joe Furey and W. B. Spencer.

"'That's all right,' I said. 'Let's just talk this thing over. Let Spencer go to Austin and wire me the $10,000. Then we will confirm the bid and have a final settlement. I am through.'

"'Good enough,' they said and we became friendly again. I was ashamed of my outburst. Spencer instructed Stetson to pay his share of our winnings to me, to be applied on the farm. He exhibited a telegram from his company authoriz-

ing him to close for my 2,000 acres at $50 per acre, and stating that $30,000 was being shipped by express as the first payment. He decided to wait for the money.

"I was completely taken in again. When the package arrived I was at the express office with Spencer. He opened it in my presence, counted out $30,000 in currency, and then replaced it in the package, along with the sale contract, saying he would take it to the bank for safe keeping until my title could be examined. He said it was out of the question to use any portion of it in making good our bid.

"He left for Austin that afternoon to sell his bonds and I allowed Stetson to take our $70,000 to Dallas. I was to meet him in a Dallas Hotel at ten o'clock the following day.

"Next morning I was there. Stetson did not show up. The clerk said he was not registered. My fears rose again. I waited another hour. I went hurriedly from hotel to hotel. Conviction swept over me that I had been swindled of my life's savings. I went to the Pinkertons, I went to the chiefs of police of Dallas and Fort Worth. I learned that Ward and Gerber were unknown at either exchange. I went to the bank at Fort Worth where Spencer said he had deposited the $30,000. He had lied. I was ruined."

Norfleet's Balance Sheet

Forty-five thousand dollars gone.
Ninety-five thousand dollars in debt.
Fifty-four years old.

Those three facts crashed on Norfleet's brain. He wandered from hotel to hotel. "Ruined! Ruined!" a voice shouted from within. "My God, my God!" his lips answered. He does not recall how he reached his room—the room in which the swindle had been staged. He recalls wrapping an iced towel around his head and lying across his bed, awake but oblivious to time, hour upon hour.

He writes, "I knew that I would go get them. I called those five men up before me. I looked out into the abyss until Stetson's image came and stood before the bed. We looked at each other, for hours it must have been. His picture burned into the sensitive film of my brain. It developed itself in the dark room of my memory, never to fade. I studied him from every angle. He stood six feet and weighed two hundred pounds. I saw his manly, swinging carriage, his chestnut hair with a line of pink scalp showing from the middle of his forehead to his crown. I saw his round, smooth face that radiated health and vigor, and his greenish eyes with their magnetic lights. As a crystal gazer peers deep into the mysterious glass ball, so I peered into those eyes of Stetson's, with their changing green lights.

"'I'll get you Stetson,' I said aloud. 'You can never escape me.'

"I put his photograph away and brought Spencer to me. I noted his military carriage. Like a splendid soldier he stood at attention before my bed. I turned him front and back, right and left, walking him, standing him, running him. Then I put him away, noting, as the last thing, his smile.

"Next, Reno Hamlin. He was a mule buyer and ran true to form. Medium stature and built like a burro. Glossy black hair streaked with gray, brown eyes with overhanging lids and flaring eyebrows, deep neck and close-cropped black mustache. Nothing city bred about Hamlin.

"Then Ward, with his square face, his grayish-blue eyes, his arched brows, the loose bag of flesh below the chin, his drooping mouth, his massive shoulders.

"Finally, Gerber. His dark hair was parted and brushed high across his brow. This threw into relief two bullet eyes of black. His nose was thick, his mouth a thin slit cut in a stretched surface.

"'I'll know you, Gerber,' I said. After photographing them separately I passed them before me in review. They were all there. Then I fell asleep."

Norfleet slept the clock around. On the twenty-fourth hour he arose. He

was refreshed. He was serene and confident. He felt strangely exhilarated.

"I made myself presentable and descended to the lobby. The orchestra was playing a tantalizing and popular waltz. I had a wild desire to grab one of the pretty young women and whirl her around the lobby.

"I searched the crowd for my five men. Not a man in the lobby resembled any of them. Closing my eyes, I could, at will, call up one or all of them in startling vividness.

"I knew they were mine for all time.

"From that moment I began my chase, the world my hunting ground."

His plans were fully made. He had three things to do. The first was to protect his ranch purchase and save his $5,000 forfeit. He needed it. The $90,000 note was now due in a week.

"I found a flaw in the title," he says simply. "Before they straightened it I sold my option for what I had agreed to pay, and got my forfeit money back. That saved my farm."

The second was to broadcast the story of his swindle.

A Painful Confession

"I swallowed my pride and gave a full account of the affair to the newspapers and news associations. I described the methods the bunco men had used on me, step by step. I appealed for public aid in capturing them. That appeal brought me valuable information. Letters poured in from all parts of the country. As my chase extended, I came in contact with scores of men victimized like myself, who had taken their losses in silence to escape public humiliation. I secured names and descriptions of the biggest criminals in America."

The third was to give up every tooth in his head. Nineteen were drawn.

"There is no disguise so effective as a flexible mouth. With removable teeth you can change your whole appearance. I had a full set of gold sometimes and wore sporting clothes, and sometimes I was a toothless old man in rags."

There was a fourth task; it was to tell his wife. Some one—a friend—had telegraphed Mrs. Norfleet that her husband was in the clutches of a gang of thieves and she hastened to him.

"She met me with a million-dollar smile," Norfleet says. "At the hotel I told her everything, down to the smallest detail. 'Wife,' I cried huskily, 'I have let those crooks ruin us. I have condemned you to an old age of poverty.'

"'Nonsense,' she answered, patting my hand. 'We are a long way from poverty, Frank. You always have found a way to handle things and I am confident you can meet your debt when it comes due.'

"'Wife,' I cried tremulously, 'I want to go after those crooks myself. I want to go get them with my own wits and gun.' I felt at that moment that I would never again start anything without her full knowledge and consent.

"'Of course you do,' she replied. 'I will take care of the farm and keep you supplied with money. Go get them, Frank. But remember, bring them in alive. Any fool can kill a man.'"

The compact was solemnly made. It was kept. Mrs. Norfleet raised alfalfa and hens and hogs. She worked early and late, she and Pete and Ruthie. For four years the devoted trio supplied the sinews of war. No call that Norfleet ever made on his family for funds went unfulfilled.

Where was the search to commence?

"Why, California," said Mrs. Norfleet with a smile. "I have been thinking of Spencer. You remember how he talked of his travels? When he left our house I knew more about the geography of the United States than I ever learned in school. I counted up the states he said he had visited, and California was the only one he did not mention. Wasn't that odd?"

Norfleet stopped cleaning his gun. It *was* odd.

"Go there, Frank," his wife said.

In two hours Norfleet was on his way to California.

The First Catch

The hunt commenced brilliantly. The swindlers had disappeared December 2, 1919. Twenty-two days later—Christmas eve it was—Norfleet dropped off at San Bernardino. Every important California paper had printed his story. His first call was at the courthouse. Sheriff Walter Shay came forward with a smile.

"I know you. We've just picked up a couple of men on the strength of that description. I think they are yours," he said.

Norfleet peered into the thick-meshed cages. There, side by side, were Ward and Gerber. For a minute Norfleet was stunned. His first impulse was to wish them hysterically a "Merry Christmas!" Ward spoke first.

"So you found us, did you, you little old fox?" he said sullenly.

Norfleet continued to gape at the captives. There they were, the pseudo secretaries of the Dallas and Fort Worth Exchanges. Then the Texan bethought himself of extradition papers. Willing hands helped. The two captives were returned to Texas. They were tried at Fort Worth and convicted. Each drew a sentence of ten years imprisonment. Gerber accepted sentence but Ward appealed, and was released on an appeal bond. As he stepped out of the jail he was arrested as John McDonald on a warrant from the District of Columbia charging him with grand larceny from Peter J. Nee, a Washington merchant. Nee was on hand and identified Ward at a dramatic meeting.

Six months later Ward eluded the vigilance of his jailer. After an unsuccessful attempt to end his life in the Washington jail he procured a surgeon's scalpel and slashed his throat from ear to ear. Remorse, and the hopelessness of the future, had done their work.

Norfleet was at home resting when the third swindler fell athwart the law. Reno Hamlin was arrested in Atlanta. Georgia wanted him. But Georgia could not hold him. He made bond and promptly "jumped" it. Norfleet took up the pursuit. Eighteen months later Hamlin was picked up in Oklahoma City on the Texan's description, and Norfleet himself carried the captive to Fort Worth. Another bond was made—$20,000 that time—and Hamlin jumped it again. Norfleet pursued him back to Oklahoma and caused his arrest in Muskogee. Atlanta claimed him and promised to hold him. Hamlin was convicted and is now in the Georgia penitentiary.

After seeing to the conviction of Gerber and Ward, Norfleet turned his attention to the major criminals. He went to Florida. He was following a "hunch" that high-toned operatives like Stetson and Spencer would work the fashionable resorts. By now he had learned that Stetson was Joe Furey, nationally known as a bunco man. Furey was his particular "meat." He swore that the "Master Mind" would be brought down by no hands but his. He wanted to beat the breath out of Furey's big body. And when that was done—then Spencer.

By now the intuitions of the Texan had made him worthy of the title Ward had flung at him. He was keen; he was lean and hard. And not only was he a fox; he was most foxy in guarding his foxiness. Raisins and pecans formed his twice-a-day diet.

"To keep me half-hungry," he explains. "It kept me smelling and on my toes all the time. It sharpened my wits and made me see better. Like a wolf."

Brushing Hands With Death

On the Florida trip Norfleet brushed hands with death. He went into the celery country as Mr. Parkinson, an Oklahoma farmer looking for land, and at Sanford ran into the old stock market game. There were some variations, however. The "outpost," instead of being a mule buyer, was a land salesman. The new prospect suffered himself to be taken to Daytona to inspect land.

The plot developed rapidly. The important-looking stranger striding along

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THE MISSING LINE

By "SAPPER"

Illustrated by Ralph Pallen Coleman

"MELODRAMA is a loose phrase." The Actor leaned back in his chair and surveyed his guests thoughtfully. "A farce is a farce all the world over; so is a comedy. So, to a lesser extent perhaps, is tragedy. But melodrama—well, what is melodrama? Understand me, I am not alluding to gorgeously staged shipwrecks and horse races at Drury Lane. I want more than that. I want a definition that will include everything that the world calls melodrama."

The Writer splashed some soda water into his glass.

"Roughly I would give this as a definition," he said. "The presentation of exciting things which really do not happen in ordinary life in a sufficiently plausible manner to make them appear convincing. Gentlemen burglars; revolvers in the drawing-room—all that sort of thing."

"And yet there are gentlemen burglars," retorted his host. "And a few weeks ago in the papers was the picture of two men lying dead in a street in New York; they had killed one another with revolvers. Because no one has ever flourished a pistol under my nose, does that make a gun-man melodramatic?"

"He might very reasonably be a melodramatic figure on the stage," argued the Doctor.

"Not in a country where gun-men are common," cried the Actor. "The standard must vary. Melodrama in London may be the most natural thing in the world in Italy. And I go further." He paused and looked at the Writer. "Things that don't happen—that is your criterion, is it? Very well, I will meet you on your own ground. And when I've told you the story of the thing which happened to me—it's twenty odd years ago now—you shall tell me whether you still hold to that definition or not."

With some deliberation he lit a cigar, while the other men settled themselves comfortably in their chairs to listen. The dinner had been perfect, the Actor's cigars were beyond reproach. Moreover the Actor's powers as a raconteur were well known.

"I don't know where you all were at the time," he began when his cigar was drawing to his satisfaction. "You, Dick, were still in South Africa—" the Soldier nodded—"and Tom was in some God-forsaken place——"

"I was studying leprosy from 01 to 04 in the South Seas," said the Doctor.

"Anyway it doesn't much matter. Those of you who were at home have probably completely forgotten the affair. It didn't make much of a sensation even at the time, and I don't suppose there are half a dozen people, outside those who were actually in the theatre when it occurred, who would remember anything about it to-day.

"I had been in management rather over a year and, fortunately for me, very successfully. My first play had run for six months; my second was still playing to good business. But it had reached that point when I realised that definite steps would have to be taken with regard to its successor. I had two or three possibles in my mind, and I was glancing through them one morning to make my final choice when the telephone rang in my room.

"It was Hastings, the well-known literary agent, and he asked me if I could make it convenient to go round

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and see him without delay. He had a play which he thought might interest me and he wanted to talk to me about it.

"As you probably know there are agents and agents. But when a man like Hastings, who is quite at the top of the tree, rings you up on a matter of that sort it doesn't do to disregard it. So I went round to see him that morning.

"'I telephoned you,' he said as soon as I was seated in his office, 'because there are circumstances about the case which are a little unusual. There's the play—' he pushed it across his desk—'and I can tell you the circumstances better than I can write them.'

"'Before we come to that,' I interrupted, 'have you read the play?'

"'I have,' he answered.

"'Is it good?'

"'Personally I think it is very good—very good indeed. In fact, I may say that it is the best play I have had through my hands for years.' And then with an enigmatic smile he added. "As far as it goes.'

"I stared at him. 'What on earth do you mean?' I said. 'Isn't it finished?'

"'No—it isn't. The curtain of the last act has been deliberately omitted. But I have it on the author's own word that it is written.'

"'But what the deuce has he done that for?' I said blankly. 'By the way who is the author?'

"I glanced at the script. John Strangeways—a name I'd never heard of.

"'That is a pseudonym,' said Hastings.

"'Do you know who he is?' I demanded.

"'I've met him—if that's what you mean. He has been in this office; he has sat in the chair you are sitting in. But beyond that I can't say I know him.' He leaned forward across the desk. 'I'd better come down to the circumstances I spoke of—or rather the conditions. I may say that they are a little peculiar. In the first place—and this I think you will agree is very peculiar—he wants no royalties.'

"'What an eminently satisfactory man,' I murmured.

"'He is, I gather, very wealthy,' went on Hastings, 'and he is prepared to pay for his caprices. Not only does he require no royalties, but he is prepared to finance the play.'

"I stared at him even harder.

"'That means one of two things,' I remarked. 'Either the play is no good, or the man is a little wanting.'

"Hastings smiled slightly. 'Neither, I think. There is a third reason—in this case I have no doubt the true one. *Cherchez la femme.* He makes it an absolute condition that Paula Vendon shall play the part of the heroine.'

"'Paula Vendon,' I said. 'I've heard of her, but—what's she doing now?'

"I *had* heard of her, in the way one hears of a lot of people on the stage with whom one never comes in contact. Certainly she had never done anything big.

"'At the present moment she is playing a small part at the Haymarket,' said Hastings.

"'Can she act?' I asked.

"'To tell you the truth, I really don't know,' he answered.

"'I thought there was a catch somewhere,' I said, fingering the script. 'Let's have the other conditions.'

"'The second of them is similar. A man called Leslie Merrill is to play the part of her lover.'

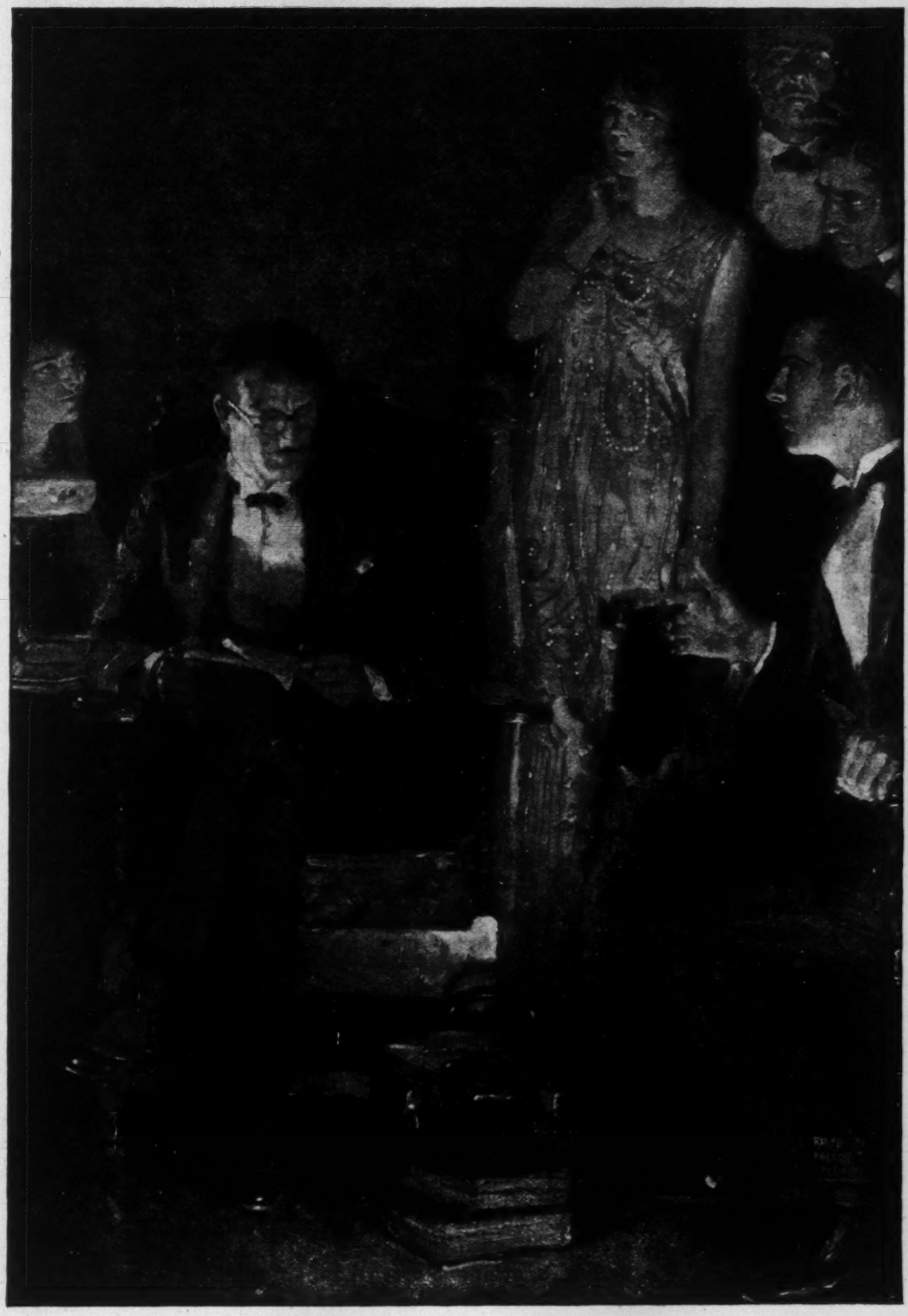
"'And what the devil am I to do?' I exclaimed. 'The butler?'

"Hastings smiled.

"'It will be clearer when you've read the script,' he answered. 'You are to play the husband which is the biggest part in the caste.'

"'I've heard often of men financing a play for a woman,' I said, 'but it's the first occasion to my knowledge when a man has been included. What sort of a fellow is this John Strangeways?'

"'He struck me as a hard-headed business man,' answered Hastings.



"When I came to the end of the second act, Paula Vendon, white to the lips, stood up with a stifled scream."

There is a trace of something southern in him, though not marked—and his real name is as Anglo-Saxon as his nom-de-plume. Moreover I should think he's got the devil of a temper when roused. There are one or two other conditions which I'd better tell you, however. Under no circumstances is either Miss Vendon or this man Merrill to be told that it was the author's wish that they were given these two parts. It must come direct from you, as if it was your original idea. And finally, the finish of the last act will not be given to you until the evening of the first night.'

"'But that's preposterous,' I said, a little angrily. 'The finish of the last act must be rehearsed as well as everything else.'

"'The very thing I pointed out to him,' remarked Hastings, lighting a cigarette. 'But I am bound to say that he had a very good reason—or at any rate, as good a reason as one could expect. He tells me that the play is complete—save for one line—a line to be spoken by you. Since the tag is never spoken during rehearsal—he is quite well up in theatrical customs—he argues that that one line is not wanted till the first night. I have, as I told you, read the play myself and he's quite right. The play is finished—but for a line and a little action. Anyway it's an unalterable condition.'

"'Confound it all, Hastings!' I said irritably, 'the whole thing strikes me as being the most extraordinary thing I've ever heard of. You're sure the man is quite sane?'

"'As sane as you or I. Undoubtedly he is eccentric, but he struck me as a gentleman who can afford to pay for his eccentricity. Candidly, Trayne, I felt just the same as you do about it. At first I was inclined to wash my hands of the whole affair. And then, out of curiosity, I read the play. Well, all I can say is, before you decide anything further, read it yourself!'

I rose with the manuscript in my hand.

"'All right: I will. When am I to meet this strange individual?'

"'A condition I was almost forgetting. You will not meet him. Should there be any point which you wish to discuss with him, he would like you to do it through me. In any question of finance I am to act for him. And he particularly desires that no effort should be made to discover his identity.'

"'Well, I'm blessed!' I muttered. 'However, I'll read it—and I'll let you know my decision as soon as possible.'

"With that I shook hands and left him with the play under my arm. To say that I was intrigued would be to express my feelings too lightly; I was downright curious. Any possibility of the thing being some elaborate hoax was ruled out of court by the fact that it was Hastings who was handling it. He was far too big a man to lend himself to any foolish tricks of that sort.

"All through lunch at my club I tried to puzzle things out, but I couldn't see a ray of light. And it was only as I was starting to walk home that I suddenly remembered there was an extra matinee at the Haymarket that afternoon—my only chance of seeing the unknown's two protegees act. It had got as far as that in my mind.

"Well—I watched them from the stalls. The girl had a small part which she filled perfectly capably; so had the man. There was nothing to single either of them out in any way, with the possible exception of the girl's looks. She really was astoundingly pretty, with that wonderful English coloring which is unfortunately getting rarer and rarer. But you want something more than wonderful English colouring when you're going to play lead. And I saw nothing that afternoon to lead me to suppose that she had it. Of course it might be there, lying dormant—ready to come out on a big occasion. On the other hand it might not. At any rate I'd seen them; now to read the play.

"I had no time that evening before I went down to the theatre, and all

through my own show my mind was subconsciously dwelling on the affair. It all seemed so strange, so unaccountable. Some kindly man wishing to do these two a good turn, perhaps, and remain unknown? But why the mystery of the missing line? Why no royalties? Why a hundred things?

"At any rate, I was so intrigued that any thought of bed was out of the question until I'd read the play. I started at midnight and an hour later I sat back in my chair, if anything more perplexed than ever. In spite of what Hastings had told me I hadn't been able to rid my mind of the thought that the real reason of the mystery was that the play was bad and the unknown author was trying to buy me.

"But as I put the script down I knew that Hastings was right. It was good; thundering good. I don't say that it was a masterpiece, but it was a play which anyone would have thankfully accepted on the spot and asked for more of the same kind. It was dramatic, it was tense and it had plenty of action. I don't propose to tell you all the plot, it would only bore you. But to make what follows clear I must give you a brief outline of the end of the play—the bit that led up to the missing line.

"The situation was that the lady's husband and the man whom the husband had strongly suspected of being on rather more than mere calling terms with his wife occupied the stage. The real bone of contention, led up to in two acts of good gripping stuff, had occurred the previous night at the end of the second act. It presupposed one of those admirable stage houses which, thank Heavens, are beyond the worst nightmare of even a modern jerry builder—the type of bungalow effect where the bedrooms lead out of the hall.

"Behold, then, at the finish of the second act, husband returning somewhat unexpectedly to discover wife's bedroom door locked. And coming from the room a man's voice. Now all that was well done. The audience didn't know who was in there. They had seen the lover depart earlier after a scene of renunciation: they had seen the wife go to her bedroom. They had seen her pause in the doorway: stagger a little, and gasp out 'My God, you!' Then she had disappeared. Who was it in the room? Had the lover returned through the window. Was he a dirty dog after all?

"Then husband arrives, hears voice, beats on door. After a perceptible pause the door opens and wife appears. The room is empty: the man, whoever it was, has escaped through the window. Husband accuses her point blank: mentions the lover by name. Horror upon horror—she does not deny it. Let him think what he will. In fact, not only does she not deny it; she admits it. And then she sinks half fainting on the floor, while husband uttering hoarse noises beats it rapidly for the garden and a little fresh air.

"Such was the situation which had to be cleared up in the third act. But before I come to that I must mention one more character—the lady's younger brother. He hadn't come in much though he had been seen and his principal claim to notoriety lay in the fact that he had spent quite a considerable portion of his life at His Majesty's expense. It is further gathered that he had just laid himself open to a further sojourn in the same quarters. An undesirable fellow, but adored—as undesirable fellows so often are—by his sister.

"You've guessed, of course. He was to be the saviour of the situation. He, it was, whose voice the husband had heard the preceding night.

"'You're a stern man: you're a harsh man,' says the lover. 'You take no excuse for weakness. It is a fact that I love your wife but never by word or deed has she been disloyal to you. She was frightened to tell you last night who was in her room. She thought you'd ring for the police. It was her brother who was with her. If you want proof—open that door. She lied to save him.'

"He stood there pointing at the door, and there the script ended. There was one line more; what was it? What was that line—and what was on the other side of the door?

"Lord! you fellows, how I cursed that unknown playwright. What was this line locked up in his mind? I couldn't get away from it. It haunted me. I could think of half a dozen, but none of them was good. Not a single line that I could think of kept up the tension till the curtain dropped. Was it to be a question of 'My dear! forgive me and my unworthy doubts,' while the lover steals gently away to the Colonies? Were we to find the brother manacled between large policemen as a sort of *tableau vivant?* Horrible. The bare thought of it made me shudder.

"On one point I'd made up my mind, however. Missing line or no missing line I was going to do that play next. If the worst came to the worst and the curtain proved a bad one, I had sufficient faith in myself to think that I could substitute something or other which would prove satisfactory. After all I had two months at least. And, furthermore, I thought it not unlikely that through Hastings I might be able to persuade the author to waive this particular condition a little nearer the time. There was no hurry about it at the moment.

"Accordingly next day I again went round to see Hastings. He smiled as I entered his office and said, 'I thought you would.'

"'Would what?' I demanded.

"'Take the play. I've got the agreement all ready for you to sign.'

"I read it through and assuredly it was a strange document. No mention of royalties or American rights or anything of that sort. Everything was mine unconditionally, or rather I should say everything was mine subject to the author's reservations which I had already heard. But these were emphasized in no uncertain way.

"'Should the licensee,' ran a clause 'break the above conditions either in letter or in spirit, the agreement shall terminate forthwith. The author or his agent shall be sole arbiters of such infringement.'

"I kicked at that, it seemed to put me too completely in his hands. But, as Hastings pointed out, a further clause indemnifying me against any financial loss in such an event was a very efficient safeguard.

"At any rate, I signed. Not without some misgivings at the last moment, it's true; but I signed. And there I was definitely committed to the production of an unfinished play by an unknown author, with two practically unknown people in two of the principal parts.

"The first thing was to get hold of them. The run at the Haymarket was practically over, so I knew they would be free when I wanted them. And I asked them both to come round to see me at my theatre one evening after a matinée. They came, obviously a little surprised, and when I told them what I wanted their surprise did not decrease. To play lead with me—well, I don't want to appear unduly conceited—was an immense leg up for both of them.

"'I saw you at the Haymarket,' I said, 'and it struck me from every point of view that you are just what I want in this new play.'

"She looked at him and she was even prettier close to than on the stage. And he looked at her, while I looked at them both. Accept—of course they would, with fervent gratitude and joy. And even while they were stammering out their thanks, I realised one thing. Paula Vendon and Merrill were in love with one another.

"It threw a light on the situation: it gave a possible solution. The unknown author was a philanthropist anxious to help these two to get married. And they'd have made a deuced fine couple, for he was a good-looking fellow, was Merrill.

"Of course, as a solution it didn't explain the extraordinary condition of the

missing line, but at any rate it explained the others. And for two or three weeks I let it go at that. I got the caste together, and having completed the other preliminaries we went into rehearsal.

"First, I read them the play. It's strange, isn't it, when one looks back on things by the light of future events, how a man marvels at his blindness? And yet when I came to the end of the second act—the bedroom scene I have told you of—and Paula Vendon, white to the lips, stood up with a stifled scream, nothing untoward struck me. In fact, so incredible can the density of the human brain be, that I thought her agitation was due to my masterful reading. I had caried her away, and if that was so she might really prove an actress.

"She said nothing and after a moment or two she resumed her chair with a little apology. But all through the third act I felt her great eyes fixed on me with an almost uncanny stare, and once, when I glanced at Merrill, he, too, was looking at me with a strange intentness.

"I laid down the script and an excited chorus assailed me. 'What then? What's the end?'

"'Ah! ha!' I laughed, 'I'm not going to tell you that. That's the tag—and that's the mystery.'

"They loved that, of course. We're all of us children, stage people more so than most. And soon the stage was empty except for Paula Vendon and Merrill. I'd noticed them talking earnestly in a corner and when the others had gone they came up to me.

"'Mr. Trayne,' said the girl quietly, 'who wrote this play?'

"'A man who calls himself John Strangeways,' I answered.

"'That isn't his real name?' she asked.

"'No. And I don't know what his real name is.'

"And then she looked at me as if she would read my very soul.

"'Mr. Trayne,' she said, 'you've got to tell us. What is that missing line? What lies behind that door?'

"Instinctively her hand went out to Merrill and he took it in his own quite naturally.

"'My dear,' I answered quietly, 'you may believe me or not as you like—but I don't know myself. It is a whim of the author's that that should be kept a secret even from me until—er—until later on.'

"I think she saw I was speaking the truth and she turned with a little shiver to Merrill.

"'Leslie—I'm frightened. The whole thing is uncanny.'

"'My dear child,' I began, but Merrill interrupted me.

"'Don't think, Mr. Trayne, that it's fanciful imagination. The fact is—' he hesitated a moment before taking the plunge—'the fact is that the play bears the most astounding resemblance to what actually happened to a—to a dear friend of Miss Vendon's.'

"'My dear fellow,' I said, 'is there anything unique in that? Most plays, certainly most good plays, must bear a resemblance to what has actually happened to someone. Otherwise they wouldn't be good. And the mere fact that this bears a resemblance to what happened to a friend of Miss Vendon's strikes me as merely being a coincidence.'

"'That's so,' he muttered, but I could see he wasn't convinced. Nor was she. Great Heavens! in the light of future events I don't wonder. But who in their wildest imagination could have possibly anticipated those events? Certainly not I, for one.

"The next day we went into rehearsal in earnest. Whatever misgivings Paula Vendon may have felt, she gave no further sign of them. She was ambitious—intensely so; and what was more to the point, I soon saw that she was a fine actress. Merrill, too, was excellent. In fact everything was going swimmingly. The only fly in my ointment was the absolute refusal on the part of the author to reconsider his condition as to the missing line. I told Hastings

that I would swear on my most sacred word of honour not to let another soul know what it was if only he would tell me. And I was met with an absolutely blank refusal. On the first night, and not till then, would the secret be revealed.

"Of course it was impossible to stop the company from talking. And after a week or two the reporters got to hear of it. This was something new, a first-class stunt. They lay in wait for me; they besieged my dressing-room and I had to say something. And then paragraphs began to appear something after this fashion:

"'Accustomed though we all of us are to the secrecy surrounding forthcoming theatrical productions, Mr. Arthur Trayne has gone a step further. He assures us that he himself is in complete ignorance of the final curtain of his new play. He tells us, however, etc. etc.'

"Then there were headlines in the weekly sporting papers:

"'What lies behind the closed door?'

"'What is the missing line?'

"So it went on—a truly gorgeous advertisement. Never has there been such an advertisement before or since. Everybody was talking about it. Men at the club gnashed their teeth with envy; asked me if it was my idea. And quite politely but very definitely they flatly refused to believe me when I said it was the truth. The company didn't believe me—and after a time I let it go at that. Advertisement is an excellent thing—and since the world had taken it that way, let it remain so.

"And then one day dear old Jimmy Saunders gave me a bit of a jolt. We were lunching together and as usual the conversation came round to the play.

"'You really mean, Arthur,' he said 'that you have no idea of this curtain?'

"'Jimmy,' I answered, 'there are some men I don't lie to and you're one of 'em. I haven't the ghost of a notion.'

"For a moment or two he crumbled his bread, while he stared at me from under his shaggy eyebrows.

"'Then all I can say, old man,' he said at length, 'is that I hope you won't be let down. If after all this talking and mystery the mountain brings forth a mouse, it won't do you any good. And I tell you it will have to be something astonishingly big to survive this prolonged period of gestation.'

"I stared at him. 'By Jove! Jimmy, you're right!' I said. 'It hadn't struck me that way before. But it wasn't I who started this wretched advertisement.'

"He laughed.

"'I dare say not. But most of your friends and all your enemies will think it was.'

"As I said, it hadn't struck me in that light before. To have a thumping advertisement and then present the public with a thing like a damp squib is not a good thing to do. And I was under no delusions on one point. All the tentative endings which had occurred to me would produce exactly that effect. When I had thought of them vaguely at the beginning there had been no question of this newspaper stunt. Any of them would have done at a pinch—then; now the thing was completely different. And the more I thought of it the less I liked it. I used to have nightmares of the door opening slowly before the excited audience to reveal Miss Vendon standing on her head. And then I'd wake in a sweat with the jeers and hisses of the whole theatre ringing in my ears.

"I redoubled my efforts through Hastings.

"'Point out to the author,' I said, 'the position we're in. He may be eccentric, but he must want his play to succeed. And if, after this advertisement, that final curtain is a frost, the whole thing will be a hopeless failure.'

"It was useless. Hastings fully saw my point and did everything he possibly could.

"'You can assure Mr. Trayne,' was the only answer, 'that the more advertisement there is the better I shall be pleased. The final curtain will not be

a frost, but will be the strongest point in the play.'

"And with that I had to rest content. Once or twice I seriously thought of chucking up the whole thing—but I couldn't. I was too involved; things had gone too far. There was nothing for it but to carry on and trust for the best.

"The date for production drew nearer and nearer and but for that one haunting fear I should have been delighted. I knew I had a winner. The company was splendid; Paula had fairly astounded me. Whatever the cause of her first vague fears she had apparently completely got over them and she was superb. In her I saw my future leading lady for as long as she liked and I told her so. She was delighted and I watched her passing it on to Merrill in a corner of the stage. And then he said something to her and touched her hand—and they laughed a little as lovers do. A good pair; there would always be a place for Merrill as well in the caste.

"It was two days before the dress rehearsal that Hastings came round to see me.

"'About that bally door of yours,' he began.

"'He's told you?' I cried excitedly.

"'Not a word,' he answered, and my heart sank. 'But he wants that door boxed in so that the stage hands can't see. In fact, he wants a little room made behind the stage set, out of which that door will open.'

"I stared at him in amazement: the wildest thoughts were passing through my mind. You fellows probably have no idea of the astounding things which some people will submit for staging; I had.

"'Good Lord, Hastings,' I said anxiously, 'what's the game? Surely he hasn't got some French cabaret ending with Paula waiting for me in a minimum of clothes—or anything of that sort. Because if that's it,' I added firmly, 'I'll postpone the play. I won't do it and people can think what they like.'

"Hastings hurried off and half an hour later he rang me up.

"'It's all right, Trayne,' he said. 'It's nothing indecent. He wants Miss Vendon, however, to be in that room three minutes before the end of the play. She is to be dressed in the evening frock she is wearing earlier in the act.'

"So I sent for the stage-carpenter and gave him the necessary instructions. Oh, what a fool I was. As I said before, a man's blindness can be incredible. Yet who would have thought—who *could* have thought?

"The dress rehearsal went without a hitch. A few specially invited people waxed enthusiastic, though one or two of them were mildly sarcastic. The line, you see, was still missing.

"'So you won't even trust us?' said one of them to me afterwards. 'It must be the devil of an ending, old man!'

"And when I told him I didn't know it myself, he smiled politely.

"I don't think I've ever spent a more nerve-wracking day than the next. Most of the morning papers had allusions to it—and all the evening ones.

"'Mystery of the Closed Door to be solved to-night.'

"The demand for seats had been unprecedented. As you know, a first night is generally largely a paper house, but there was less paper on this occasion than on any other in my career. Six o'clock came; seven—and I was getting in a fever. No inkling of what the curtain was to be had come.

"Hastings rang me up and I could tell he was uneasy himself; he'd heard nothing. And I cursed him foolishly over the wire.

"I went down to the theatre, where the usual first night fever was in evidence. And there I found Hastings looking very worried.

"'Look here, Trayne,' he said, 'I'm sorry to say I've got bad news for you.'

"I stood very still.

"'You mean the curtain is hopeless?' I said.

"'Not quite so bad as that. But the

author now states that he will not reveal the curtain until the moment comes. He wishes you to stand facing the door, Merrill with his back to it.'

"'But,' I almost screamed, 'what am I to *say?*'

"'He says you'll know at the time. Above all things, you're not to worry. He is mad keen on a success. I think,' he added in a pitiful attempt to cheer me up, 'you can trust him. I have a feeling he's not going to let you down. He's not that type of man.'

"I nodded dully: was ever a man in such a position? A crammed, excited audience: all this abominable advertisement—and I didn't know the answer.

"'If that man does let me down, Hastings,' I said savagely, 'I swear to Heaven I'll never forgive you.'

"But he was a good fellow and took no offense.

"Of course I didn't let the company know; that would have been fatal. And they played superbly. I forced that ghastly final fence out of my mind as much as I could and did my best; but at the end of the first act I heard a man's voice from the stalls—'The girl's magnificent, but Trayne's a bit mechanical for him.'

"Do you wonder?

"The second act was a triumph. We had fifteen curtains—Paula and I, and the girl's eyes were all dewy with happiness and success.

"Then came the third. Lord! you fellows—I could feel the tension on the other side of the house. Now the secret which had set London talking was to be revealed. I plunged in a sort of daze, and every moment it got nearer—the still missing line. Two minutes to go: Paula was there now—behind the door. And then began Merrill's last speech.

"'You're a stern man: you're a harsh man.'

"I was staring at the door; and suddenly my heart began to beat in great sickening thumps. Dimly I heard Merrill's voice, but the stage was swimming. No—not nervousness—horror—stark unbelievable horror. From underneath the door a stream was trickling. And the stream was scarlet. It oozed gently on till it came to the carpet and then more came and more. It took fantastic shapes, it went with little rushes—then it stopped. Then on again. It was blood——.

"'If you want proof—open that door. She lied to save him.'

"From a vast distance I heard his voice. And then the door opened. The audience, I was told afterwards, were literally rising in their seats; the moment had come. And to my dying day I shall never forget the terror of it. It swung open—that door—and with it came Paula. A dagger had been plunged up to the hilt in her heart—and she lay there on the stage, with a look of pitiful fear in her eyes—eyes already glazed and sightless.

"An then came a voice: a harsh, terrible voice.

"'Her brother was arrested by the police three days ago.'

"The missing line was known at last.

"The next few moments are just a blur in my mind. Someone lowered the curtain and wave after wave of applause came from the other side. And still I stood there speechless. Up it went again—no one had seen anything in the wings—while all the time the stream grew larger and larger.

"And then came the climax: Merrill had swung around and seen it too. Clear above the applause came his agonized shout, and as he sprang across the stage to the girl a dead silence fell. He lifted her in his arms, and as he did so the great red stain showed clear to the people in the dress circle.

A woman screamed, and at last I found my voice.

"'Lower the curtain!' I shouted. And as it went down I called across the footlights—'A doctor if there is one—at once.'

"Then I stumbled through the door—that cursed door—to find Merrill fight-

ing like a madman with some of the stage hands. He was trying to get at a man in evening clothes, who was facing him—also in the grip of scene-shifters.

" 'Ere's the swine wot did it, sir," said one of them as he saw me.

" 'A capital performance, Mr. Trayne,' said the stranger politely. 'My dear wife scored a veritable triumph.'

'Heavens, man,' said a voice beside me. 'That's the author!'

"It was the voice of Hastings and his face was as white as his shirt front.

"There isn't much more to tell. Recognizing the man as Paula Vendon's husband, the door-keeper had let him pass—and it was a hand up above who told me what had happened. He'd seen it all for there was no roof on the room behind the door. Paula was standing there when he came in and she shrank back in evident surprise at his sudden appearance. And then, before the horrified gaze of the man who was powerless to interfere, the devil had whipped out a dagger and stabbed her. He placed her sitting against the door and held her there till the moment came—and the door opened.

"But it was Merrill himself who supplied the missing links.

" 'It was my fault,' he muttered brokenly. 'I over-persuaded her. I forced myself to think it was only a strange coincidence and I made her think it, too. Besides, I never dreamed—I never thought—who could have? You see it was true—this play.' He looked at me with sombre eyes. 'It happened—all except the finish.' For a while he broke down utterly. 'It was true that her brother had been taken by the police three days before he caught us; but until to-night I never realized he knew. And there was nothing wrong, Trayne: that I swear. I was in her room, but it was only to make one more attempt to get her to leave what was nothing more than a hell on earth and come away with me. But that brute would never have believed it so I lied to him. And so did she. We said it was her brother and he pretended to believe. And he knew all the time. For three years that devil kept it dark—waiting for his revenge. And now—oh! my little girl, my little girl!'

"He staggered blindly from my dressing-room, and I sat on thinking dully. Reporters were seething outside—but I refused to see them. I felt that I was to blame, and yet as poor Merrill said—Who could have dreamed of such an end?

"Step by step that devil had led up to it—and then in the hour of her triumph—he killed her. They found him mad; as far as I know he's in Broadmoor to-day.

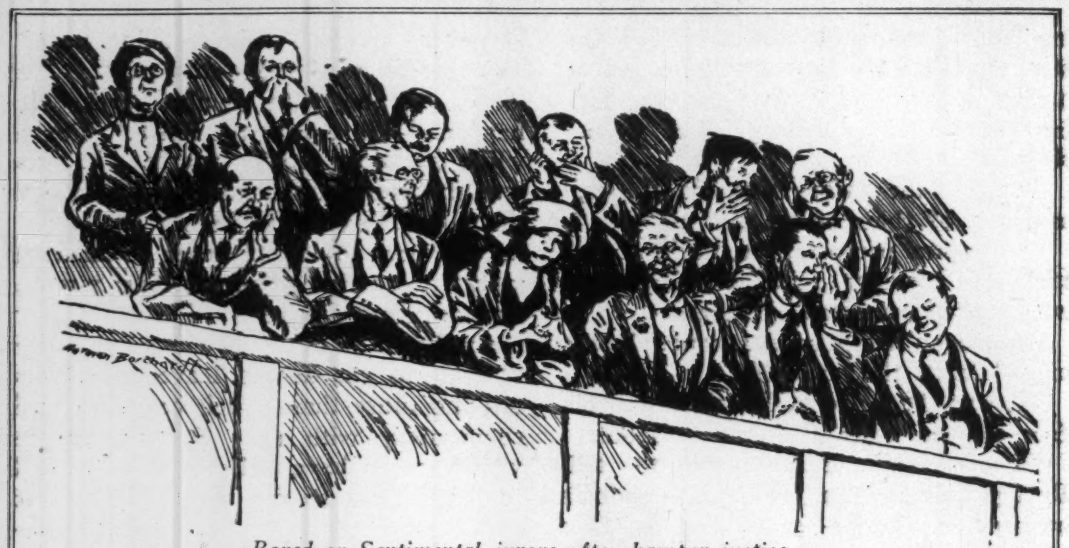
"But—and this is the point—assuming that ending, without the actual tragedy, would you have called that play melodrama?"

THE POET

From Stolen Hours

The poet sang alone with the wind in his hair,
He sang confusedly, for he sang of love,
Of greenness in trees, of little feathery things,
Of the throb in the heart of a mountain flower.
He sang confusedly—for he sang of Love.

Evelyn Eaton



Bored or Sentimental jurors often hamper justice.

MURDER AND ROBBERY AS A BUSINESS

By HERBERT B. MAYER

BEARISH tendencies are to be observed in the crime market of New York City. Murder, on account of overproduction, is quoted well below par. Single lots can be secured, indeed, for as low as $50. Robbery is paying handsomely, but large quantities tend to give a plethoric tinge to the trading. Common assaults are popular, and preferred, besides returning comfortable rewards, tend to give tone to the deals. Bulls endeavoring to act as policemen of the market, under the current situation are having a hard time of it.

> *"The criminal is up-to-date and frequently a few months ahead of time. Often I have compared my experience in trying to convict criminals with that of a man in an ox cart attempting to overtake another in the latest model high-powered touring car."*
> —JOAB H. BANTON, District Attorney, New York County

Only some such paragraph as the one above—cynical though it may appear—can fittingly describe conditions as regards crime in New York City to-day where the criminal law has not merely broken down—it simply has ceased to exist as an effective means of checking murder, robbery, assault and mayhem.

MURDER OFFERED FOR FIFTY DOLLARS

To speak of the crime market is not to use a mere figure of speech—the situation is an amazing actuality. Criminal syndicates no longer belong only to the realm of fiction—in New York they are accomplished facts and for sums as low as fifty dollars it is possible to set in motion the efficient machinery of one or another of these organizations to bring about the skilful commission of murder, arson, assault, robbery or other thuggery.

These criminal syndicates are the so-called gangs of New York, which actually have divided the city into dis-

tricts in much the same manner as friendly but mildly competitive organizations might allot territory for business purposes.

Under the reign of lawlessness for which these gangs are most largely responsible, between January first and October thirtieth of last year 130 persons were killed in New York County alone and in all these cases only one person was convicted of murder in the first degree. Hampered as they are by lax courts, lax juries and disgusted prosecuting officers, the hard-pressed police have been driven to take the law in their own hands and in some cases, at least, are using methods outside the law to check the situation, these including the third degree and what amounts to little more than mob violence.

The gangs of to-day are successors to those ancient rough and ready groups so long known in the history of the city, who "mixed it" with their fists or with clubs on occasion and whose worst offenses embraced petty hold ups or common thievery. But no longer does the gangster follow a leader for honor or from loyalty. In the gang talk the present day thugs of the underworld are "out for the cush" and they are preying on New York at the rate of millions of dollars a year.

The modern gangster uses the latest weapons. Usually the limousine is his chariot of war. The pistol, the gas mask, the knife, the machine gun, the billy and even the hand grenade constitute the modern armament, although upon occasions the old time lead pipe, wrapped in newspaper, is used.

More often than not the gangster of to-day is a thief or a hold-up man, a drug peddler, bootlegger, white slaver, automobile thief or professional thug. For shock troops there are the gunmen, most of them skilled shots and many of them drug addicts. In the feudel society of gangdom these are high social lights and their accurately flashing weapons assure them an easy livelihood.

Aliens Form the Gangs of To-day

Not for worlds would I say anything which would add one word to the burden of bigotry and prejudice with which this nation is now cursed, but distressing as it is to their own brethren, the facts remain that the modern gangster is nearly always a Russian or Polish Jew, a Sicilian or low caste Italian. For the most part, the daring, devil-may-care Irishmen of the old gangs have vanished. All police officials will agree that the new type of gangster is the most dangerous criminal in the world to-day—beside him the Apache of Paris is a mere amateur. The Italians and Sicilians specialize in Black Hand extortion, bootlegging, robbery and dope peddling and furnish many of the most skilled knife and gun men. The Jewish gangsters, besides following the same

When you go on trial every bit of oratory, every tear is a distinct asset.

general lines, specialize in labor disputes, fighting on one side or another or sometimes on both sides at the same time, but bringing always the spirit of terrorism and thuggery into ordinary strike situations.

The Murder Industry

One way or another all the recognized gangs have acquired political influence and moreover bonding companies with millions of dollars capital have not proven themselves averse to employing shady agents to collect heavy fees for that precious privilege—bail, which, with its assurance of freedom under most circumstances, serves to cement the distinct impression of gangdom that the law is a joke and murder, robbery, thuggery and drug vending mere pastimes to be undertaken lightly.

For a space, through certain connections, it was my privilege to move about in the shadowland of the underworld among the denizens of gangdom in cider "stubes"—cheap saloons—in pool and billiard halls, in stuss parlors, on street corners and in the shooting galleries of the East Side where the hard-bit gunmen practice up at a quarter a pistol load. Some of the lights and shadows of the story come from there. The grim statistical record of the failure and the flouting of the law is taken from the official records of District Attorney Joab Banton, of the Borough of Manhattan, one only of the five boroughs in Greater New York.

Here then is its record in figures that can not be denied: In forty-four out of 128 killings the murderer escaped altogether. In four instances the slayer either was killed or committed suicide. What happened in the remaining eighty cases in which arrests were made?

Sixteen of these were pending as this was written, leaving only for the purpose of this record the final disposition of sixty-four. Of these two were found insane, eight more were freed by the failure of grand juries to indict, five were discharged by judges of the General Sessions and twenty-three were discharged on their preliminary hearing by magistrates. Thus all but twenty-six cases were disposed of.

In twelve of these, where the grand jury had returned indictments for murder in the first degree, the District Attorney's office accepted pleas of guilt to manslaughter in the first degree. In seven other cases the accused were permitted to plead to manslaughter in the second degree, although indicted for murder in the first degree.

Only seven of the sixty-four cases ever went to trial at all. Of these, four were acquitted; two, although indicted and tried for murder in the first degree, were found guilty only of manslaughter in the second degree; and in but one cases out of 128 was a verdict of murder in the first degree returned. This was the case of a friendless Filipino who had been caught carrying away the body of a white nurse he had strangled. In his case an appeal has been taken and, if this does not succeed in its purpose, he may be executed.

Of the 128 killings, gangdom accomplished eighty-four or about 75 per cent according to police and newspaper reports, and so assuming these figures to be correct—and they are—had it not been for gangdom, New York City in ten months would have had only thirty-four killings, all told. But with conditions as they are why should the gangsters hold their fire and steel?

How the Thug is Encouraged

These figures show that in these cases the criminal had one chance in three of escaping altogether and but one chance in five of being convicted in any degree at all, but excepting the luckless Filipino, let us see what happened to the twenty per cent who felt the hand of the law in any degree at all for taking human life. Such a result is startling.

The law provides a maximum sentence of 20 years for manslaughter in the first degree, of fifteen years and a fine of $1,000 for manslaughter in the second

degree. Yet the records of fifteen out of twenty-one cases in which manslaughter pleas or convictions resulted from first degree murder indictments show that but five and a fraction years constituted the average net punishment imposed by the courts!

Here are ten sentences for manslaughter, first degree:

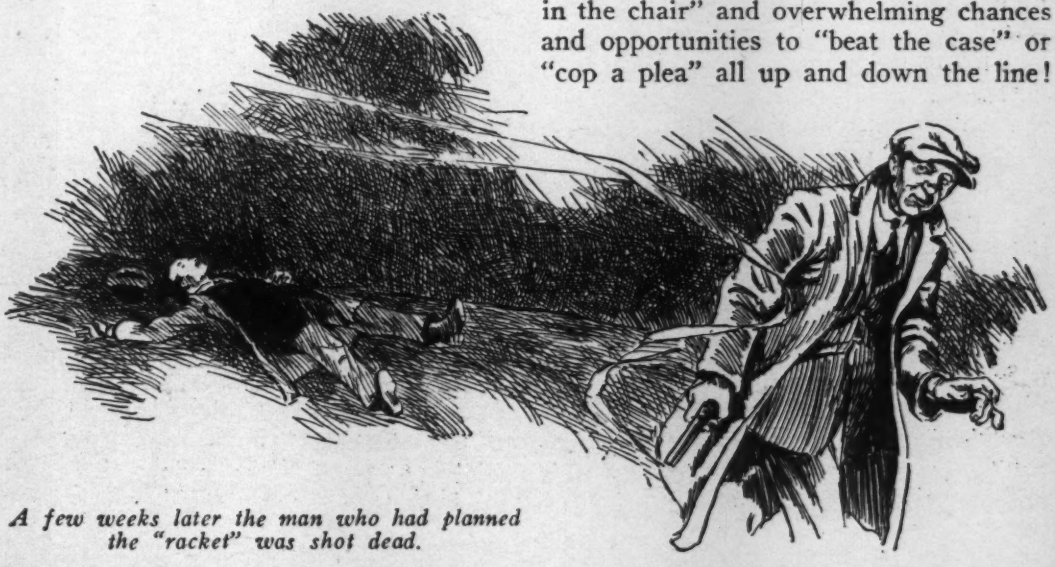
Actual Sentence	*Net Estimated Sentence*
8 to 16 years	5 years
7 years, 6 mos. to 15 years	4 years
5 years, 6 mos. to 12 years	3 years
7 to 15 years	5 years
10 to 20 years	7 years
10 to 20 years	7 years
10 to 20 years	7 years
10 to 20 years	7 years
10 to 20 years	7 years
5 to 10 years	3 years
Total years net for 10 killings	55 years

In figuring the net term of years of actual sentence we gain this result by taking into consideration the fact that the law allows the remission of one third of all sentences for good behavior. In addition to this, prisoners are allowed further deductions known as "compensation" and so we find that with 55 years of confinement imposed in 10 homicide cases the actual time of average net sentence is five and one-half years.

"The Palace on the Hill"

What happens to the slayer when he reaches prison? There lies another story—and a big one. Prison reformers have accomplished much good in bringing about humane conditions for the convicts, but there are many indications—some of them official—that they have gone too far. Sing Sing, the principal penal institution of the State, for example, has become known to the underworld as "The Palace on the Hill." Here convicts wear grey tweed lounging suits, are addressed as "Mister" often enough and enjoy moving pictures, vaudeville shows, prison association and welfare activities, and work about four hours a day. Bathing facilities, clubs, newspapers and so on give tone to the institution now. Its highly organized industrial classes keep men from feeling that they are in prison at all and those who aspire to it can either take up music lessons or automobile mechanics—the latter a likely post-graduate course for the young gangster who should learn to drive and handle a car as part of his "outside" profession.

Statistics are dull things ordinarily, but do not those I have quoted show how the timid thug is encouraged? One chance in three to escape altogether. If caught one chance in five to be punished, one chance in 128 to be "burnt in the chair" and overwhelming chances and opportunities to "beat the case" or "cop a plea" all up and down the line!



A few weeks later the man who had planned the "racket" was shot dead.

What wonder that the pistols flash and murder is a jest in the new and devilishly well-organized underworld that has come into existence in New York in the last few years.

Were the problem that of New York alone the situation would be momentus — but it is national. There is real evidence now that gangdom, outbranching from New York, exists in such far-flung points as San Francisco, Chicago and New Orleans. Throughout the land the same breakdown of criminal law appears and we are far, very far from the condition of England where juries convict of murder without qualm, and sentences of death are imposed and executed. Learned lawyers and judges have discussed the matter pro and con and so perhaps a layman may be pardoned for suggesting that most of the conditions would be changed were murder and robbery with weapons made *national* crimes. Why not? Invasion of states' rights? Do these longer exist with our national laws governing commerce and prohibition and so on? Would not such a nationalization of these two laws do away at one swoop with most of the abuses which make this condition possible, together with lynching and other crimes of violence? Would not such national laws do away with Herrins in the future? In England the slayer offends the law of the land—in this country his offense is against a state. It is not the state which guarantees us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," it is the Federal Constitution. We have passed amendments to it making the sale of liquor a crime—why not another to prohibit homicide?

P. and A.

Morris and Joe Diamond, two who were convicted in Queens County.

But meanwhile the facts remain as they are and these are serious enough to have caused Commissioner of Police Richard E. Enright of New York in the very front of his report for the year 1921 to publish this appeal in bold black type:

Facts to be remembered by
Everyone
Everywhere
Everytime
Stop sobbing for the Criminal—Sob for his victim!

Government is built on law. Without respect for law there can be no government, no order, no safety for the law-abiding. Crime must be punished.

It has been the custom to compare the London police force to that of New York to the disparagement of the latter. Perhaps a favorable statement of fact will appear surprising therefore, but it does appear that the New York force numbering but 10,463 as compared to London's 19,563—as of December, 1919—captured a larger percentage of slayers. But in London for that year there were only 26 homicides the police arrested 15 people permitting eleven or over forty per cent to escape. Exact comparison is impossible owing to the difference in the manner in which the records are kept, but the New York average appears to be arrests in two cases out of three. It is in the courts that the unfavorable difference against our brand of justice really appears.

For example, of the 15 persons arrested in London in 1919, two were discharged on appearance, 3 were acquitted, and 10 or 66⅔ per cent were sentenced to death and were executed. In New York—all five boroughs—in 1919 there were 224 homicides. In these the police, often arresting several persons in connection with one crime, jailed 229 persons. Of the entire number arrested only thirty-eight were convicted or less than eighteen per cent. Is it any wonder then that murder has become a jest?

But let us leave the system for a moment—let us get down to cases and consider the individual gunman and his attitude towards the law. Take Louis Cohen, of the Little Augie gang, for example, and observe how much he thought of the power and majesty of the law that day he walked through a guard of fifty policemen and detectives and killed Jack Kaplan, The Kid Dropper, as that arch gangster entered a taxi cab in front of a court house in the heart of New York City.

Kid Dropper himself was an utter scoundrel—a link between the old gangs and the new. No one has ever successfully tabulated the number of killings for which he and his followers were responsible, but his personal relation in such affairs ranged from the time that he marked his old Chief, Johnny Spanish, for death by placing a friendly arm about his shoulder, up to the time that, counting upon the easy death of three enemies he invited them to lunch and gave a waiter fifty dollars to put cyanide in the soup. To this day the East Side laughs at the story of The Dropper's anger when he found the waiter had slipped only a harmless white powder in the plates, after he had personally watched as they were being filled and, fearing a mistake, had carefully marked his own plate.

How Cohen Bumped off The Dropper

The penitentiary had held The Dropper for a space, but although his name was a terror on the East Side, he usually "beat the case" or else left so little evidence as to be immune to arrest. So

Paul Thompson

"Gyp the Blood" and Lefty Louie," two of New York's most notorious gangsters.

it was no wonder that the police who seized Louis Cohen immediately after the killing openly congratulated that wizened youth upon having performed "a public service to the community."

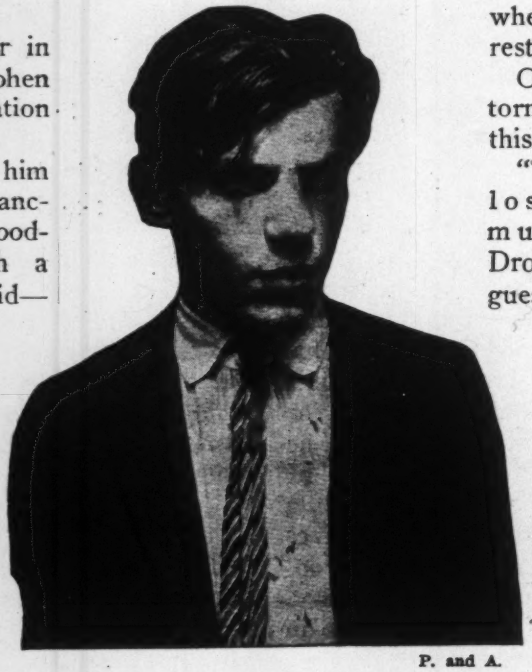
Seated on a chair in the station house Cohen received this approbation calmly.

"Sure I bumped him off!" he grinned, glancing down at his blood-stained sleeve with a smile. "Sure I did—why not? He was laying for me."

"What d'y' think you'll get for it?" someone asked.

Cohen smiled carelessly.

"Oh, I won't get burnt for it!"—he meant the electric chair. "I'll either cop a plea or else draw down manslaughter from the jury."



P. and A.

Louis Cohen, East Side gangster, who "got" Kid Dropper.

He did not get an opportunity to "cop a plea" but his fellow gangsters at a "racket"—a gangster ball—on the East Side raised $5,000 for his defence. Two lawyers, both with strong political connections, defended him. The jury was out eighteen hours. It returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. Judge Talley, of General Sessions, on receiving it, spoke his mind as follows:

"This man is guilty of murder in the second degree—the most cold-blooded and shocking in my memory. There is absolutely no question as to his guilt. It was murder committed within the shadow of a court of justice. The defendant on the witness stand admitted murder in the first degree and in spite of that the verdict of this jury is murder in the second degree.

"This verdict will be regarded as a cause for great rejoicing by this man's friends and by other persons of his type on the East Side. There will be many guns polished to-day and slipped into pockets to-night by lawless men who put their weapons away when Cohen was arrested."

One of Cohen's attorneys interrupted at this juncture.

"There was no net loss to the community when The Dropper was killed, I guess."

The court glared at him.

"People like your client," said Judge Talley sharply, "Who get verdicts like this, give the people of this city an idea that the courts cannot get juries to convict assassins. You"—and he pointed a finger at Cohen—"You were trying to make a short cut to fame. You wanted to reach a position where you could force timid persons to support you because of the reputation you would have as a killer.

"New York now has its daily dozen of murders. Last year in London there were just seventeen murder cases and conviction in all of them was prompt. In 1919 there were six convictions for murder in the first degree in New York City. In 1920 there was one, in 1921 there were three."

The Judge then sentenced Cohen to from twenty years to life and scarcely had the doors of the court closed on him than Cohen grinned gleefully.

"I told you I'd beat the chair!" he boasted to the admiring crowd. "Twenty years? Apple sauce! Wit' my pull and my rep I'll be out in five!"

Within twenty-four hours of Cohen's sentence two more killings were com-

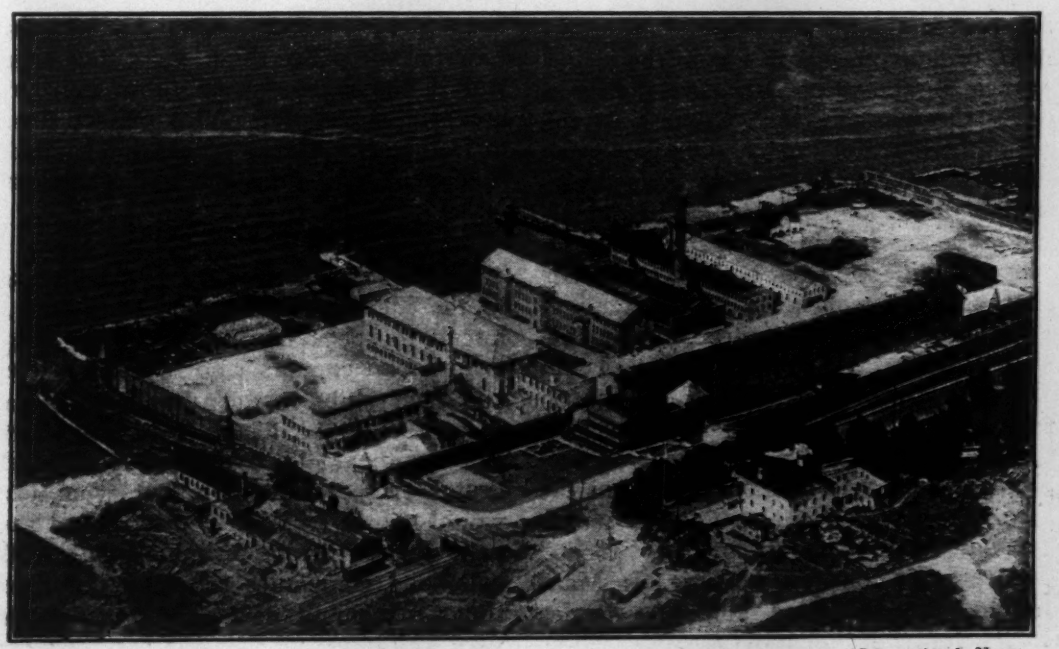
mitted. A few weeks later the man who had planned and organized the money-raising racket to get funds to defend Cohen, with another man—the latter an innocent victim—was shot dead on the same spot in front of the same court house in front of which The Dropper had died. Judge Talley had not erred.

Where Gangsters Gather for Gain

Down on the lower East Side—that birth place of organized gangdom as a business—past the spot in Union Square where the Coney Island busses of Moe Schwartz formerly did a fine business, is Delancy Street—the glittering Broadway of the East Side. Just in front of a sidewalk soda stand, in the midst of this crowded, electric-lighted street, Moe Schwartz was killed by two young men who leaped from an automobile. They never found his murderer—it was a "pay job" for Schwartz had refused to pay tribute or give up his business and those who killed him did so for hire. Fifty people at least, men, women and children, saw him killed, but although the police station is only four or five doors away no one in all that crowd would tell, for the penalty of the squealer is death, as little Yetta Churkin learned.

Yetta is still remembered on the East Side. When just fifteen—still in short dresses—one of the brothers of Kid Dropper "set his cap" for her and she "fell for him." In the course of time this admirer was sent away for "a bit in the Palace on the Hill" and she let her glances and her affections wander upon Louis Schwartzman, "Midget Louie," and not so much later saw that youth killed before her eyes as she leaned forward to kiss him. Stunned, the girl "squealed" and a few months ago, driven from the East Side, she was found dead—a suicide, driven to death by gang persecution. From her dead lips arose an accusation against a member of the Dropper gang on which he still is held.

On Delancy Street is the heart of gangdom—the lair of the Jewish gangs, that is. Up a corner or two on Madison Street is the hang-out of the "Little Augie" gang—a street lamp. Perhaps there are a few stunted youths standing about, talking wisely in Yiddish—perhaps only a scout or two may be on the job, but here the gang itself can be reached and assembled in time of need,



International News.

Sing Sing as its inmates never see it.

for employment in labor disputes or other occupations. A few squares away on Essex Street is the hang-out of The Droppers and there is always war.

This war began in a fight for the "protection" business in which Little Augie, until he became ambitious, followed the dubious leadership of The Dropper. Anxious for a gang of his own, Little Augie or Orgie, whose real name is Jacob Orgen, started out on his own. A few days later he was warned to quit, but persisted and then one night, as The Dropper laughed in his face, two of the Dropper gang held him and gave him a "freeze out" with a sharp knife. Until that knife slash cut his fine olive cheek from eye to chin, Little Orgie was handsome in a Russian way, but now——

Both Sides of the Fence

The business over which the two groups fought is typical of the new gangdom. There are always strikes somewhere. It is the business of the Gang Leader to "horn in" on them. Sometimes he accomplishes this by beating up a few scabs and then sending a scout over to suggest his power to give protection. Again, if the union has more funds than the employers, the strikers are beaten up by the "bloats" or common, ordinary thugs to whom the leader pays a regular stipend of five dollars a day. Occasionally such masters of the art of "protection" as The Dropper work men in on both sides at one time, drawing pay from both factions and conducting a fine warfare in which the thugs employed by the workers bash in the heads of those workmen hired by the employers to their heart's content, meanwhile thug leaving thug severely alone. From Brooklyn where the Bill Lovett Mob hangs out, to Brownsville where the "Doggie Ginsbergs" give dubious protection, the reign of lawlessness governs the Greater City well out to Queens where the surviving members of the "Jocko" Moore outfit continue working. In Manhattan, the Droppers and the Augies battle for the spoils of the East Side, while the Gophers hold the fort on the West Side, and together with the Pansies, Flanagan's, Kid Seery's, Pearl Buttons and other gangs make life, property and law but things of jest. Did gangster but kill gangster there might be little cause to worry, but nearly every highwayman, every bootlegger, nearly every murderer is a graduate of the system of feudal gatherings of thugs to prey upon the purses and persons of society. Secretary of State Charles Evans Hughes charges that the Third Internationale has ordered that groups of ten with four gunmen be formed as Bolshivist "cells" in America. There are enough trained gunmen in New York to form a fine young army—dared they fight less than four or five to one—and by some queer freak of insanity the local authorities permit the existence of shooting galleries all over the city into which languid young thugs can go and practice up.

The cider stubes, the dance halls, the billiard parlors, railroad stations, wharves and other common public places are the haunts of the gangsters. Others in the upper realm of crime haunt the more fashionable cabarets and follow "live ones" home, to attack and rob them. Two girls, Dorothy King and Louise Lawson, the police think, were thus slain and if the mysteries of those murders are ever solved the police expect them to lead to the haunts of nearly all crime in New York—the haunts of gangdom.

Fear of the Club

Not for worlds would I give a hint as to the identity of the men of whom I intend to speak now—these upstanding, grim-lipped coppers who take their lives and their clubs in their hands to guard the peaceful inhabitants of the city which employs them. Their methods are illegal, brutal even, to be sure, but what else would you do? With courts, grand and petit juries turning criminals out, with bail bond companies releasing notorious thugs to commit new crimes to pay the very bail fees, what other methods can

the hard-pressed police employ and give protection to lives and property?

There may be and probably will be denials of this—there usually are—but every policeman and every reporter who has covered criminal stories knows that I speak the truth when I say that we have reached that happy stage of lawlessness in which only the fear of the club or fist of the policeman and the dread of the torture of the "third degree" serve to keep some respect for the law in the breast of those who are banded together to break it.

For once, at least, I intend to tell quite frankly the viewpoint of the policeman, not only in New York but elsewhere—so far as ten wide-flung years as a police reporter have taught me—practically throughout the United States. In England respect for the law is so great that policemen are unarmed and are able to warn prisoners at the moment of arrest that anything that is said will be used against them. Such a system in the United States would turn this nation over to the criminal for the police know and the crooks know that here we have a different set of judges, prosecutors, laws and, worst of all, citizens. In England a jury of your peers will give you justice—in the United States when you go on trial you enter upon a great game in which every bit of oratory of your attorney, every tear of a weeping mother is a distinct asset.

The "Third Degree" is simply torture—usually administered in the form of beating. I have seen it imposed a number of times, but though I might have done so, I have never written of it in the papers I represented, for bad though it is, brutal as it may be for the officers of the law to beat, bully, kick and knock about their prisoners to secure evidence and confessions, I'd a whole lot rather see a thug whipped half to death than to see a policeman killed by a gangster.

Not only is the rubber hose used on prisoners, but punishment is administered with feet and with billies, with anything that will not leave marks for so long a time as to permit their use by the attorneys for the defense. In getting a confession from the luckless Filipino, the officers used lighted ends of cigars on his chest—at least he said so afterwards and I saw the marks—but were it not for them he would not to-day be theoretically on his way to the chair.

How the Police Raid the Raiders

But it is not only upon prisoners that blows are used now in this lawless duel with the lawless—the police have reached the point where they deal punishment direct without arrests in cases where they have knowledge but no proof.

It's a pleasant evening on the lower East Side. The beauty and the chivalry of Rutgers Street have turned out to enjoy the breeze. The gallants and the maids of Essex and Hester, Delancy and Madison and Mott are out in all their glory. Cheap music sounds from cheaper theatres. The sidewalks are crowded. Yiddish and Italian signs give the section the appearance of a foreign land and this is heightened by the language of the babblers. Gathered about a post on a corner are a number of the members of one Gang or another, discussing the details of the latest shooting in guarded tones and alien tongues. They are well dressed and gaze upon passing girls with the bold eyes of conquerors.

Suddenly, unnoticed, a black car comes opposite the corner and from it leap six or eight detectives in civilian clothes, armed with night sticks. Without a word they sail in and begin to crack at heads left and right. Heavy fists land upon massaged faces, hob-nailed boots fly to tender portions of quivering anatomies and then the cries, yells and shrieks arise as the victims strive to run away. A crowd is gathering. The leader raises his hand and blows a whistle softly and, at the signal, the detectives leap into the car and ride away to administer punishment elsewhere.

"There's more law in the end of a night stick than in a thousand courts" says the old time policeman.

And in America to-day that is nearly all the criminal law we've got.

An Old Story

By Dixie Willson

Illustrated by O. J. Gatter

A LITTLE house at night is the sweetest thing in all the world. Where houses have little windows that make squares of light along the road at night, they have every other sweet thing, too. They have scrubbed wooden floors and little black rocking chairs and bean crocks on a shelf and petunias and wykoff buds like children smiling.

My mother told me a story once, with her hand holding mine. It is the last time I remember my mother—her gray eyes. She said to me, "Only God knows where you're going to find the one little thing that your life needs most." And she told me how one day when all her faith and her hope was gone and nothing gentle or good seemed left, she threw herself down in the grass by the road, praying God to give her one sign that He still was there. And a wayside weed crept into her hand—to give her heart the answer.

Tom Bonnet is the best man that ever came anywhere. He used to come to Tucker's Inn with his grandmother's buttermilk.

"The race track is going to open tomorrow," I heard him tell Mr. Tucker. "It's a great thing for the village. You should see the flags going up for the street fair. Everything's wonderful."

A man had come to the village to build a new race track where his friends who had blooded horses could come and break them. He had put up long barns and the finest house in the country, and his pictures and the story had made everybody talk about our village.

I had never seen a street fair nor a race track, but I had seen the man's picture who had begun it all, and who lived in that big house. He was tall and very handsome. I had looked at his picture and walked by his house.

Mr. Tucker went away and left old man Kettle, who waited on table, folding napkins into little white pyramids. Tom Bonnet was waiting for the milk cans to come back. I came up by the kitchen door, but nobody heard me.

"She's so little and sweet," Tom Bonnet was saying. "Was you ever in love?"

"She eats too much," Kettle said, his voice thin as a man talks who's been serving his betters a long, long time. "It's jam and chicken and toast and wine, and ideas of slippers with buckles and all that. Her mother, Go' bless her, was a lady, so the young one thinks she's got the blood of a lady to live by. She's got notions of silks and high horses and earrings, and she eats too much."

"She's so little and pretty," Tom Bonnet said. "Kettle, there's something about a woman sometimes—a man can't tell to save his soul what it is—only he just can't forget her. Most women are nothing, but sometime there will always come one you can't forget. She maybe hasn't said one single word to you but she just has a way of coming back to you, and back to you when you sit by your door in the evening. You get kind of a habit of looking down the road for her, so you feel like something's missing when you don't see her coming."

I forgot that I was listening at the door like some common old woman, till I heard Tom Bonnet's cart coming up—milk cans rattling against the sides.

"She spent her last dollar for a gold ring last summer," Kettle sniffed. "*She* wouldn't wash milk cans. She thinks she's a lady."

I heard Tom Bonnet laugh.

I felt a little warm thrill — the long car, this man, all his money.

"Are you there? Why didn't you come in and find me?"

"Her nose wrinkles up when she smiles," he said, "and her curls are so short they won't stay under the hairpins. A man can't forget her. Kettle, was you never in love?"

Kettle grumbled around setting silver. Tom Bonnet got his hat. His long shadow fell across the kitchen floor as he went outside where the milk cart was.

When I couldn't hear his wheels going down the road any more, I went upstairs to my room. I shut the door and I turned the key, and from under the corner of the table I brought out a blue flower Tom Bonnet had dropped from his buttonhole once. A blue flower like the ones he had planted all around outside his little house by the road. I wondered if he knew how many times I had watched him sitting there by his door in the evening. I looked at myself in the mirror to see just how it was my nose wrinkled up when I smiled and my curls came out of the hairpins.

Mrs. Tucker hurried into the kitchen that night, her eyes going quickly from one thing to another.

"The race man is here," she said. "Mr. Lindey, the race man. He's here for supper. What have we got good enough? Cook, get up a squab and some parsnips." Then she looked at me. "Margaret, take my apron with lace," she said. "Pin your hair down and stand behind his chair and see to what he wants."

But I didn't pin my hair down. I made it curly instead. I wondered if he would look like the pictures—so handsome. No one was in the dining room when I went in. I turned up the light and changed a straight chair for an armchair, then I heard something—or felt something, and I looked around. He was smiling at me. I thought race men were old. He was young. I stood behind his chair.

"Stand on the other side," he said. "I want to look at you."

He said nothing else, not one word, but somehow I could feel him thinking about me. Somehow it seemed something had happened by his coming in.

After dinner I went out and sat by the door. It was so quiet. Just gray with the first of night coming down. The road went by like a ribbon unwinding down the hill to the village—green roofs, the church spire, little lights blinking, half awake. The village seemed like something God's hand had sprinkled there as it sprinkles cowslip marshes, and the little clumps of willow trees.

Then out on the road by our gate I saw Mr. Lindey's long blue car. I went out there by where it was. I saw "J. L." in silver letters on the door. I wished he would come. I wanted to talk to him. And he did come.

"How do you like it?" he laughed.

I didn't know what to say. I only fussed with my fingers.

"I'm going out for a while. Want to go?" he asked. He smiled at me. I felt a little warm thrill—this long car, this man, all his money——

"Yes," I said. "Now?"

He nodded, reached past me and opened the door, and lifted me in.

That night was wonderful. The stars came out. I thought of how some people ride through the stars like that all their lives long. I thought of how wonderful love and starlight could be. I hid my rough hands in my skirt.

I seemed to be living all over again! I slid down in the smooth cushions, with my face to the wind. Mr. Lindey stopped once to light a cigarette. He looked at me a minute, then took off his coat and put it around me. He held his hands on my shoulders.

"Those yellow curls of yours won't stay under the hairpins," he laughed.

I wondered how it was he noticed that, too. I looked up and laughed—and before I knew it had happened, he caught me and kissed me.

"I could make things fine for a little girl like you," he said, "if you'll let me." He picked up one of my hands. "Your little hands don't need to work," he said. "With a velvet dress and some silver slippers you'd be pretty as a picture." He rumpled my hair. "I love yellow curls," he said. "Will you come back to town with me?"

I don't know why I didn't answer him. Here was all I had dreamed of. Silver slippers! But—down the road I saw Tom Bonnet's house and a light in his window. Somehow, when I saw that, it kept me from answering.

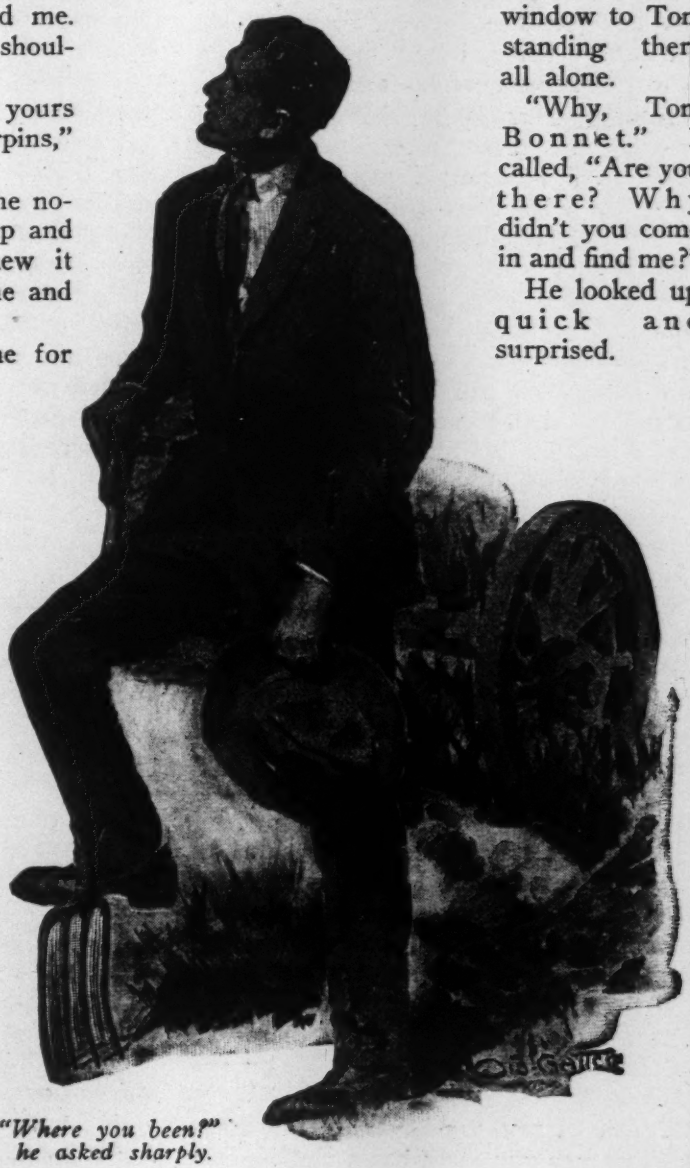
He said nothing more for a minute, then he tossed out his cigarette and laughed a little.

"All right, Margaret," he said. "We'll talk about it again tomorrow."

He turned the car back home then, and when we went in I saw Tom Bonnet in the yard by the back door. I don't know why I wanted Tom not to know where I'd been, but I asked Mr. Lindey to let me slip in the front way. I went in the house and upstairs. I sat in the dark by my window and watched Mr. Lindey go up to the back door, call out Mr. Tucker to talk about food for the street fair. The two of them went in, and then I called down from the window to Tom standing there all alone.

"Why, Tom Bonnet." I called, "Are you there? Why didn't you come in and find me?"

He looked up quick and surprised.



"Where you been?" he asked sharply.

"Where you been?" he asked sharply.

"Only napping," I told him. "I'll come down."

I went down and wheedled him into good humor again.

"Do you know, little one, I was afraid you'd gone off in that rich man's car. If he ever took you, I'd knock him down!"

I laughed.

"Why, Tom Bonnet, of course not," I said.

He pulled me down on his lap.

When Mr. Lindey went by to get his car and go home, I saw him look down at me, with my head on Tom's shoulder.

And the next day the fair began. All morning the music blew down on the wind. All morning I watched people drive by with flags and their Sunday clothes, all laughing about this and that —what they were going to do, how late they would stay up to dance and to eat, what horses would win the race, what girl was the Queen—I saw them and heard the music till I was sick with my hatred of kitchen pots and dawn coming every day at four with milk pails and hens cackling.

The world is so little! You can't get away from anything! When music plays—why must it beat its drum in my soul? Why must stars shine at night just where they will prick my heart? Let the music and stars stay away from me! Is the world so small music and stars can't find any place but where *I* am?

I always can feel how the buds burst in springtime.

Life can't stay inside a gray skin!

In the afternoon I said nothing at all when Mr. Tucker took the wagon and Mrs. Tucker and old Aunt Betts and John and Mathilde and the cook and the whole Inn went off to the fair. But what could I do? Stay there?

"That music is nothing," I said out loud to myself. "Who cares!"

Music, when you hear it far away somewhere, sets your heart tingling for it, but when you get it, it doesn't make things any different. You only come home, tired from dancing, and life's just the same. But thinking I didn't care did no good. I looked down the road to Tom Bonnet's little house.

His red cows were browsing in the field, his windmill was stomping its bar up and down. His door was open—a thread of smoke in the chimney.

"I will get to the fair with Tom Bonnet!" I thought.

So I went down the road to his house. It was little and white—just a cottage. The windows were square. It had once been his grandmother's. An old weeping willow made shadows like queer lace and odd fancies on the roof.

I went up the path to his door. He was tied in a big apron mixing up dough.

"Good afternoon," I said. "Everybody is going to the fair."

He turned like a flash.

"Why, Margaret!" he cried. "You come into my house like a ghost!" He rubbed the flour off his hands. "Here I am—cooking all for myself!"

His eyes were dark and teasing. He was such a big boy!

"Are you—lonesome?" I asked him.

I don't know why I said it. I knew what the answer was. I was the answer. He came close to me.

"Yes, I'm lonesome" he said. "When I see you, it seems I can never go away from you. Won't you come here to me and this little house, Margaret?"

Well—so here was love, and Tom Bonnet. I had known he would say it. I had wanted him to say it, but now—in the face of all I'd been thinking—suddenly it seemed nothing to have Tom Bonnet's arms around me.

"I—I don't know, Tom," I said, "I don't want to be poor, Tom. I dream of so many things—grand houses and silk! I can't help it, Tom, and to-day, Tom, I died when the wind blew that music down!"

He looked at me close.

"Who has made you talk this way?"

he asked. "Were you out with that race man last night?"

I don't know why I didn't answer him truthfully, but I only laughed and said:

"No, Tom. Of course not! But a little house and day and night, a road traveling by, you coming and going, gardens seeding and growing—it's such an old story!"

"Yes love's an old story," he said—he still held me close—"an old story for the ones who only hear it. It's those who live it who keep the story new, and make new tracks with dead men's shoes. But I can't *tell* you that—I only can wait till you know it yourself—and I'll wait—always."

His eyes were wet with love for me. What could I tell him! I tried to think!

"Hello," old Kettle said, coming up to the doorstep. "I do' wish to intrude, but can I borrow some kindling?"

Tom turned to the door.

"Of course," he said. "Come in."

Kettle looked at me and sniffed a little.

"*You* won't stay home and work," he said. "You think you're a lady!"

I felt a spark of fire in myself from the way he said it.

"You'll see if I have to stay home and work," I said. "I'm going to be rich!"

He looked up with his sneering little old man's eyes.

"Oh, so that's it!" he said. "I suppose that's why I found your big hairpin in the race man's car last night. Here it is."

He pulled it out of his pocket and gave it to me and got down on his knees by the stove for the kindling.

Tom Bonnet turned and dipped his hands in the flour again.

"Goin' down to the fair, Tom?" Kettle asked.

"No," Tom said. "No, I guess not."

What could I say or do! I put my hand on Tom's arm.

"Good-by," I said. "I'll see you to-morrow."

He nodded.

"All right," he said.

Do you know something? "To-morrow" is the only thing the world's made of. Every hope that we have, everything that we want, every love, every friend, every day that we live in, is all for just one thing—just one thing—"to-morrow."

I went to the Inn and changed my dress and I took something that didn't belong to me—Mrs. Tucker's blue glass beads. I put them on, and I went to the fair! What would happen I didn't know. Where would I go, and what do? I went all alone down the road to the village.

It was almost dark. I could see a high wheel spinning with colored lights on it. I could hear horns blowing, and music still playing, and at last I was in with the crowd myself, squeezing along between men with clown hats, feather sticks, colored paper flying, and torches and striped tents! It was gay as a painted picture! The band would play—stand up and drink punch, wipe its mouth on its coat sleeve and start in to play again.

A man came behind me and caught at my shoulders.

"Hello, baby," he said, "come on give us a dance."

I laughed and went into a white board hall and danced with him. He sang and shouted all the while. His face was hot and red. A crumpled purple handkerchief was poked inside his collar.

After the dance we went outside again, but instead of out where the light was, he took me the other way, where only stragglers were walking through the half dark and the horses and wagons were tied to iron posts.

"Now give us a kiss," he said, and caught me with his rough hand. I pushed him away.

"Let me be!" I cried. "Let go of my arms!"

I backed away from him. He followed me. I ran in between where two horses were tied and he came stumbling

after me. I only saw his white clown hat fall down past the horses' eyes. I felt the horse lunging sideways—then something black struck flat across my eyes and for hours and hours the only thought I had was that the blue glass beads would be broken to pieces.

Then it seemed I was dead, walking inside a tomb, but after a while I felt the light from a window and I felt my own hands and feet. Then I knew I was in bed somewhere with some one taking care of me.

My foot was broken. I couldn't work. I could only walk with crutches. I couldn't go back to the inn and not work. I could hear Kettle saying, "She thinks she's a lady." I couldn't go to Tom Bonnet's. So where could I go? I went to the almshouse.

The almshouse was a long building made of red brick. There was a walk up to the house with trees bending over it. The hospital car left me at the gate.

"Just go in and tell Mrs. Smoot who you are," the man said. "They're expecting you." I leaned on my crutches and watched him go down the road. I wonder how the world divides its motor cars and crutches!

I heard no one behind me, but when I turned to go in an old man was standing looking at me. My breath stopped. My eyes blurred with tears. His hair was gray and blowing in the wind. Love, life, sorrow and memory were all in his eyes. Shadows of leaves flecked across his face and his gray shirt like shadows of his life that couldn't take themselves away from him.

He looked past me and down the road.

"I thought some one came in a car," he said.

"Some one did," I told him. "I did."

He looked at me closely, his eyes such a faded blue.

"But it's my daughter I'm waiting for. My little Sylvie," he said.

There was a quavering childlike pride in his voice. How strange it is that what life makes of us is only children again.

"Sylvie's rich," he said. "She has a car of her own and a rich husband and she's coming to take me home."

"When she takes me I'll never come back here again," he said.

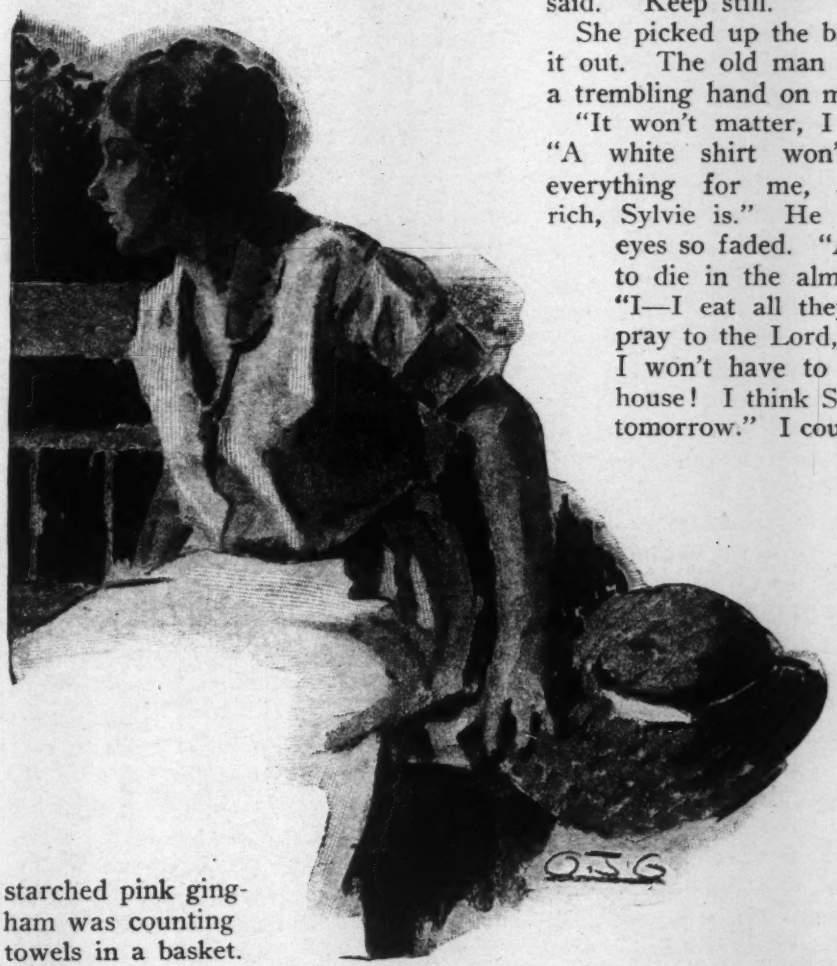
That little pride in his voice made my heart ache. He was so frail and white, so far from pride over anything. He came closer to me, and put his fingers on my arm.

"When she takes me—I'll never come back here again," he said. I brushed my hand across my eyes. "That's all I'm livin' for, is to see how rich Sylvie is."

"I have to find Mrs. Smoot, will you show me?" I asked him.

So we went up that road in the shadows, through the yard where men and women in gray clothes sat under maple trees, watching us with vague eyes.

The door of the building was open. I went in. There was a hall wide and bare and stairs going up and at the foot of the stairs a plump short lady in



starched pink gingham was counting towels in a basket.

"How do you do—twelve, thirteen, fourteen," she said. "Just a minute—fifteen, sixteen—and I'll talk to you—eighteen."

She reminded me of the pink china salt cellar that stood on the side board in the inn.

The old man watched in at the door.

"Could I have a white shirt when Sylvie comes?" he quavered.

The woman only answered, "Twenty-two, twenty-four."

It made me angry. His begging old eyes!

"Answer him," I said sharply. "He asked you something."

She looked at me, surprised.

"Who have you come here to be?" she said. "Keep still."

She picked up the basket and carried it out. The old man came in and put a trembling hand on my shoulder.

"It won't matter, I guess," he said. "A white shirt won't. Sylvie's got everything for me, anyway." She's rich, Sylvie is." He came nearer, his eyes so faded. "And I won't have to die in the almshouse," he said. "I—I eat all they give me and I pray to the Lord, so I can live till I won't have to die in the almshouse! I think Sylvie will come—tomorrow." I could say nothing. I could only look at him, my throat choking with tears.

The woman came back.

"Now who sent you?" she said shortly.

I told her. She listened. The old man went away. She took me up the wide stairs to a bare hall with doors opening out of it, and after a while I sat down in a little room with two iron beds, to wait for a bell to ring, when I should go down stairs for supper. I put on a gray dress she gave me. I hated to go down again. I didn't want to hear the clatter of my crutches on the stairs.

The almshouse!

After supper I saw the old man sitting on a bench by the door. I went there with him. I asked him stories about when he was young. He told me of the struggle that had left him here, he told me of Sylvie and how he'd been waiting so long for her—how he'd dreamed and dreamed of all she would give him when she came. I held his old fingers and tried to warm them and strengthen them, but that Sylvie was coming was more life to him than his own blood. Everything he told began and finished with that.

After I went to bed I lay in that bare room and thought of him all night long. How one little mistake could make only husk of a man's life, and I—here was I too. But who knows how to live! It takes so long to learn that when the lesson is done, we have no longer time, so learning to live becomes, after all, only learning to die.

Time has little to do with hours. "Time" is the passing of one thing to another and that measures by your heart not by hours. Years and years of my heart were lost in the days at that almshouse. When I could leave off my crutches, I worked in the garden, then I'd go to where that old man would be always watching up the road.

I loved his old blue eyes, his thin wavering fingers. I could have left the place then, but for him.

One day I went out to the gate and he wasn't there. The straggling track of his stick in the dust was still there from the day before, but no new tracks! Something in my heart grew faint! He had been so white and weak, watching—waiting so long! I ran to the house and found Mrs. Smoot.

"He's given out, I guess," she told me. "He's upstairs in bed."

I went down the long hall to his room. I heard his voice going on and on as people do when they don't know whether they're thinking or talking. He was all alone, lying there, his hands moving on the gray blanket. He saw me standing by his bed.

"Has Sylvie come?" he asked. He was so eager, trying to lift his head. "They can dress me. Are you the nurse?"

I sat on the bed and touched his cold hand.

"Don't you know me?" I asked him. "Is there pain in your head?"

He looked at me, his faded old eyes trying to think.

"You're—somebody," he quavered. Then his lips trembled, tears flooded over his eyes. "I don't know who you are. I think you're Sylvie. Everybody I see is only Sylvie," he said. He caught at my fingers. "Won't you make them let me live till she comes?" he begged in his weak old voice. I bent down close to hear what he said. "Don't you think she'll be coming to-morrow?"

It seemed my heart was bleeding. The gray blanket, bare room, his feeble hands. What in God's world is so helpless as a living soul!

Suddenly something came over me! I went down on my knees by his pillow.

"Yes," I said. "Sylvie's coming to-morrow. She's coming! I'll tell them to have your clothes ready to go. Remember now! Don't cry. Just remember. She's coming to-morrow! She's coming to-morrow!"

He was only a child. He smiled with tears still in his eyes.

"I knew she'd come to-morrow," he said—so trusting.

I covered his hands. I went downstairs. I found Mrs. Smoot and told her what had suddenly come to me.

"Well, go on," she said. "It's out of rules, but I'll—I'll take the blame, if there is any. You ain't very strong yourself, though."

"Oh, I'm fine," I said quickly. I was anxious to hurry. I thought of that night in the starlight. Mr. Lindey—his big beautiful house—all the things he had said to me. He would make me rich for a day—the Sylvie of that long, long dream! I walked to the town.

I wondered what I would say, and how I would say it. Who would be there in that big house? I could see the long barns of the race track a mile ahead and the house gray, with great porches of stone, with beautiful tall chimneys.

It was late afternoon. The shadows were long, the sun getting low. When I came nearer I could see silk curtains blowing—the lawn and the drive so smooth, so like rich men's things! What would I say to him! I brushed the dust off my shoes with my hand. Then I heard voices laughing—people talking and laughing. A girl in a bright coat came out on the porch, ran down the steps, slid into a little car—and I stepped to the side of the road as she came by.

I don't know how I dared, but I went to that house and up on the porch. The door was open. A man, standing there, saw me.

"I came to see Mr. Lindey," I said. "Would you tell him, please?"

The man looked at me with curious eyes.

"Jack," he called, without turning. "You're wanted." And Mr. Lindey came. He stared at me a minute, then came out and took my chin in his hands.

"Lord bless us, where've you been?" he asked. "You look like a ghost!"

"I was hurt," I told him. "I came to tell you something." I saw two or three others come to the door.

"Come in and eat," he laughed, and took hold of my hand. "You're twenty pounds less beautiful than when I saw you last."

He took me inside—through a great dark velvet room. The people around stopped talking and looked at me.

Mr. Lindey laughed.

"Little friend of mine come to tell me her secrets," he said, and put his arm around me. We went into another room—alone. He called some one to bring me food.

"Now sit down and let's hear all the troubles," he said.

I told him the story, and asked him to help me be Sylvie to-morrow.

"You told me that night you would give me so much," I said, "and so I—I thought you would give me this. If we could only get him and bring him here—he would never know—we were only—playing——"

My breath was all gone. I stopped. Then Mr. Lindey laughed again.

"You're a funny kid," he said. "I'll tell you. I'm having a race party over the week and I don't see exactly where we'd put your old vagabond. If he's almost gone, he won't know where he is by to-morrow, anyway. That wasn't exactly—you know, not exactly the sort of thing I offered. You're a pretty kid and I've always got plenty of kisses to spare, but I'm afraid I can't open an old man's home, with my company and all. Here's some food. Help yourself."

I heard what he said. I couldn't believe it. It suddenly came to me what he'd meant, that night. I don't think I looked at him again at all. I went through that room where the others all were. They stopped laughing a minute to watch me—so curious.

Outdoors the sun was gone. I followed the tracks the girl's car had made down the road.

Was it my love, or my suffering took me back to Tom Bonnet? I didn't know anything could mean so much as when I felt his arms close around me again.

I told him the story.

"I'm not rich, dearest," he said, "but love does more than money. We'll take a car from the village and bring him home—to-morrow."

So it happened. I was to be Sylvie, do you see? Old eyes wouldn't know me. Tom bought me a silk dress, satin shoes, a big soft fur—and in the morning I made my curls for the first time again. But I hurried. I thought of those old eyes waiting. I wondered could they find a little light in the thought, at last, of Sylvie come! And I wondered—would they know me?

We went in a beautiful car. Mrs. Smoot saw us coming. I left her talk-

ing to Tom Bonnet, and I went up those dim stairs. I was frightened—happy. Could I play so he wouldn't guess? I heard his voice going on and on—the gray blanket, his white hands. I stood in the door just a minute. I wonder how I dared to speak.

"Father," I said. His voice stopped. He looked at me. His lips moved, but no words came. Somehow he drew himself up and reached out to me, and then I found myself like a child in his arms. Strength seemed to come back to him. His hands tumbled my hair. His tears hot and wet were all over my face.

"Sylvie, you came," he whispered over and over. "I won't die all alone in the almshouse. You came, Sylvie! My little girl baby! I used to hold you and rock you. You made shadow rabbits out of my fingers. Don't you remember?" I couldn't answer. "Don't you remember?" he asked again, his words laughing—crying.

"Yes," I said. "I remember." He held me as if his arms had been starving! The gray blanket so rough, the place so cold!

"Father, are you ready to come home now? Shall we dress you?" I asked him.

He smiled.

"I've been ready a long time," he said. "Just waitin'. I knew you'd come to find your old daddy."

I heard Mrs. Smoot's starched dress coming. She found him holding me close like that, his hands on my hair. He didn't see her.

"Is your hair yellow, Sylvie?" he said. I—I can't see it. Does it curl in your neck? Are your eyes blue like your daddy's? Are you little or tall?"

"I'm little," I told him. "Yes, my eyes are blue. Shall we dress you now, and take you home, father?"

"Yes," he said. "God kept me livin' a-purpose."

I held him close to my shoulders. He lay very still.

"Why this is home, Sylvie," he said, after a minute, "if *you're* here——"

His body was so tired, so worn out. I tried to be glad when I knew he was free of it.

And when I looked through the tears in my eyes at Tom Bonnet, I suddenly knew what those last words had meant—that even gray blankets and bare walls didn't matter when love came in. I suddenly knew that the peace of life isn't made with money or starlight or music, but only with love and the lights at night in the windows of the little houses where love is the corner stone make a rosary that reaches all around the world. Love an old story—yes—because it's a story to which there never can be any end.

Tom Bonnet. I wondered how I had lived one day without him. His arms came around me—and in the quiet there, I thought of what my mother had told me, "Only God knows where you're going to find the one little thing that you're life needs most."

A wayside weed had crept into her hand. I had found my soul in the almshouse.

Naively charming and graceful, this original drawing by a child artist is reminiscent of the Italian primitives.

PICTURES BY VIENNESE CHILDREN

By ALIDA S. MALKUS

SOME thirty years ago an American, Charles Godfrey Leland, author and scholar, declared and undertook to prove that the power of artistic design is native to the human race. He did prove it with Philadelphia public school children. His classes did wonderful things; then after two years Leland gave up what was purely a labor of love and went abroad to live. His hope that his revelation would continue to bear fruit was disappointed.

For some years, Prof. Franz Cizek has been doing a like thing for Viennese school children, and it looks, this time, as if the work would go on. Under his sympathetic guidance their drawings reveal an arresting beauty and imagination.

The exhibition of their work now being shown in this country displays an artistic product of such charm and variety, of such amazing technique and acute observation, that not only educators

This was painted by Helli Fritz, age fifteen,

Original woodblock by Gretl Hanus.

and artists, but art critics and, above all, parents, have been deeply impressed.

The children who come to Professor Cizek are not picked for their talent, but are accepted in the order in which they come, boys and girls of all ages from five to fifteen. Without charge they are supplied with any materials with which they wish to work. For instance, a class will all be doing different things. Some work with charcoal, others with crayon and still others with oil. Professor Cizek likes to have the children stand before their paper or canvas because it gives them wider scope for eyes and hand and focus. Thus they are able to execute in brilliant colors such a large frieze of dancing children as you see here, or a procession of merrymaking peasants. Others cut expertly into wood blocks, while not a few, adept at wood carving, bring forth prancing horses, clever toys. Small fingers weave the most intricate designs

Mother and Child
Original woodblock by Gretl Hanus, age 13

It is a brilliantly-colored Frieze, heroic in size.

in vivid wool and pictures of real artistic merit are achieved in a mosaic of colored papers.

How do they do it, is the natural question. Visitors to these classes of Professor Cizek feel that there is only one Cizek in the world; that it is his unusual personality, his sympathetic insight of the child mind which releases its power of expression, as well as the fact that he is a true artist and an illuminating critic.

He never touches a child's drawing himself, he never draws anything for the children to copy, nor sets up a model for them, but relies rather on the remarkable accuracy of memory of the unspoiled child mind. If a child feels that a body should be disproportionate, he lets him draw it so.

"Let them get away from Nature," Cizek explains. "We want Art. Here they draw things out of their heads, everything they feel, everything they imagine, everything they long for."

It is this way that self-expression is encouraged. The new pupil is turned loose in the store room where he may take chalks and canvas, clay for modelling, wood for carving. He watches the other children at work and soon he knows what he wants to do. There is no dilly-dallying, no hesitation for lack of an idea.

The children are given free rein to paint what is in their minds. Each

Stephanie Kraus drew these school girls packing rations from England and America.

child is asked to draw whatever he has been thinking about that morning—it may be something he has seen which has made a strong impression on him, or a fantastic dream born of his imagination and longing, for, says Cizek, "One must paint things cherished in the heart, otherwise they are not interesting."

Sometimes they are taken out on a sightseeing trip to some place of interest. This method never fails to stimulate impressions as varied as the personalities of the children who draw them. On some afternoons Professor Cizek gives a subject which he wishes them to illustrate, talking suggestively and whimsically of Summer, or whatever the subject may be, Christmas, perhaps. He asks Gretl how she will draw her picture, Steffi how *he* sees it. Imagination is fired, visions are encouraged.

After an hour or so of work comes consideration of the drawings, each receiving the serious and appreciative attention of the master. He shows little patience with those that are insincerely or carelessly done or with those that are an attempt to copy.

As he analyzes each picture the class learns still more of what may be seen with the eyes of the soul and the fancy, and how it may be better expressed. Imagine in what a

glow of delight the children hear their teacher describe in words ideas they have interpreted in joyous color and graceful line: "Here is a woman in pale green and misty blue, a pleasing figure, but is she Autumn?—but that is Doris Gunther's, of course, and Doris is so much the Spring herself, how can one expect her to make an Autumn? It is true the leaves are falling about her little woman in the musical Autumn way, though the flowers are still blooming in the grass. She is the Indian Summer—the second Spring that blossoms in the heart of Autumn.

"Here is a very sprightly man leaning against a tree, with the smartest curling mustaches, and baskets of apples beside him, but—what are you looking at me like that for?"—Shouts of laughter—"Certainly the impudent little man wants to sell his apples, and get good prices for them, too. There is much humor in the picture, but is it quite Autumn—Autumn who gives everything to us so lavishly without asking anything in return?

The Little Tanzmeister,
drawn by Marie Kind, age 14.

"Margarete's old woman is surely a truer Autumn—she is old and bent because she has all the months of the year on her back; see how she sniffs the winter from afar, and how the cold wind blows her! Her dress is orange and red—it has all the true colors of Autumn in it."

It is not only with the educational possibilities lying in the methods of Professor Cizek, which may well be extended to other branches of child training, that American artists and educators are impressed, but also by the sheer loveliness of these conceptions of the heart and mind of childhood. Those delightful, fleeting Peter-Pan fancies once lost can never be recovered, save as a child gives them back to us again.

Professor Cizek believes that all children have something to express, and that the important thing in this training is the effect on them and on their development, rather than in the finished product, fresh and inspiring as it is. "My contribution," he explains, "is that I start with the children and make them decorate the world they live in when they are no more than five or six."

Later on they go into all sorts of trades and professions, and that is what Professor Cizek wishes, for he "likes to think of art colouring all of life, rather than being a separate profession."

DANCING JOE *and the* COUNTESS

By SCHUYLER ASHLEY

Illustrated by L. F. Wilford

LIGHTLY poised on the steam-cutter's tiny after-deck, Dancing Joe Shannon, the black-headed Irish boy who tended the stern line, gazed intently at the empty club terrace decked with white tables and bright with soft-hued lamps. It was like fairyland. How would it feel, he wondered, to sit in one of those big green wicker chairs with backs like peacock tails and look out over the garden and the twilight sea at the slender sickle moon?

Joe Shannon had joined the navy to escape from the loneliness of a big Nebraska farm, but somehow he managed to remain a little aloof, a little solitary even among twelve hundred shipmates. He was irredeemably shy, a dark, thin-featured youth whose deep-set eyes, from sheer mistrust of himself, seemed sometimes a little sullen. Still, four years of navy life does help self-confidence; Dancing Joe was now a highly finished boxer and a fairly handy man-of-war's man—though intrinsically he remained unchanged. Quiet, soft-spoken youngsters who show from the first that their nerve is all right often retain romantic illusions for some time aboard a battleship.

Up on the club veranda an orchestra—soft violins and the vibrant sweetness of a cello—began to caress the early evening quietness. Something stuck in Joe's throat and his heart lifted in him; for a moment he forgot that he was hungry. Even the Colorado's "Fighting Band Of Fifty Pieces" had never had such potency.

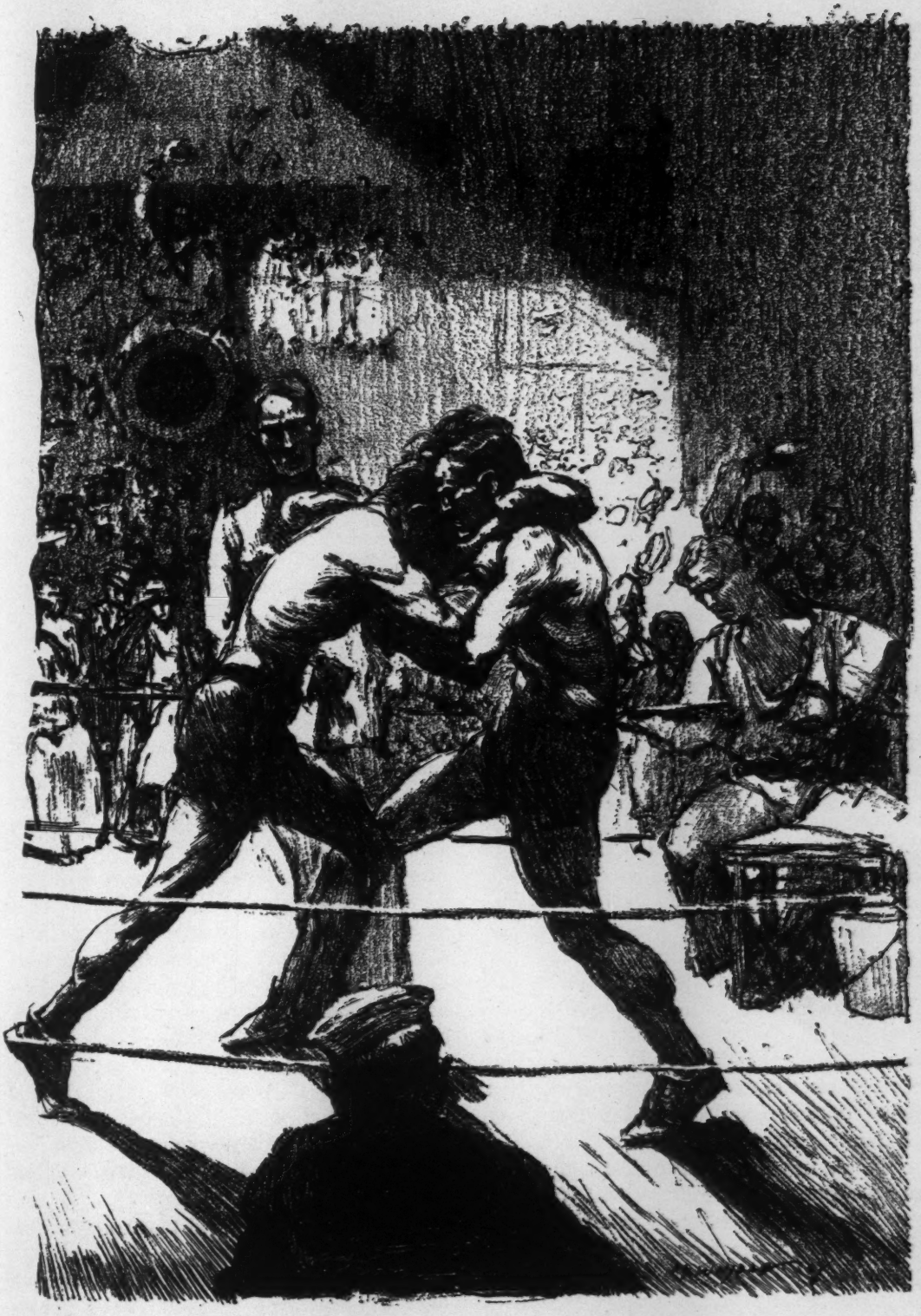
Then it was that Joe first saw the countess and perhaps the magic of the moment helped more than a little to create the aura of romance with which he ever afterwards invested her. A door in the club house slammed, a cluster of figures could be made out dimly, approaching from the other end of the long pier. Joe heard the tick of high-heeled slippers on the resounding boards of the dock—and then he saw her.

She was hurrying down, a little ahead of the others, her gorgeous dull red and silver evening wrap floating out wing-like behind her. Almost incredibly fragile and slender she seemed in the black silk sheath of her evening gown, against which her neck and shoulders stood out with the whiteness of a wave-crest. In the uncertain light her lips were only a dark line on the ivory of her face and her eyes and hair were somber, lovely mysteries. Joe looked up at her with fascinated awe, much as a Greek fisher boy might have watched Aphrodite rise foam-white from the bosom of the sea, but Twin-Screw Smith merely pulled in his head, spat over the outboard side and peered once more at his steam-guage.

"I say, is this our pinnace?" asked the vision in a clear high voice with strangely clipped syllables. No one answered her, for no one understood her—the Countess De Scala, though married to an Italian, was English and knew only the British names for the boats of a man-of-war.

"Colorado ahoy!" The call came from further down the dock. Piggy sang out a hoarse "Aye, aye, sir" as the Colorado's commander caught up with the countess.

"That's our packet with the lot of lights aft," said the officer, indicating the third in line of the moored warships



The tame exhibition had changed all at once into a bit of the most savage fighting seen in the fleet for years.

whose quarter-deck blazed with cargo-lights and colored lanterns. "We're putting on a smoker to-night—boxing and all that sort of thing, you know."

The rest of the party had reached the steamer now and the ladies came aboard one by one with delicate little leaps. Shannon, well up to his duties, offered each one the support of a steady brown hand, but his eyes were only for the countess. She embarked last of all, carelessly, laughing back at the commander as she dropped lightly to the deck, but her slipper heel caught on the low hatch-coaming and Joe only saved her from a fall by a quick grasp of his arm round her waist.

The countess, with a little *moue* of pain, remained for just a second in that secure embrace, then turning on the boy a smile of overwhelming loveliness, she thanked him graciously and descended into the cockpit. A short bearded gentleman in a sky blue uniform, a couple of civilians in dinner jackets and the naval officers followed.

"Shove off and return to the ship!" barked the commander.

It was fortunate for Joe that his duties on the trip out consisted only of maintaining his balance in the stern. Even that was almost too much for him. His knees seemed to be melting under him and the hot blood with which the enchanted moment had suffused his lean tanned cheeks remained there from amazement at his own audacity.

He could not even find courage to raise his eyes as the passengers disembarked, nevertheless he was, for the first time in his life, poignantly aware of the swish of silks and the faint fragrance of exotic perfumes.

"Hook her on!" came down the welcome order from the deck and the hungry steamer crew jumped to obey it. As they fastened the heavy slings over the crane-hook Piggy Dorgan rode Joe mercilessly:

"Say, if dames like that is gonna fall over themselves comin' aboard, I'm gonna tend the stern line myself. Tell me some truth, Joe, did she honest slip or did you trip her?"

"Pipe down, Piggy!" said Joe, deeply outraged, though he himself could not have explained why. "Let's get this steamboat off our backs. You know I gotta do my stuff to-night—four rounds to go with Salvo Svenson—and me with an empty stomach!"

Dancing Joe Shannon had gained his nickname in the ring—but he had not gained it fighting. In pugilistic parlance a "dancer" is a quick-footed, keen-eyed strategist who flashes in and out, hits and gets away, without much damage done or taken. He may win many matches on points but never can he become the idol of a thousand fight-mad shipmates who stake their monthly pay checks on him implicitly.

However, to-night Joe was to meet a real Navy battler, Salvo Svenson of the Washington, the fleet welterweight champion. They were to go four rounds in an exhibition bout; the prospect did not dismay the Irish boy a bit, for he had boxed with the Terrible Finn before and he felt sure that he could keep away from his savage swinging for a matter of twelve minutes. As to his own ability to further mar Svenson's battle-scarred visage, Joe had no confidence nor did he much desire it. So far he had never wanted to knock a man out and he shared the conviction of all his shipmates that, "Dancing Joe's a smooth worker, but he don't pack a punch." When a man's own ship says that about him it must be true, mustn't it?

Joe was reflecting on this slightly unpalatable fact when he heard the voice of one of his seconds singing out down the hatch—"Shake a leg there, Shannon!"

Slipping on a torn old bathrobe he ran lightly up the ladder.

The battery of cargo-lights arranged over the open-air ring confused him a little at first. He was but dimly aware of the gray masses of the turrets, the rows of white-clad figures and the vast

blue-black dome of the sky. At double time the band was crashing through some popular favorite and the still night air was fairly torn apart with shrill whistling. But Dancing Joe was a seasoned performer at fleet smokers; nonchalantly he dropped onto his ring-corner camp-stool and allowed Piggy Dorgan to work the big sixteen-ounce gloves on him.

"That countess you was huggin'—she ain't here!" Piggy was yelling at him through the tumult but it had the effect of a whisper. "They got seats for 'em over there, starboard side the ring, but they didn't show!"

It was the first time that Joe had ever even dreamed that *she* might be there; the radiant lady whom he had held so close for a brief, incredible moment. Thinking of her Joe felt an instant of distaste for the whole noisy garish business—and then in a flash he knew that if she had been there, if she had condescended to watch him in the ring, he would have shown her some fighting. Dancer was he? Well, if she were at the ring-side—but of course she wasn't and perhaps it was just as well. He looked across at Svenson, sitting immobile in his corner, his flat, high-cheek-boned face sunk onto his broad tatooed chest, his thick furry legs thrust straight out before him. Just as well she was not there!

Standing in the middle of the white glare with Svenson and the referee, Joe scarcely listened to the latter's curt admonitions:

"Put on a show you two! No rough stuff goes, see, and keep them elbows to yourself, Svenson. I know your tricks."

Truculently Svenson shuffled his feet and growled at his opponent: "Now be good ya valtzing-mouse or I'll poke your head off." He made a perfunctory grab for Joe's hand, clipped him neatly in the ear with his left—and the bout was on.

Joe settled down to work at once; it was all turning out just as he had expected. Keep a left sticking in his face —tap him and get away—don't let him set for a punch—that was all there was to it. Of course Svenson was Fleet Champion with a fighting face that telegraphed mighty little and a kick in either hand like an electric-rammer, but he himself would have been insulted if you had called him clever. Four round exhibition bouts meant nothing to him; the Fleet Championship was won or lost over the fifteen round route, where a man must give and take an awful mauling.

The bell, at the end of the round, found both men unmarked. Joe lay back in his corner with the cool water from a sponge playing pleasantly over him and watched Svenson fill his mouth with half the water bottle, then spout it out like a whale.

"Gangway! Gangway!" The word, passed along through the audience, created a narrow corridor between the benches; there was a moment's lull in the noise and the bare shoulders of the commander's party gleamed white under the cargo-lights. Their vivid gowns made a sudden splash of color against the dense background of brown faces and white uniforms. Now the mahogany chairs at the ringside were all occupied. She had come!

The muscles in Joe's limp legs went tense so suddenly that Piggy cried out in alarm: "What's the matter, kid, gotta cramp?"

Joe did not hear him. There was a little sinking sensation deep in his innermost being, just as there had been that day when he had made a high dive from the yard-arm. He would have to fight now! He just ventured one half glance in her direction as he came up for the bell; he sensed the black dress and the red and silver cape and then dropped his head down for what must be the beginning of a very grim business.

"Why that dark-haired boy was in our pinnace!" exclaimed the Countess to the man on her right. "How exquisitely he is made—but how pale he is! He doesn't look the least bit like a fighter."

"He's not" answered the gunnery officer positively—then suddenly he began to wonder.

Joe had met the fleet champion squarely in the middle of the ring and was going into him hard, toe and toe, swinging with his swings. "Didn't know there was a man on this coast who would do that!" exclaimed the commander eagerly.

The tame exhibition bout had changed all at once into a bit of the most savage fighting seen in the fleet for years. What had come over the Dancer? The whole crew of the Colorado were yelling like madmen while the visitors from Svenson's ship pleaded with their champion to "smash de pretty boy's mug in." Both men landed cruelly and often in that first exchange, but it was Svenson who clinched and hung on grimly as he got his wind.

"Tryin' to show me up is ya—ya baby-faced dude," he gasped as he drove a chin like a ram into the soft flesh of Joe's neck. "Ahm gonna yust knock a hole in ya!"

Quickly the referee tore them apart and as they broke Joe answered the Finn's taunts. He dropped his knee a little and drove a full right swing into the champion's unprotected side.

"Clean outta the deck he pulled that one!" shrieked Piggy with delight. "Who says our boy can't hit!"

The bell clanged. In all his long career Salvo Svenson had never been gladder to hear it. He had been hit square-on five or six times by a boy who certainly knew how to put his weight behind them.

"Is all them ribs O. K.?" he asked hoarsely as a second ran solicitous fingers down his decorated side. Across the way one of Joe's eyes was closing fast in spite of all Piggy could do for it. It had been an eventful round. Joe wondered dully how many more like that he could endure.

However, the third and fourth were not quite like the second. Flesh and blood could not attain to it; moreover Svenson, now realizing he was up against a fighter, changed his tactics and commenced stalling, hanging on and hoarding his punches as though there were a dozen more rounds to go. Joe was still keen to mix it up, but his years of cautious boxing stood him in good stead now and he got through the last two rounds without laying himself open to the terrible "torpedo-right" which Salvo, like a wary old tiger, had always in readiness.

At the end of the bout the superdreadnought Colorado had a new hero. Never was the rest of that smoker program given, for a thousand cheering sailormen formed up behind the band, bearing battered, bewildered Joe Shannon at their head on the shoulders of two big chief turret captains. Twice round the afterdeck they marched, out of the circle of the cargo-lights into the domain of the new moon and the stars, but Joe Shannon was almost unaware of what was happening. He had only one wish, to catch just a glimpse of a slender figure in a fluttering cloak of red and silver. What had she thought of his triumph?

Fortunately Joe never knew the truth. In the middle of the third round the Countess De Scala had left the ringside, for the affair had become a trifle too gory for her taste. The only civilians who remained to the end of the bout were an inconspicuous pair of Jews, scouts for a New York fight promoter, who had watched his performance with intense and unfeigned enthusiasm. At the moment of Dancing Joe's amazing ovation the countess was down in the wardroom playing bridge. So much did the cheering on deck disturb her that she missed a chance to go three hearts.

One morning four months later Joe Shannon sat morosely before a stack of wheats in Child's Restaurant at "the corner"—96th and Broadway, where all the liberty parties from the ships in the Hudson catch the subway. But to-day he had not come in off a battleship; he

was no longer wearing sailor blues. Instead, he presented a somewhat zebra-like appearance in a civilian suit of what he naively considered were pin-stripes. Dancing Joe Shannon had been paid off soon after his astonishing four rounds with Salvo Svenson; as Sailor Joe Shannon he had just completed an unusually successful three months as a "ham-and-egg" fighter in New York. Yet he was most unhappy.

Even Mike Solomon the shrewd, rotund proprietor of the South Broadway gymnasium, who managed Joe along with a stable of five or six other more or less budding pugilists, was worried about him. And Mike had always believed before that there was never cause to worry about a boy who showed for breakfast. He eased his tightly tailored bulk into the chair next Joe's, sighed, and surveyed him with obvious anxiety.

"Honest, do you feel all right, kid?" he demanded.

"Sure I do, Mike," was the listless answer, "only thing is, I'm sick of this burg, sick of the noise and the crowds —and sick of these flash dames that figure every pug as a poor wheat who's easy pickings."

"Yes, I know, you done just fine, boy, to pass up all that stuff!" agreed Mike with high-voiced enthusiasm. "That's why we been going so good; that's why we gets this big match with Pete White in the Garden. We'll cash in on fifteen grand next week, Mister!"

The manager's round sallow face brightened like a suddenly lighted Chinese lantern at the thought, but Joe's countenance refused to kindle.

"Hang the money, Mike," he said sullenly. "I ain't had no fun since I took my uniform off. Now the ships is all down in Guantanamo and I'll tell you the truth, I'm lonely!"

He must have been to have chosen such a confidant. For the present Solomon offered no further consolation, simply grunted sympathetically and turned to his own breakfast. This he despatched without once looking at it, for his eyes were occupied with the sporting pages of five or six morning papers. Presently, surrounded by their debris and soothed by a post-prandial toothpick, Mike considered Joe again.

"Too bad you ain't married with a pair of squalling brats" he began and Joe stared at him in mute amazement—Mike's own matrimonial adventures had been frequent and unfortunate. "Yes I mean it," he continued, "by nature, Joe, you're one of them home-boys. You belong in a three room and kitchenette layout in Hoboken, just like the rest of them hyenas in my string belongs in cages in Bronx Park. Yes, you're a natural-born home-boy, Joe."

Having proffered this bit of wisdom Mike Solomon prepared to depart.

"Show at the gym when you're finished, kid," he said briskly as he brushed the crumbs from his neatly creased lap, "but be sure you don't work out none till them pancakes has set good!"

Joe resented the term "home-boy," what man-of-war's man would not? But he did want inspiration—and for him there could be only one source of it. The glamour of that countess whose presence had once made him surpass himself had never faded. In the long months ashore no tangible flesh-and blood sweetheart had come to supplant her. Now, on the eve of the battle which was to test his mettle once for all, he turned to his mysterious, lovely goddess. He knew that she was in New York, that she was the wife of an Italian officer here on some debt-refunding commission. But somehow for him she was less an individual than a symbol of everything which his lonely boyhood had dreamed of but never known.

Now, with unthinkable effrontery, he was going to write to her. On his chair-arm he spread a huge sheet of orange note paper purchased in an upper Broadway drug store as the latest in "Gent's Stationery." Painfully he commenced a letter which, whatever else it might lack, fairly exhaled naive sincerity:

"The Countess De Scala,
Hotel St. Regis,
New York.

Dear Madam Countess:

I am writing this because you seen me fight once on the U. S. S. Colorado. Not only that—it was the first time anybody ever seen me fight—and you made me do it. Before that night I was what these N. Y. fight-bugs calls a "coffee-and-caker;" since then I been putting boys to sleep right along.

Of course when you get this you will figure I am cuckoo—some Blackwell's Island nut who has got hold of paper and a stamp—but these newspaper pieces I am sending you will prove I been in five bouts lately and put the lights out for my opponent every time. To be fair with you, Countess, these was all "set-ups" and "tankers," the kind every new boy gets at first to make his name stand up a little.

Now I got a real match next Wednesday evening with Pete White in Madison Square Garden and I just got to take him. That is the point to this letter. Please Countess will you come to the fight? I know I got my nerve to ask it but I been very lonely in N. Y., the ships is all in Cuba and I feel like the whole town is against me.

If you come I will win.
I can't lose.
I enclose three ringside seats.

Respectfully and hopefully,
Joseph Shannon."

At the conclusion of his flourishing signature, the only words which he had not fairly drawn with cramped stiff fingers, Joe looked up, sighed deeply, and longed for a cigarette. He was much tempted to add a postscript explaining that the ringside seats would have cost fifteen dollars apiece at the box office, but some innate good breeding restrained him. He folded the crackling sheets carefully, sealed the enormous orange envelope and started with a tense face toward the door.

The strident voice of a hatchet-faced blonde cashier brought him up, chagrined, with his unpaid check in his hand:

"Say, Woodrow Wilson if you've finished that note let's see your check. How high is the alfalfa back home anyhow?"

Malone, the Countess De Scala's pretty Irish maid never annoyed her mistress with the afternoon mail until tea was finished. At present there were no lights in the dainty French sitting room on the fifteenth floor of the St. Regis; the silver teapot, the fragile china and the glass compote dishes caught what brightness they could from the misty mid-winter twilight. The countess sat alone, her dark head resting a little wearily among the pillows. With supple indolence she leaned forward from the depths of her great chintz-covered chair, snuffed out the tiny red glow of her cigarette and called her maid. There was just a trace of petulance in her voice, for she had found tea alone even more tedious than tea with stupid people.

"Some lights and the letters please, Malone!"

A demure, white-aproned girl, almost as slender and dainty as the countess herself, but with red-gold hair and eyes like cornflowers, brought the little pile of envelopes upon a silver tray. A switch clicked; soft lights revealed the slight, charming disarray of a room in which a pretty woman has spent an idle hour.

As the lady took the letters with long, lazy fingers, Dancing Joe's blood-orange envelope proved at least its attention-value, for it was opened at once while the others, the somber grays and whites, the crested and the monogrammed, were tossed intact upon the table.

"Oh I say!" began the countess, hoping against hope, with the eagerness of the disillusioned, that it should not prove just another advertisement. Her interest seemed to quicken as she read on. Having finished, she lit a cigarette, settled her slim feet comfortably on a gorgeous silken foot-cushion and re-examined the strange missive carefully, appraisingly.

At last an exclamation of sheer delight escaped her.

"It's perfect! It's too good to be true!"

For some moments she blew deft smoke rings at the ceiling, then summoned Malone imperiously. The fair slim maid stood once more before her, with just that faint suggestion of a smile which highly trained, much indulged servants sometimes permit themselves.

"My black twill suit and the little tailored hat with the veil, Malone——"

"Yes, my lady."

"Put them on please!"

"Beg pardon, my lady?"

"Put them on please—I wish to see you in them."

In a flash the girl was gone, astonished at this sudden smile of fortune. As a matter of principle, the countess never gave Malone clothes because—as she once succinctly observed, "at a distance she looks too much like me in them."

Two minutes later when she surveyed Malone, svelte and appealing in the perfectly-fitting suit and the rakish little black hat with its bright red feather, she reflected that her caution was well-grounded.

"I say, Malone, were you ever at a boxing match, a prize-fight?"

The little maid's wide blue eyes opened still wider in shocked amazement. There was even the suggestion of a delicious brogue, painfully eradicated years ago, in her astonished protest.

"Indeed no—never, my lady!"

"But you would go if I wished it, wouldn't you?" asked her mistress with disarming sweetness.

The girl, obviously puzzled, did not hesitate. "Certainly I would," she answered—and then laughed outright. There was going to be a lark in this somehow she felt certain.

"Next Friday night then" said the countess, "I shall send you to one. Simmons can take you in the car and bring you home again. I shall want you to wear those things."

"Yes, my lady" replied the girl once more demure, "I'll be getting your bath now, if you please."

The Countess De Scala was again alone. "Well that's that" she sighed, pursing up her lips with satisfaction, "but if it were not for that stupid dinner I believe I should go myself."

Carefully she placed the ringside tickets in a drawer of her desk, but Dancing Joe Shannon's plea for the inspiration of her presence she tossed carelessly into the waste basket. At a tedious moment it had amused her—it had fulfilled its destiny.

Before Joe Shannon had fairly settled in his corner he knew from the yelling that this crowd was hostile. Why not? Pete White was an Italian, in spite of his name, and these New York wops always backed their fighters. He looked down at his own green and white trunks with their gaudy shamrock pattern. Well, if there were any good harps in the house he had his flag flying. Too bad the ships weren't in; there would have been some white hats and blue jumpers scattered here and there among those seats that rose interminably, tier on tier, until the thick smoke clouds hid them. It was rotten, he thought, to make a man fight in air like this—he preferred to do his mauling on a broad white quarterdeck under the clean impartial stars.

Those three seats at the ringside were still empty. Of course they were—what did he expect? The countess hadn't even answered his letter. He'd been a boob ever to hope for anything from that! Well, he'd have the whole burg on his back to-night—nobody really for him. Solomon was only after the money and his seconds were just a couple of gymnasium roustabouts, skilful but impersonal.

Pete White and his manager sauntered across the ring to look at Joe's hand-tapes. Listlessly, the Irish boy held up his arms, scarcely glancing at the stocky olive-skinned figure who

chewed gum and grinned so nonchalantly. Satisfied that the bandaging was orthodox the Italian fighter turned to go. "De poor kid—he look very seek!" he said to his manager loudly. They both laughed, confidently, conspicuously—it was one method of intimidation. Unperturbed, Joe watched his opponent swagger across the ring: "Good legs," he thought indifferently.

A tiresome business of announcements, introductions and flash-light photographs! What a lot of bunk—why not just ring the bell and shove off? White was eating it up though. Look at him grin and wave; listen to all the bus-boys, bootblacks and barbers of Manhattan yelling for him. Those birds reading newspapers and scribbling notes were the press section; they didn't grant Sailor Joe Shannon an outside chance to-night—a fine bunch of Wisenheimers! Why if he just had even old Piggy Dorgan here to give him a knee he'd show 'em. But he was alone—so utterly and damnably alone.

They were taking his bathrobe off him now. Lord, but it was hot and the noise was terrible! The thought of blue water and a sea breeze in his face was very sweet to him. Joe filled his lungs and took one more look round like a man who is going down a mine for a long shift of hard work. For the thousandth time he reflected how little fun there was in fighting.

But what was that—there was someone in that seat at the ringside now! A slim exquisite person in black, wearing a jaunty little hat with a brilliant crimson feather, her face hidden by a heavy veil. Half way to the center of the ring he stopped in his stride and stared at her. She gave him a shy, half-undecided wave of recognition. But it was enough; when Joe met Pete White in the middle of the ring his grin was wider than the Italian's. They shook hands with cautious formality.

"Stand by to take a whipping, wop!" commanded the Irish boy, still with a steady bleak smile. They commenced to spar for an opening.

There is only one real test for a fighter of championship caliber—that is to match him with another one. Scouts may report, gymnasium handlers rave and set-ups go down like ninepins, but a manager never knows whether he has struck oil until he sees his boy in the ring with one of the four or five topnotchers of his weight. Such were Mike Solomon's thoughts as he sat, hunched over, chewing his cigar, behind Joe's corner and watched his black-haired white-skinned protege meet the first onslaught of his swarthy, square-built opponent.

After the first minute of the first round, however, the tense muscles under the manager's flaccid cheeks began to relax comfortably. His boy was going easily, sure of himself, quite unruffled by Pete White's initial fusillade. In the middle of the second round Mike Solomon's cigar went out but assumed a jaunty angle in the corner of his mouth. Joe was cutting up the famous Spaghetti Wildcat with relentless long-range jabs.

Now he was swinging on him! Pete White was admittedly the fastest welter in the business and Joe was beating him to the punch time and again. Look at that! The Italian boy had tried his famous cross and Joe had made a monkey of him—made him miss both ways and take a sharp smack on the nose in the bargain. Mike Solomon relighted his cigar.

Across the ring the girl in black, with an empty seat each side of her, twisted her gloves incessantly. When the thud of hard-driven blows become intolerable she shrank back a little; perhaps there were tears in the eyes behind that veil, but they never seemed to leave the ring. "It's too cruel!" she cried half aloud, again and again, but once, when the clamour of the crowd had diminished to an angry murmur because the slim white figure in green trunks was punishing its hero so mercilessly,

a little shrill cry of jubilation escaped her. When the crisis was over and the bell had once more saved White from a knockout she gathered her skirts close about her as though fearing contamination in spite of the empty seats.

But Joe Shannon could spare no thoughts for those who watched him. His belief that the countess had not failed him kindled a little glow in his heart; because of her, especially because of that little hesitant wave of recognition, there was an added sting in all his punches, a new deftness and sureness in his attack. But he was not thinking of her. He didn't dare; he must never for one moment let his mind or his eyes waver from that shifting target, that ever-threatening bunch of olive-skinned muscles which still baffled and eluded him. For this wop was really good, there was no mistaking that; he covered up as close as a bank vault when Joe crowded him and he always seemed to have enough left to lash out like lightning if the Irish boy gave him an opening.

The eighth round was over now—there were only four more to go, and though every one in Joe's corner felt they had a good deal more than an edge, they dreaded the uncertainty of a judge's decision.

"Can't we put him out, Joe?" Mike Solomon was pleading with him. "Them judges is all cuckoo—they might do anything. Think of the dough we might miss out on!"

Once again Joe felt himself go sick on the whole business. Why should he break his heart to lay out this Italian boy—just to please a fat old man with a dead cigar in his face?

He came out of his corner a little listlessly for the ninth and Pete White, sensing the change in him, drove him into the ropes. Joe stumbled slightly as he gave ground and, quick as a thunder-clap, the wop dropped him with a full right swing to the head. Sailor Joe was down.

High above somewhere the referee had started the count on him, but he paid no heed to it. Crumpled and abject with one limp arm hanging out of the ring he waited with head dropped for the inevitable. Suddenly he felt the touch of a little cool hand on his hot bare arm hanging over the lower rope. "Beat him, boy, oh beat him!" It was the girl in black who was pleading with him. In an instantaneous dazzling flash he realized that she was not the countess—and he did not care a bit! She was a girl—and she was for him. The magic was there again; the little glow in his heart was relighted and once more he was on his feet battling indomitably.

But now Pete White was through. This last amazing come-back when he thought he had finished Joe with a lucky punch was too much for him. All he had left had gone into that last right swing; it had landed fairly and here was this bird up again and after him as hard as ever. It was too much. He managed to answer the bell for the tenth but that was all. Before the round had fairly started his legs gave under him and he crumpled up under a barrage of punches, not so much knocked out as simply beaten down.

The big house gave Joe a wonderful hand; they were sportsmen enough to appreciate a great battle even when the favorite was beaten. Yet at the very moment when the referee was holding Joe's glove up he was watching the girl with the veil, fearing that she might escape before he got some word to her. Once in his corner he sent a second over—a broken-nosed, cauliflower-eared messenger of Cupid—asking that she permit him to speak to her a moment at the fighter's entrance on 27th street.

Still somewhat dazed, but with an increasing chill premonition that he would never see her again, he hurried into his clothes and out onto the sidewalk of empty wind-swept 27th street. She was not there! It was bitter cold; over on Madison avenue the audience

was still pouring out of the main entrances, catching taxicabs, tramping and whistling along the sidewalks to the subway. But 27th street was a backwater in this current; an occasional cab rumbled by, brightening for a moment the half dark street. That was all.

Mike Solomon and a couple of newspapermen found Joe at last, wanted to talk, wanted to take him out to supper. He growled at them and finally they left him; as they departed he heard Mike smoothing things over:

"A nice kid—but temperamental—wisht he'd get married—natural born home-boy—*he* never plays no white light stuff!"

Still Joe waited alone in the little patch of light before the narrow doorway. Madison Square Garden was deserted now; the multitude who had come to see Pete White make hash of him had scattered. Joe's name was on ten thousand lips as men waited for cross-town cars and L trains, sat on stools in all-night restaurants or marched along with upturned coat collars through bleak, brightly-lighted streets.

"He's a real comer—the next champion sure! If he don't get a crack at the title in six months the Commission ought to step in." So men spoke of him throughout the city, and up in the newspaper offices, where the white-hot lights blaze every night and all night, they were setting up his name in big type. But Dancing Joe Shannon—Sailor Joe Shannon—was waiting alone on 27th street for a girl he did not know—for a face he had never seen.

But she did come at last; a softly-purring black limousine drew up at the curb and she sprang out with nimble grace—then seemed to hesitate. Joe walked up to her awkwardly, his hat in his hand. The big chauffeur at the wheel was leaning out and grinning broadly. Joe tried to speak, words formed but no sound emerged. It was the girl who had to begin it:

"We've been round and round a dozen blocks to find this place, but I was bound I would see you. Sure it's a grand beating you gave him!"

Joe looked down at her. Irish herself! Her eyes did not waver; she was smiling too, but there was something a little fugitive about her smile, as though it might vanish with timid swiftness. He took her hand firmly.

"You made me win that fight," he said. "Is it a pal of the countess you are?"

She looked up at him very sweetly, very steadily. "No, I am just her maid," she said simply. "I do hope you're not too much disappointed—you thinking I was some grand lady!"

"I am far from disappointed, miss; I'm even glad of it because maybe you won't be thinking a boy who makes his living with his fists is just a queer creature to be stared at, like them in the zoo!"

Simmons, the Countess De Scala's chauffeur had had about enough of this. It was sufficiently irregular, this taking the mistress's maid to prize-fights in the car, without having to wait while she chatted with strange blokes on the street-corner.

"Come along, my girl, 'op in if you're going 'ome with me!" he commanded.

Joe took a half stride forward; he was ready to fight again, if necessary.

"Beat it, you big flunky!"

The Countess De Scala's chauffeur could not of course reply to such vulgarity. He looked at Malone; she was still clinging demurely to this stranger's arm. He shook his head sadly, there was nothing else for it, slammed his door and sped off into the night, smoothly, with gears singing.

Joe pressed the girl's slim arm more closely to his side; he was deliciously conscious of a slight answering pressure. Suddenly all the sweetness of his youth and of his victory swept over him. A cruising taxicab swung in off Lexington Avenue and slowed down invitingly as it passed the close-linked couple in the lighted entrance. With a magnificent gesture Joe summoned this battered symbol of affluence and romance.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S GRANDCHILDREN

Little Prince Sunshine of Sagamore Hill

Photograph by Walter Scott Shinn, Jr.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Derby and their children, Richard Jr. at the right.

By LAURETTA FANCHER

"WHO is little Prince Sunshine?" It was a sunny May morning on one of Long Island's spacious estates, where a group of children were presenting a play as the climax of the year's school work. The questioner was watching the manly little figure in gold as he led the fair princess toward the throne.

"That is Richard Derby, Jr., Theodore Roosevelt's first grandson," was the reply.

In writing of Richard, however, I almost wish that I might ignore this relationship, that the personality of little Prince Sunshine might shine forth to others, as to those who knew him, clearly, steadily—by itself. But who can explain the mystery that is a child? It may be that the early years of companionship with his grandfather helped to make Richard what he was.

During the war period, Ethel Roosevelt Derby, with her two children, Richard and Edith, lived at Sagamore Hill. Dr. Richard Derby, who the Colonel often declared emphatically was "just like one of my own boys," was overseas with those same boys. The Derby children, consequently, of all the

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grandchildren, were most with their grandfather, and Richard, who was nearly five when his grandfather died, remembered him vividly.

These two adored one another, and were constant companions during those last months when Theodore Roosevelt was reveling in home life. The big man, with the small boy clinging to his hand, walked about the grounds at Sagamore, visiting the pigs and cows and chickens and all the activities of a country place so full of marvel to a child. Going to see the pigs was a favorite trip—the same pig sty that T. R's own children used to love to visit.

Theodore Roosevelt's letters to his son-in-law, written during the last year of his life, during the terriffic strain of wartime, are full of charming allusions to Richard and his baby sister and show the environment which was Richard's during his early years. Under date of April 1st, 1918, he wrote:

"I can't begin to tell you all that Ethel and the two blessed small people have meant to us this winter. Richard is now absorbed in the little pigs which have just arrived. He proposed that his grandmother should come over to the stable to kiss them good night! . . . . affectionately, Ethel's father."

And again he writes, "Ethel. . . . . thoroly enjoys seeing her children growing up in the house where she grew up. These same children are unceasing delights. Richard is the manliest, busiest little fellow imaginable. I am of course of second rate importance in his life, my chief useful function being to give him a lump of sugar as soon as we come down to breakfast—which is apt to be hand in hand while we negotiate the stairs—and then to have him hold the strainer while I pour the hot milk into my coffee—a feat full of possibilities. But when I was away for six days the little fellow asked me on my return: 'Weren't you homesick for me while you were away, grandfather?'"

Richard had from the first a profound interest in nature—birds, trees, insects and animals—and one of his greatest joys was to have his grandfather take him on his lap and show him the pictures in a large book of colored plates of animals, pointing out the ones he and Kermit had shot in Africa. The two would pore over this book, one as engrossed as the other.

When Theodore Roosevelt returned from the hospital in the year preceding his death, his hands were still stiff from rheumatism. Richard, overjoyed at his grandfather's return, exclaimed, "Oh grandfather! Now you can show me the animals again."

Whereupon T. R., all else forgotten, took Richard on his knee and began to turn the pages and tell the fascinating stories of the African jungle. It seemed to him the most important thing in the world at that moment, that Richard should be shown those pictures.

Sometimes when they had closed the book, Richard would say, "Oh grandfather—please do the Old Man Kangaroo Dance."

Then Theodore Roosevelt would walk into the center of the room, suddenly transform himself into a veritable Old Man Kangaroo and solemnly go through the steps of the dance of the wild, Richard watching at first in grave silence, then breaking into delighted giggles.

Other letters give us glimpses of the companionship between these two. "This morning I first went in to greet Edie, who smiled and crowed and waved her little arms when I took her up. Then holding Richard in one hand, and carrying his push-mobile in the other, we walked hay-foot, straw-foot, down stairs. I took him in to the dining room where we went through the usual formalities; I got him a lump of sugar; he held the strainer in his chubby little hands while I poured the hot milk into the coffee, and he supervised with absorbed interest the disappearance of the butter in my egg cup."

"Richard and Edie are the dearest small persons that can be imagined.

The Campbell Studios

Perhaps he was especially dear to his grandmother because his quaint, sweet ways were so much like those of his Uncle Quentin.

Today Ethel took a photo of Richard on his tricycle pulling bare-legged Edie in a little wagon. Afterwards Richard, with Rover, his toy dog, remaining on the piazza where I was rocking and reading; he was fascinated, as always, with the carpenter bees, and with some very minute ants—which he still calls 'cousins' now and then; and then he picked up a large bird's nest which had been blown out of a tree, dismembered it, and proceeded to put Rover to bed in the fragments."

In a letter to his sister, T. R. remarks, "Ethel and her blessed bunnies have gone. I miss Pittypat and Tippytoe frightfully." These were his delightful pet names for Richard and Edith, derived from Eugene Field's poem:

"All day long they come and go
Pittypat and Tippytoe,
Footprints up and down the hall,
Playthings scattered on the floor,
Finger-marks along the wall,
Telltale smudges on the door—
By these presents you shall know
Pittypat and Tippytoe."

Richard was a general favorite. All of his uncles were devoted to him, recognizing in him a child of more than ordinary powers. Indeed, this was very strongly felt by the whole family. Even as Theodore Roosevelt's parents realized early in his childhood that they were guiding a life rich in potential gifts to the world, so the entire Roosevelt family felt that in Richard a child of great promise dwelt among them.

Perhaps he was especially dear to his

grandmother because his quaint, sweet ways were so much like those of his Uncle Quentin. Charles Lee, who was Theodore Roosevelt's chauffeur through the glories of the White House days and followed him to Oyster Bay, was the first to call my attention to this.

"Richard is the very spit of his Uncle Quentin," declared Lee, adding proudly, "I brought up Quentin! Did you know that? Oh yes, I brought up that boy. And Richard is exactly like him."

When Quentin, only nineteen, was about to sail for France, he came home for that hardest of all endurance tests —saying good-by. He was bidding farewell, with the chances strong that it was forever, to a home rich in all that makes a boy yearn for home, to a family knit together by bonds of affection unusually strong. The lad kept up bravely all through those last hours. Finally he went into Richard's room. At the sight of Quentin, the child ran to the end of his crib and flung his arms about his uncle's neck. It was almost too much. After a moment, Quentin turned quickly and left the room.

Richard was like this uncle in his love for mechanics. He took apart all of his mechanical toys and put them together again, not always in their original relations, but in perfect working order. A cuckoo clock which hung in his room was a favorite object of experimentation, yet in spite of continual readjustments of its interior, the clock always kept time! He even learned to run a car by watching others and astonished his mother one day when they were out together. She asked him if he would like to guide the wheel.

"But, mother, I know how to run it all alone."

"Let me see you," laughed his mother.

So Richard proceeded to show her. When she recovered from her surprise, she allowed the eight-year-old to drive her about the place, to the delight of both chauffeur and passenger.

The following letter was written by Colonel Roosevelt on July first, 1918, shortly before the news came of Quentin's death:

"Dear Dick, Much to my sorrow Ethel and her little brood leave to-day for Islesboro, and I write to tell you that they are all well. . .The children are the dearest small persons imaginable. Richard is so manly and friendly, and amuses himself, and is adored both in the house and in the stable! In the case of Shady (the dog) the adoration is accompanied by some reserves, as Richard makes his life haggard by busy and officious affection. Edie. . . loves me very much if there is no one more attractive round! . . .and she hails me with little soft outstretched arms, and of course my heart is like water and I can't resist taking her up. Now she generally comes down to breakfast and crawls actively round the floor; and Richard as soon as he has finished his breakfast also drops hastily on all fours and joins in the all-four scamper, to Edie's intense delight; and Shady, no matter what his desires, is included in the game. Already Edie is a real amusement to Richard, and in a sense gives him some companionship."

When the news came to Sagamore that the youngest son of the household had fallen, Theodore Roosevelt and his wife sent forth that challenging message to the world:

"Quentin's mother and I are very glad that he got to the front and had a chance to render some service to his country and to show the stuff that was in him before his fate befell him."

Yet they were only two very human parents, deeply loving their own, turning for comfort to their nearest child and her children; almost at once they went to Maine, where Mrs. Derby was spending the summer.

No one told Richard that the uncle he so dearly loved had gone. The child was then four years old and already possessed that curious sensitiveness of spirit, that awareness of spiritual values, which so strongly characterized him. With almost uncanny knowledge he

sensed the grief which kept his grandmother from sleeping and would wake up, call her into his room, make her lie down beside him and then pat her gently. The touch of the small hand brought comfort and at her little grandson's side Quentin Roosevelt's mother could rest.

A touching evidence of the love between Richard and his Uncle Quentin is the fact that when the young aviator's personal belongings were returned to his family they found in his pocketbook a picture of Richard—a chubby figure in his cap and coat, bending over to look at the little pigs at Sagamore.

This letter, dated at Dark Harbor, Maine, August 5, 1918, speaks for itself:

"Dear Dick, It has been everything for poor Mother—and also for me—to be here with Ethel and the two blessed babies. . . .Little Richard was Quentin's favorite among all his small nephews and nieces; he loved Uncle Quentin (the other day on the piazza at Sagamore when he heard an airplane he said to me 'Perhaps that's Uncle Quentin') and he was so glad to see his grandmother and so affectionate with her that it almost seemed as if he knew that there was some trouble; and his love was a great comfort to her aching heart. . . .

"This is a very rainy and stormy morning. I had told Richard (who with Edie, is playing actively on the floor, while Mother and Ethel knit) that I would take him down to the store to get him a red railway train which strikes him as possessing exceptional attraction. As it is a driving storm I told him we must wait; whereupon he suggested that his mother should get me a sou'wester coat so that I could always go down with him to get a toy, without regard to the weather!

"Edie . . . in her dainty clothes, with little pink ribbons, looks like a fairy princess; but no fairy princess ever scrambled over the floor with such unceasing industry and energy; and most of the time she spends in the national garb of the American hired man—small blue overalls . . . Cunning Ethel holds prayers for all the household every evening . . . Aff. yours, Theodore Roosevelt."

The little red railway train was duly purchased and is now treasured in the Derby home, for only a few months after this Richard's grandfather wrote his last letter.

To understand any child, we must know his parents and his home. Heredity showered little Richard with gifts; his early years were spent largely at Sagamore—what of his later environment?

After the war, when the sons of Theodore Roosevelt returned to a changed Sagamore, they felt a strong pull towards the village where they had spent so many happy days. All of the Roosevelt boys now have Summer homes near Oyster Bay, but Dr. and Mrs. Derby took a house in the village and have made it their permanent home; "The Old Adam House," a homelike place, is set-back from the street among a gracious setting of trees, and is strongly suggestive in type of Sagamore Hill.

The children of great men are sometimes disappointing—no doubt because we expect too much from them—but Ethel Roosevelt Derby is leading exactly the kind of life that one would like to see led by a daughter of Theodore Roosevelt. A wise and gracious mother, a home lover, she is interested in everything that is for the welfare of the community. Her interests are broad, yet both Dr. and Mrs. Derby, themselves world figures, are weaving their lives into the existence of the little Long Island community. His skill as a surgeon is at the service of the poorest as quickly as it answers the call of the rich and famous. They both pour out helpfulness and sympathy wherever they find the need.

In regard to Dr. Derby, it is significant that no one ever thinks of saying

"Ethel Roosevelt's husband." It is always "Dr. and Mrs. Derby." Side by side. He is universally beloved; Richard inherited much of his charm and sweetness of spirit from his father.

What Theodore Roosevelt thought of Richard's father is shown by one sentence from a letter.

"I personally vouch for Richard Derby; he is one of the most efficient, high-minded, loyal and fearless men I ever met."

It was the custom of Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt to open Sagamore Hill once a year to their friends and neighbors of Oyster Bay. This is one of the many family traditions which has been carried on by the Derbys, usually on New Year's Day. If you were to attend one of these "open house" receptions, you might find children's sleds or wagons on the piazza; you would certainly find children within—sturdy, rosy-cheeked young Americans, playing happily through the rooms with their deep fireplaces, easy chairs and divans, their air of comfort and liveableness; you could not fail to recognize a photograph of Theodore Roosevelt and his wife, taken with a small, curly-headed boy. Is it Quentin? No. The pride of grandparents lights their faces. It is the first grandson—Richard Derby, Jr. You would find the house full of reminders of a great personality—huge animal skins from Africa, tokens of respect and affection from many lands—and you would go away happy at the simple, essentially American family life which is developing in this environment.

"I miss very much you," wrote Richard. "Come for lunch and supper and bring your bathing suit."

Richard had a double inheritance. He bore the name of Derby proudly. Dr. Derby's mother, Sarah Alden, was a direct descendant of John Alden, and Richard's second sister was named for this grandmother, as Edith Roosevelt Derby was named for her maternal grandmother.

"I am the eighth Richard Derby," he told me happily, "and when I have a little boy, I shall name him Richard."

My own friendship with the boy began when he started school with his cousin, Teddy Roosevelt 3rd, but it matured the following year, when we motored together to and from school, twelve miles distant every day. I say friendship, because I did not think of Richard as a child, whose mind should be moulded, but rather as a companion with whom I interchanged thought. Somehow, as we talked together, all sense of being with a child slipped from me. He would take a thought, ponder it quietly, and then come forth with his own observation. He was a companion—and an interesting one, noticing everything along the way, especially in his favorite realm of nature. Like his grandfather, Richard was an eager naturalist from the first and his museum shows the results in its shells, stuffed owl, arrowheads, butter-

flies and insects—especially insects, for Richard and Edith both possessed what their mother characterized as "a passion for bugs."

Richard's knowledge was generously shared. Only recently I heard another story in this connection. On the last summer of his life, when he was spending some time at Henderson House, the lovely country place of Mrs. Douglas Robinson, his grandfather's sister, Richard became great friends with Edna Jean Courtney, the daughter of Mrs. Robinson's chauffeur. The two were up to every sort of prank, from turning on the garden hose at forbidden moments, to putting small fish from the brook into the pool with the agitated goldfishes, or poking hornets' nests to pieces. On the last occasion Edna Jean was stung by one of the enraged insects, but Richard promptly applied mud to the bite.

Last winter, Edna Jean's class in school was having a lesson on insects and when the teacher began to talk about ants, up went Edna Jean's hand. She told all about the ants' cows, how they herded them up trees, guarded and milked them. The surprised teacher inquired how she had learned all of this and Edna Jean replied, "Richard Derby, Jr., told me all about them and many other things last summer."

It was to this small friend that Richard wrote the following letter, which she treasured until it began to get tattered, and now has pasted in a scrap book.

"Dear Edna please come and play with me thursday or friday I miss very much you. your loving Richard come for lunch and supper and bring your bathing suit."

On our rides to and from school, Richard would entertain me with accounts of what he had been doing—of his birthday party at Sagamore, of how he loved to get up early when he stayed at Sagamore and coast down the hill on his bicycle, of some book he was reading— The Young Section Hand was a great favorite and was thrillingly related on the installment plan—of his pets, of a robbers' den to be soon constructed in the woods and to be kept a dead secret from all girls, of his ambition to be some day the engineer of a train running into Oyster Bay!

One day he looked up at me, after a long silence, and said, "Do you know, there is a clock at Sagamore that never goes. It always says half past three." Then he added, with all the dramatic power of childhood's simplicity, "You see, Uncle Quentin always used to wind that clock. No one else touched it. And now—it never goes. It always says half past three."

It was so easy for me to visualize Quentin's pranks as described in his father's Letters after knowing Richard, for he was always experimenting in some new activity, and I would not have been in the least surprised had he pulled forth from his pocket toads or snakes or other friends of the fields and woods.

With the small boy clinging to his hand he walked about the grounds.

We used to stop for several other children on our way to school and part of the trip was apt to be exciting, with sundry active bodies and eager tongues and oc-

casionally some one had to be curbed. With Richard, I could get immediate response by appealing to his sense of justice. Is that fair? If it were not fair, he was against it and used his influence over the others to array them on his side; for he was one to whose ideas others naturally gravitated and he possessed every quality of leadership. How tame and uneventful were our rides on those days when Richard did not go to school; how wistfully the other children missed him who gave such zest to life, whether by telling stories and conundrums or by introducing as companions some of his rapidly increasing family of bunnies, to be taken to school and given to various friends.

It was not always into the straight and narrow paths that he led his followers, for Richard was a very human little boy, bubbling over with mischievous plans. When any of his friends arrived to visit him, poor Annie, the nurse, was kept very busy keeping track of their pranks. There was the time when, intoxicated with the delights of ownership, he cut all the branches within his reach from his mother's favorite larch tree with his new hatchet, to make a roof for his tree house, and then told her as she tucked him in that night, "Mother, I am the baddest boy in the world." Edith, whom he called his "Precious Duck," was his willing slave, and tagged along in the fashion of small sisters, to engage unquestioningly in any enterprise where girls were allowed.

Theodore Roosevelt knew every person in Oyster Bay by name. It was "Hello, Bill!" and "Good morning, Jim!" wherever he passed through the village. Richard, also had this strong love for his fellow men and interest in their lives, and was continually leaning from the car to shout and wave joyously at every acquaintance.

"That's the lady who works at our house," he explained, after a greeting of particular heartiness.

He was most solicitous about the driver, Fred, fearing that his hands must be cold, and as a Christmas present gave him a pair of warm gloves, winning thereby one more admirer.

"Some kid!" Fred would say, as we dropped Richard at his home, waving us a joyous goodbye.

Through all of his talk ran the thread of his love for his father and mother, the joy of their constant and close companionship.

"Father is very good to me," he confided. "He is always planning something nice for me."

His father taught him to shoot, the two practising first on targets; together they explored the woods, studying the birds and small woods animals; together they went swimming and boating and driving.

Richard was seldom separated from his father or mother long enough to write them letters, but there were a few occasions when he wrote short, characteristic little missives—"I don't like home when mother is away," he told me —here is one of them:

"Dear mother we miss you very much when are you coming back. Annie (the nurse) and I were burying a little bird. how is the little bunny family. please bring the cuckoo clock back. I have to go for the mail now good-bye. your love son Richard."

"Dear farther I miss you very. the brook has washed the road. It has become a river. I was nearly knocked over in it yesterday. We are having a great time up hear and there is a well at the back from your loving Richard."

These were written during that last summer at Henderson House, where he had abundant opportunity to add to his store of nature lore.

"Dear mother we miss you very much. yesterday Annie found to baby owls in the maple tree. she said she wood give them to me. we had Frank's (the gardener) strawberrys. baby turtle still alive and a kiss from bunny your loveing son Richard."

Richard's father and mother both read aloud to him, although he himself was

a mighty devourer of books. As soon as he had mastered the sounds, and had acquired a small vocabulary, he began a course of reading which included everything that was carefully put in his path. The first stories that Richard heard were the dramatic tales from the Old Testament, which all children love. You will recall the discussion between Kermit and Ethel recorded in the Letters, as to the wisdom of Joseph's repeating his dream to his brothers, whom it was certain to irritate, and their decision that he must have been simple, "like Jane in the Gollywogs." Later we read, "I have also been reading them each evening from the Bible. It has been the story of Saul, David and Jonathan. They have been so interested that several times I have had to read them more than one chapter."

The old Greek hero tales Richard also loved and was early familiar with, as well as the life of his grandfather and African Game Trails.

One evening he looked up from a book to remark "Mother, I've found such pleasant words here." The following day as he was riding his pony along a woodland path, he turned back to his mother, saying, "I can make words, too."

"What do you mean, Richard, you can 'make words'?"

Then he said slowly, "The little breezes made their way through the great trees, and the sun shone through the leaves, and the birds sung and the brook rushed—no, roared."

It was just that kind of day.

Among the treasures in his bookcase, a few of the many he read, are The Book of Knowledge, The Burgess Bird Book, Young Section Hand, by Burton Stevenson, Robin Hood, Water Babies, Stories of American Discoverers, Boys' Book of Railroads, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Through the Looking Glass, Alice in Wonderland, Curdie and the Goblins, The Princess and Curdie, Mother Nature Stories, Fairy Tales, Children of the New Forest, Hans Brinker.

One of the books had a charming story connected with it. There came in the mail one day a package and a letter for Richard Derby, Jr. The package contained a copy of The Man Eaters of Tsavo, the letter was from a mining engineer, who, hearing of Richard's interest in African Game Trails, was sending the book to him, saying "he must be a hunter some day, like his grandfather."

"He was a blessed little boy who walked into your heart and never left."

The American people expect much of one bearing Roosevelt blood.

The family lived one summer in a rented house in the country where they found the usual nondescript collection of books that one expects in such a place. Mrs. Derby weeded out those for which she did not care and thought that nothing of uncertain value was left; she was startled but amused to see Richard absorbed in a turquoise blue covered volume.

"What are you reading?" she inquired.

"The Leopard Lady," he answered. "It's a fine book," he assured her. "It has 'bwana,' and 'simba' and 'safari' and lots of the words I know in grandfather's book about Africa."

It proved to be a perfectly legitimate, very grown-up novel—The Leopard Lady, by Stewart Edward White, a story of Africa.

Richard was very fond of Treasure Island, which his father read to him, and took for himself the character of Jim Hawkins, while his father, for some reason known only to Richard's own curious little mind, he called John Silver!

The book which was so real to Richard that he actually lived it, was one of which few children today have ever heard—Pilgrim's Progress. So much had he read and thought about it that he knew whole scenes by heart, and when he and his mother were on their walks, one of their favorite pastimes was to dramatize the adventures of the pilgrim. Back of the Derby home is a steep hill; this was the Hill Difficulty. The Slough of Despond was a marshy lowland nearby; the Valley of Humiliation with all its terrors must be safely passed before reaching Doubting Castle, which to the uninitiated might seem to resemble a water tower.

Richard was always a pilgrim, but when they came to the last scenes in the book, he would tell his mother that he was Mr. Greatheart and that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was his grandfather. Last of all came that beautiful scene which has been applied by others to Theodore Roosevelt.

"After this it was noised abroad, that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons. . . . Then he said 'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage.'"

When Richard, as Mr. Greatheart, received the sword, he would lift his beautiful grave eyes to his mother, poignantly aware that Mr. Valiant-for-truth had indeed "passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Because Richard possessed this insight into the real values of life, his grandmother used to call him her "Peter Grimm boy," from that sympathetic child character who alone owned a soul sensitive enough to transfer the message from the spirit of Peter Grimm to mortals.

"The Scotch call such children 'fey'," says Belasco of this character, "and prophesy short lives for them. And the prophesy usually comes true."

A direct physical inheritance from his grandfather were the attacks of asthma which Richard had to fight. During these times he would have to stay in bed, choked for breath and most miserable, but his mother always planned some pleasure for him. In this connection, I wish to share part of a letter in which Ethel Roosevelt says of her son: "He had early learned what some of us can never master, and it came to him as dew to flowers—that within pain and weariness and disappointment and sorrow lie hidden the deep reward—not compensation, but by taking them rightly, a transformation. One of those last days he said to me, 'If I never had asthma, we would never have had all the lovely times together.'"

This extraordinary depth of character which shone forth from his brown eyes, making his mother call him her "deep-eyed boy," was one of the things which caused all who loved him to look ahead with glad and radiant confidence, wondering only how he would give himself to the world.

"What a great, tall boy you are getting to be, Richard," said Mrs. Derby.

Instead of drawing up in pride, he realized that she grieved a bit at losing her *little* son, and flinging himself into her arms he cried, "But mother—I shall always be your little boy!"

His going was sudden. Some unexplained infection gripped him and in a few days he had quietly slipped away. Then there began to pour in a series of amazing letters—letters from all kinds

of people, some of whom the father and mother did not know, but whose lives their child had touched in some part of his short, busy existence.

From his best boy friend came the quaintest letter, ending, "Our house is desolat and I know your house is too."

A very sweet tribute came from one of the children who rode to school with us each day.

"Mother," she said solemnly, "Richard was a gentleman."

The judgment of his peers!

Richard's room is used daily; it is a center for the child life of the home. Three girls make the house merry, for little Judith Quentin Derby has recently arrived to join Edith and Sarah Alden. The little sisters speak naturally and happily about Richard; they are in and out of his room—with its museum, its bookcase filled with favorites, its stuffed owl and hornet's nest and beloved cuckoo clock with the tiny American flag he had pasted on, with its pictures of battleships and painting of the Rough Rider. On one wall is hung a copy of the poem "Fighting Stock," by Daniel Henderson, which was published first in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE; it is done by hand, by Sing Sing Number 66460, and was a present to Richard's grandfather. On another wall hangs a picture of the Battle of Chattanooga, a cherished gift from his father; a vivid sketch of an airplane flying against a turquoise sky came from a friend who felt so keenly the resemblance between Richard and his Uncle Quentin.

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Quentin Roosevelt, 2nd, Richard's little cousin who was named after his favorite uncle.

Eight years is a short span—seemingly a mere promise of the future—but a life is not measured by the number of its years. A friend who knew Richard for a few weeks that last summer and who came to love him deeply, has summed up the impression which his personality has left with so many of us:

"He was more than a child; he was a person and a friend and a potential . . hero, and also a blessed, blessed little boy who walked into your heart and never left."

So little Mr. Greatheart went to meet Mr. Valiant-for-truth in the Celestial City. And surely for him, too, "all the trumpets sounded."

While Song Enthralled

Break, break, break on my heart with your beauty,
I said;
I will eat of your meat and your bread
And be comforted.

Oh, there were many ships and tall
Upon your seas, and delicate and small
Fairies invisible and hills of gold,
Turreted proudly, fold on fold.
Deep in your voice were lovers walking
And simple ancient fishermen talking
And proud inevitable things,
Riding out on quick wings;
Then things long dead came forth and stood
Tall in their giant wonderhood
On the edge of the world,
And my soul was hurled
Down the long pit where the sorrows are;
Then up the pale peaks where the way is a star
I climbed, and knew for a little space
Beauty with death and wonder in her face.
And the gates of my spirit opened wide
To make room for all who go out on the tide—
Room for the army of those who go
Ways only sacred lovers may know—
I shared their cryings and felt their tears,
Folded deep in the crystal of years.

Then you sent your clean swords stabbing through
The old deep griefs that the spirit knew.
You burned with a thousand scorching flames,
As one who secretly names
The unnameable one. The scorpion whips
Of beauty's flaying were on my back. I felt the lips
Of death burn near, and clear upon the air
I heard an incommunicable prayer.

Let me die now and be very dead,
I said,
If blinded by eyes and deafened by ears
I go through heavy oxen years.
Breathe over me, winds, that I may be
One with your shoreless ecstasy;
And when your bright swords thrust through the flesh
Let me be caught in no false rose-mesh;
Let me not feel I was so small
That hardly was I born at all.
But let winds and tides and near frail things,
And wounded things, and things with wings
Have their home in me,
Unendingly.

Break, break, break on my heart with your beauty,
I said
And was comforted,
For while I drank of your surging sea
I came on the lanes of eternity.

I. O. U.

By GEORGE S. BROOKS

Illustrated by John R. Neill

PATROLMAN DONOGHUE posed on the curb, swinging his night stick by the leather thong. A dozen youngsters, who had been snowballing sedate citizens, caught a glimpse of the uniformed figure and hastily departed, leaving the blue-coated autocrat in possession of the corner. Patrolman Donoghue smiled gravely at their retreat and thought of the supper of sauerkrout and weiners promised to him at midnight by a friendly saloon keeper.

Nitro Marionetti possessed an irrepressible sense of humor and a sense of humor is excess baggage for any safe-blower to carry.

Weary of tooting upon his saxophone, Nitro wandered from his room and spied the policeman. He realized the desirability of establishing his identity with the police and approached the officer.

"Good evening, mister," the safe-blower began, with a guileless smile.

Patrolman Donoghue surveyed him, from his fedora hat to the squeaky brown oxford shoes. Marionetti was too well-dressed to be entirely satisfactory to the officer, who regarded stylish "furriners" with deep suspicion. "Good evening," he replied. His manner was harsh; his tone the same he used to discourage talkative drunks.

"I'm looking for a job," Marionetti continued. "How's chances in this town?"

"What kind of job?"

"I'm a steam-fitter," returned Nitro, who had learned the essentials of this trade while in the reformatory.

Patrolman Donoghue thawed preceptibly. "You should have no trouble landing a job," he assured him. "From the money them plumbers charge it ought to pay better than bootlegging." With a nod to Nitro, the policeman sauntered down the street.

Nitro followed him at a safe distance. He was anxious to learn exactly what kind of a "copper" he had to deal with.

At Pennsylvania Avenue Donoghue found a fight occupying the sidewalk. Marionetti, lingering across the street, heard the officer address the combatants.

"There's more assaults in that red ink you drink, than there is in the criminal code," Donoghue told them. He kicked one of the bystanders, as a warning against unlawful assembly, and continued his march. Nitro followed behind.

Outside of Parietti's saloon, the guardian of the law heard the familiar "click-click" of dice, rolling on the tile floor. He opened the door and entered, while Marionetti peered through the window. As the policeman appeared, seven or eight crap-shooters made a hurried dive for their money.

"Have you no brains?" demanded Patrolman Donoghue. "Why don't ye buy school books and red sleds for your children, instead of wasting yer money in felonious games of chanct and skill? And if ye must gamble, why don't ye do it in the back room where I can't hear it?"

He closed the door and walked on, down the street, majestic and imposing. Marionetti followed, pleased with each additional light shed upon the policeman's technique of criminal procedure.

In the middle of the block a child ran from a house and tugged at the tail of

the policeman's overcoat. "Please, Mister," begged the little boy. "My pa hit my ma and now she's crying."

Patrolman Donoghue frowned down upon the youngster. "Didn't I tell your mother that I have no right to go into your house and arrest your father? Didn't I tell her to procure a warrant? You run back and tell your ma that if she'll get your pa out in the street, I'll reason with him and teach him that no American ever hits a lady, even when she deserves it."

The child grasped his meaning and darted back into the house, from which came the sounds of strife.

"The ignorance of them people!" complained Officer Donoghue to everyone within ear shot. "No matter how often you explain the criminal code to them, they never remember."

Evidently the child delivered the message to his mother, for a minute later the husband opened the door.

"Who wants me?" he demanded.

Patrolman Donoghue crouched in the shadow of the house and waited.

"Who wants me?" repeated the man, growing bolder as he saw no one. Intent upon impressing his family with his fearlessness, he stepped from the doorway to the porch. "I'll break him in two," he boasted. "I'll lick anyone who disturbs me."

Just at that minute, he came within reach of Officer Donoghue's long arm. "Please, Mister," he whined as the policeman's fingers clutched his collar. "Please, Mister. I was just going to get the doctor for my wife."

"If I done my duty," returned Patrolman Donoghue grimly. "If I done my duty, you'd call a doctor for yourself."

The man twisted and squirmed but could not escape.

"A big man like me can't hit a little runt like you," continued Donoghue. "All I can do is spit on you. Or spank you." Suiting the action to the word, Donoghue placed one foot on the steps of the house and laid Guisseppi across his knee, as one might a small and naughty boy. All the neighbors' children gathered about them, cheering wildly. Tears of rage and terror ran down Guisseppi's cheeks.

"And one to grow on," concluded Donoghue, with a tremendous slap. "If them people on the school board seen me, they'd hire me to teach in night school, most likely."

Guisseppi, humbled, weeping and abashed fled inside his house. Donoghue turned and faced the children who had collected. "You can see what will happen to you, if you don't mend your ways," he admonished them. "Be off with you."

Nitro Marionetti trotted back to his room, satisfied with his first analysis of Donoghue's character. The policeman, with a sense of duty well done, strolled to the end of his beat, where he met Sergeant Grady.

"All quiet?" asked his superior.

"There's only one place quieter," replied Donoghue. "I seen it when I was in the navy. I was gunner's mate on the Utah and we put in a port called Naples. That's the place all them tough wops come from."

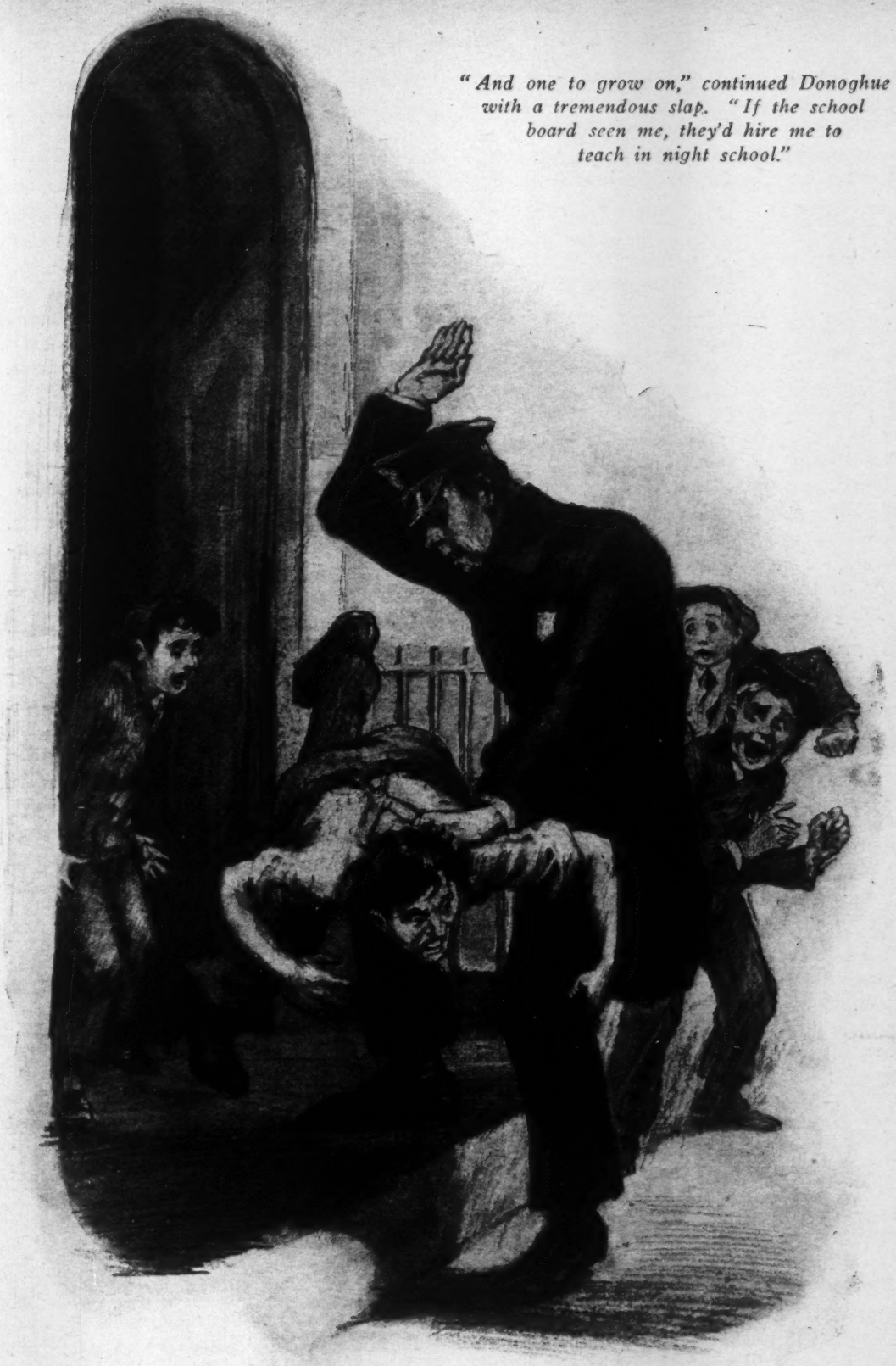
"I seen it in the movies," affirmed Sergeant Grady.

"Well, across the bay from Naples there's a place called Pompeii," Donoghue continued. "It's an old-fashioned sort of town, that was all buried once by a volcano. Nobody lives there and nobody has lived there for fifty years or so. The guide said it was longer, but you can't believe them fellers. And next to that town of Pompeii, my beat is the deadest place in the world."

"Did you go look at the volcano that buried the town?" asked the practical sergeant.

"We intended to. But we got into a crap game and forgot it."

In an effort to oblige Patrolman Donoghue with the excitement he craved, Nitro Marionetti raised the rear window of Mi Lady's Silk Shoppe on a moonless Saturday night. He held up the



"And one to grow on," continued Donoghue with a tremendous slap. "If the school board seen me, they'd hire me to teach in night school."

watchman with a mail-order automatic pistol and opened the safe with the aid of hammers and explosives, motions as familiar to him as those required to eat attenuated spaghetti.

When he trotted away from the building, Nitro carried his professional tools and $700 wrapped in a canvas wrench case, such as plumbers carry. Further to mystify the authorities, he carried a blow torch and soldering materials in his left hand.

Near his rooming house, the safe-blower encountered Patrolman Donoghue.

"Nice evening," was the greeting which Nitro flashed at the officer, accompanied by a dazzling smile.

"Not so bad. Did you find a job?"

Nitro smiled again, thinking of his tools and the Silk Shoppe money. "Jobs is easy to get in this town," he assured Donoghue.

"You'll never get into no trouble, if you're willing to work," observed the policeman. He nodded in confirmation of the dictum and walked on, leaving Marionetti giggling on the sidewalk.

The success of this preliminary venture filled Nitro with ambition and the police with vain regrets. The officers photographed the fingerprints found on the safe door, but discarded this clue when they were identified as belonging to the head bookkeeper. Nitro had taken the precaution to wear gloves. Various suspects were arrested, questioned and discharged.

Emboldened by his success, Nitro laid low for two weeks and then one night dropped down the coal chute of the Anderson shoe factory, which building is next to Police Headquarters. When the watchman appeared to shovel coal under the boiler, Nitro showed him the muzzle of the same automatic pistol that had subdued the caretaker of the silk store, tied and gagged the man, and attacked the Anderson safe, which contained the weekly factory pay roll. Marionetti transferred the money to his canvas bag and walked out of the building $3,500 richer than when he entered.

On his way to his room he took the precaution to speak to Patrolman Donoghue, who had just finished his midnight lunch in the Pride of Naples restaurant.

"Still working?" the policeman asked.

Nitro nodded. "I'm thawing water pipes."

"You should be careful with that blow torch ye carry," said the policeman. "More fires is set with them things than you can count. Do you always work at night?"

"Yes. But if I keep working as good as I am now, I'll have a day job before long."

Just then a police automobile filled with detectives appeared upon the scene. Patrolman Donoghue saluted the sergeant in charge.

"Who's that fellow you're talkin' to?" demanded one of the plain clothes men. He pointed at Nitro. For the first time the safe-blower trembled. His safety depended upon Donoghue and he did not know how much his plumbing alibi had impressed the policeman. One of the detectives jumped from the machine and walked to where Marionetti was standing.

"He's all right," Donoghue motioned the officer away. "I know him," he continued, with a hoarse whisper. "He's a plumber, who works nights. His room is in the next block."

"He's a dead ringer for the man who just blew the Anderson Shoe Company safe and lifted the pay roll," returned the detective. "He fits the watchman's description of the yegg like a glove."

"Ye don't tell me!" returned Donoghue. "But this lad is all right. If I see any suspicious looking characters who resemble this boy, I'll lock them up.

"Keep your eyes open," the detectives ordered, and drove on.

"They wanted to pinch me?" asked Nitro, with innocent surprise, after the automobile had rolled away.

Donoghue nodded. "They did so. If I hadn't knowed you and been able to speak a good word for you, you'd be on

your way to Headquarters this minute for the worst shaking-down a man ever had."

Nitro thanked him with genuine fervor and went to his room, where he alternately laughed and counted his money until daylight. In the meantime, Patrolman Donoghue and other unfortunate policemen stood guard upon roads and railroads, waiting to arrest the bandit who had looted the safe within a stone's throw of the central police station and thereby laid the department open to the ridicule of ill-natured newspaper columnists.

Had it not been for Nitro's idea of humor, he might have acquired the $10,000 he desired as necessary capital to open a blind tiger in Buffalo. This was the climax of the safe-blower's ambitions. After the Anderson job he noted with satisfaction that his savings had mounted to nearly $7,000 and he knew that two successful evenings would see the balance of the sum collected.

He had even chosen the site of the prohibition saloon he expected to open. He intended to place a cigar case near the doorway of the store and run a partition across the room. On the partition would be a sign, "Work Room—Keep Out." Behind it would be an ice box, tables and chairs. It was Nitro's plan to establish himself there, with a look-out man behind the cigar case to pass upon the customers and allow only the regular fellows admittance to the oasis in the rear. And in the back room the owner would serve expensive and potent but illegal concoctions in bold defiance of the law. Nitro was aware of the fact that a political career can be builded upon such a foundation.

Instead of waiting a decent interval for the echoes of the explosion of the Anderson safe to die away, he resumed his activities just a week later. Nitro pried open a door of the elevator shaft, in the rear of the Peerless Drug Company store and made his exit the same way, forty minutes later. When he went out, he carried $1,100 of the Peerless money with him. He picked up the blow torch, which he had left in the ash barrel outside, and which served him as a passport through police-haunted streets.

No one paid any attention to Nitro, who might have reached his room without speaking to a soul, had he not spied Patrolman Donoghue surreptitiously smoking a cigarette in a doorway near North Street. The sight of the uniform tickled the safe-blower's fancy. He deliberately crossed the street and approached the officer.

"Hello there, lad," said Donoghue, puffing upon the cigarette, "Still on the old job?"

"Yes, mister. I wish you'd do me a favor. I lost all my money in a crap game to-night. I wish you'd let me take two dollars until I get paid to-morrow night. I got to have money to buy something to eat."

Patrolman Donoghue's hand went down into his pocket. No person in distress ever applied to him in vain.

"Here you are," he responded, handing a crumpled bill to the spurious plumber. "It's a good thing you didn't ask me for no more, because that's all the money I got until my check comes."

"I won't take your last dollar," Nitro offered to return the bill, with a perfect understanding of Donoghue's nature.

The policeman refused to take it. "All I need is my supper," the policeman insisted. "The boy in the lunch car will trust me. You ain't so well known around here as I am," he added with modest pride. "Keep the money until you get paid. You'll need it."

Nitro thanked him profusely and moved away. He was shaking with laughter. He decided to go to Canada and visit Black Tom in prison. He knew that Tom would laugh for a week when he heard how Nitro had borrowed two dollars from a cop, while he was carrying over a thousand dollars of stolen money.

"As soon as I start my saloon," Nitro thought, "I'll have that two dollars framed and hung on the wall."

Through discreet conversations with a driver for the Genesee Ice Cream Company, the yeggman learned that the firm's heaviest collections were on Monday and that on Monday nights there was usually about $2,000 in the safe, waiting for the banks to open Tuesday morning. Nitro determined to "clean up" the ice cream safe and quit the business.

Monday morning, Nitro notified his landlady in the rooming house that he expected to leave town that day. He gave her no forwarding address. He then packed his trunk with his best clothes, his saxophone upon which he had become quite proficient, his fur overcoat and his receipt for mixing orange blossom cocktails from synthetic gin. The trunk was sent by express to his former lodging house in Buffalo. Next he tied his $8,000 in a money belt about his waist, pulled on his warmest clothes and covered them with overalls and gathered up the other articles of his plumber's disguise.

Just after ten o'clock that night, Nitro, carrying his professional equipment, dodged through an alley to avoid meeting Patrolman Donoghue whose friendship had become valueless to the yeggman. He reached the back door of the ice cream factory in safety.

He waited patiently until he saw the watchman's lantern flash in the basement. He then jimmied open the door and fastened it on the inside. He crept noiselessly down the basement stairs.

Pat Doran, the watchman, was knocking down clinkers from the boiler grates. His first knowledge of Nitro's presence was when a masked figure jammed the business end of a pistol into the small of his back.

"Hands up!"

"Yes, indeedy," returned Pat, with great good nature, suiting the action to the word.

Nitro backed him into the corner, took the revolver from his pocket, tied him to an iron post. He then gagged the watchman.

"If you make any noise, you'll have more holes through you than the top of a pepper box," Nitro promised.

Pat motioned to him to remove the gag. The safe-blower obliged by complying.

"I just wanted to tell you I'd rather chew on my supper than that old rag," Pat remarked, with a grin. Marionetti laughed, replaced the gag, and proceeded up the stairs to the office.

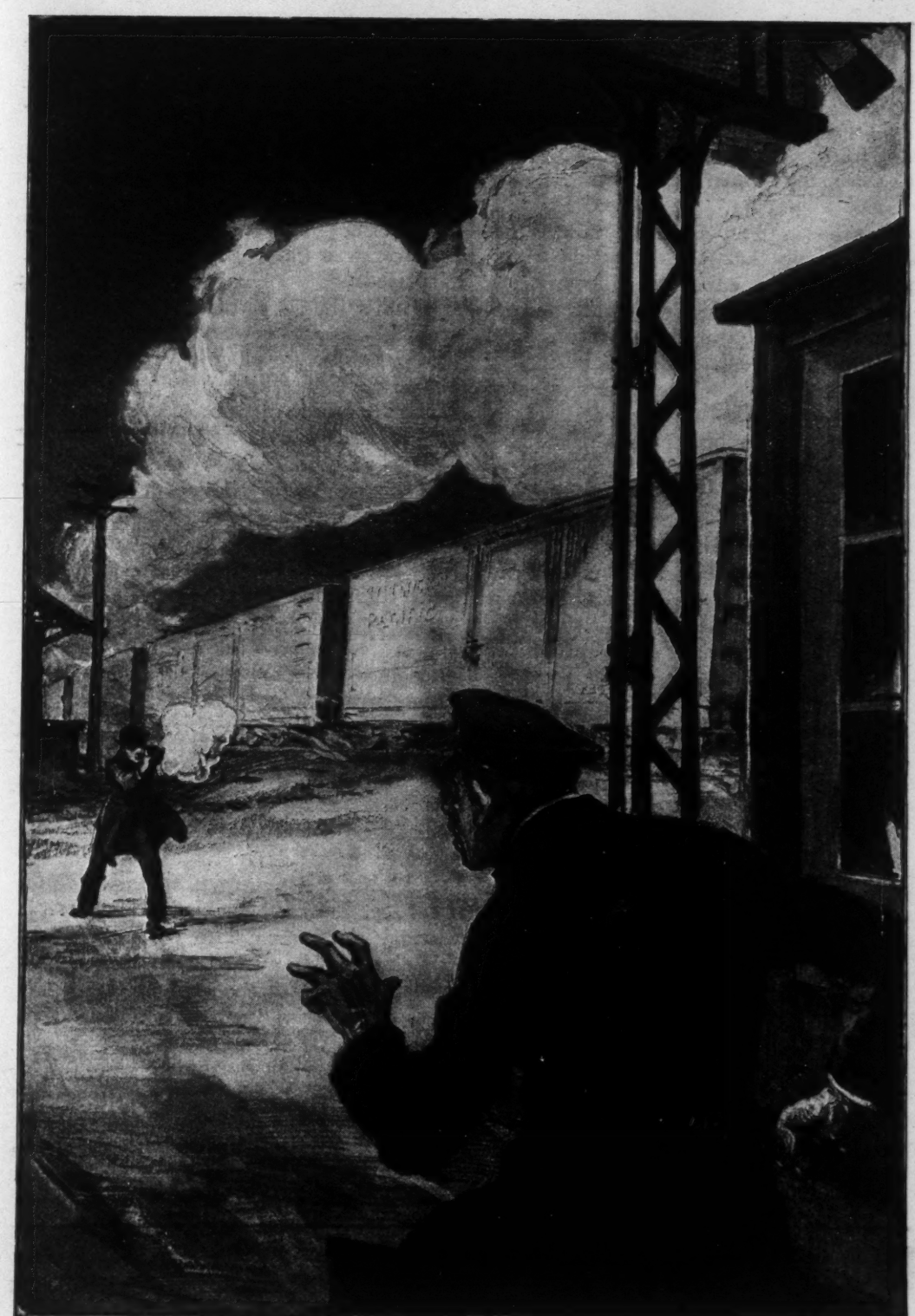
From his tool kit he took his sixteen-pound copper hammer with which he could pound upon the steel door and make a minimum of sound. He fitted the handle in the heavy metal of the hammer and wrapped a cloth over the dial of the safe. Only a few blows were necessary. The dial dropped on the office rug.

Next from the tool kit came a metal punch. This he held against the dial spindle with one hand, while he tapped it with the hammer. The spindle was driven back into the safe, as a cork is pushed down the neck of a bottle. It left a small cavity. With great care he took from an inside pocket a small hot water bottle, which contained the liquid explosive. Black Tom had taught him that there was no danger of jarring nitro-glycerine when carried in such a receptacle. Gently, as an apothecary handles a priceless drug, the yeggman poured a little of the yellow liquid into the hole.

He replaced the rubber bottle in his pocket and produced a fuse, with a long wire connection. The detonator cap was put in the cavity of the safe door and covered with putty. The wire was run to an electric light socket. Nitro threw the office rug and two automobile robes he found over the safe, to deaden the sound of the explosion and touched the end of the fuse wire to the light current.

A dull boom came from the safe. The building shook. Drawing his pistol, Nitro ran to the window and watched. There was no commotion in the street.

He returned to the safe. The doors sagged. Thick dust seeped through the



" That's the way them European governments pay their debts," he muttered. " If it's trouble ye want, I'm full of it."

ruptured insulation and covered the floor. Half a dozen blows upon the door were sufficient to complete the work. The strong box was opened.

As he stowed packages of bills through his clothing, Nitro counted them roughly. He estimated that there was $2,500. Without a word to the gagged man in the basement, he cautiously raised the window, saw that the alley was deserted, and dropped to the sidewalk.

First of all, the yeggman hastened to the river. Into the deep water, just above the hydro-electric dam, he tossed his valuable tools. Then he carefully lowered the rubber bag of glycerine into the water and watched it sink. His safe-blowing exploits were over.

He knew that roads and railroads would be watched. His success was so complete that he decided to take no chances with a passenger train. He determined to steal a ride to Buffalo on a freight train and establish an alibi in that city, should it be necessary to prove his presence there, at the time that the safe was blown. With this idea in mind he walked to the railroad yards. He waited, standing close beside a box car on a spur track, until a west-bound fast freight train should leave.

Not one hundred feet away, in a darkened flagman's shanty, sat Patrolman Donoghue, warming his hands on the flagman's stove. He had extinguished the light so that Sergeant Grady would not notice him, should he pass by.

A west-bound freight train, number thirty-eight, carrying perishable freight, pulled out through the yards. Nitro ran out to board it and realized that the cars were moving too rapidly for him to jump on with any degree of safety. He was walking back to the spur track when Patrolman Donoghue, peering through the shanty window, observed him.

"There's the skin that owes me two dollars," said the policeman to himself. "And I'm a goat if he ain't goin' to beat his way out of town, without payin' me. We'll see about it."

Donoghue opened the door of the shanty and called to Nitro.

"Come here," he ordered.

Nitro turned.

He saw the blue overcoat and the brass buttons. He had forgotten the two dollar loan, but he remembered the ice cream company safe. He drew his pistol and shot wildly at Donoghue.

Never was Patrolman Donoghue more surprised.

"That's the way them European governments pay their debts," he muttered. He took his own revolver from the holster and fired over Marionetti's head. "If it's trouble ye want, I'm full of it," he shouted.

The yeggman was cornered. There was no escape to the north where the train was moving across the street. In a fraction of a second, Nitro calculated his chances and ran toward the train. With a mighty leap he sprang blindly at the end of a car, his fingers clutching at the iron handles, as his body straightened out. Gasping and trembling at his escape from death under the car wheels, his foot touched the iron step and he was able to draw himself to safety.

Patrolman Donoghue, who noted this maneuver as he ran toward the fugative, was in no mood to allow his debtor to escape; particularly as the debtor had used him for a target during revolver practice. Without slackening his speed he tucked his firearm into his pocket with his gloves. He wished to be bare handed as he jumped so that his fingers would be sure to grip the iron handles on the freight car ladder. Only an insane man. a fugitive or an Irishman would have taken that desperate chance of leaping aboard a train that moved faster every second.

"It ain't the two dollars that makes me mad. It's his impudence. He's a sassy bird and I should teach him a lesson," he said aloud, as he jumped for the end of a box car.

The policeman's fingers grasped the iron, but the weight of his body almost tore them loose again. Beneath him

rumbled the wheels. He gritted his teeth and hung on. His foot fumbled for the step, slipped and touched the journal box. Again, by a painful effort, he recovered his balance, took a fresh grip on the iron, and drew himself to comparative safety. But on the frosty iron handle he left the skin from the palms of his hands.

He thrust his arm through the handle iron and inspected his bleeding hands.

"You dirty plumber," he remarked, without heat. "You'll owe me interest on that money, by the time we get to Batavia." Batavia, sixty miles west, was the first stop the train made.

Donoghue, ignoring the pain, pulled his gloves over his bleeding hands and climbed to the top of the car. The lights of the city were receeding in the distance.

"I'll have to think me up some good lie to tell the sergeant. I'll be lucky if I get back by to-morrow noon."

Donoghue found himself riding only a few cars ahead of the caboose and the rear of the train. The logical procedure for him was to walk there and rest in comfort until the train slowed down. Then with the aid of the train men he could capture Nitro.

But the policeman was in no mood to be logical. On a freight car, somewhere between him and the engine, was his prisoner. "If I don't get me hands on him pretty soon, I'll be so mad I'll hurt him when I do catch him," he concluded. So the officer walked forward, over the top of the cars, inspecting each one carefully to make sure that Nitro had not crouched on the ladder at the side to escape him.

Through Coldwater, Chili, Churchville and Bergen the train rumbled without decreasing its speed. No brakeman braved the cold and ice to inspect the cars, but all huddled close to the fire in the engine or to the caboose stove. Patrolman Donoghue and Nitro Marionetti had the train, the wind, the frost and the darkness to themselves.

Donoghue's progress forward was slow. He was chilled to the bone and he found that it was necessary to be very careful not to slip on the ice-covered car roofs and fall under the wheels. His inspection of each car, too, was deliberate. The train was long. Forty miles had jolted past before he approached the engine and the car on which Nitro was riding.

When the yeggman reached the top of the freight car he had boarded, he remembered that in winter the warmest place to ride on a train is in the ice box of a meat car. At each end of the large refrigerator cars is a huge compartment where cakes of ice are dropped. The opening is on the roof. These are seldom locked. Nitro found one, raised the cover and let himself down into the empty ice chamber and stood there on a ledge, his head protruding like a turtle's from the shell.

Nitro had not considered the possibilities of Donoghue's following him on board the train. He expected that the officer would telegraph ahead to have the train searched and he decided to jump from the car and run, as soon as the train slackened speed.

His dismay may be imagined when he noticed the uniformed figure crawling toward him over the top of the next car.

The yeggman took his pistol in his right hand, aimed carefully and fired. The bullet knocked off Donoghue's cap and inflicted a slight scalp wound. The policeman flattened himself on the roof and glanced ahead to see the spot from which the bullet had come.

"Now you owe me four dollars and a half. That was a new cap I was wearing," the policeman growled.

Nitro waited, calculating his chances of killing the other with the five bullets left in the magazine of the pistol. Donoghue wriggled along the roof of the car, until he came to the ice chest. Following the example of the safe blower, he raised the cover and dropped into the compartment. They were now riding in opposite ends of the same car.

The train slowed down for the crossing at West Bergen. Nitro raised himself from the hole, only to drop back hastily when a bullet from Donoghue's gun splintered the board beside his hand.

"Take that, ye dirty plumber. You're givin' me a cold in me head." The policeman had found that the handkerchief he had tied over his head was inadequate covering.

For another hour the train rumbled on. Then ahead they saw the lights of Batavia. Nitro with a sickening fear that he was trapped, attempted to drive Donoghue to cover, by firing his five remaining bullets at his head. He then clambered out of his compartment, only to hear a shot whistle over his head like an angry hornet. The train slowed down. It stopped. Donoghue grasped his night stick.

"It will give me more satisfaction to beat him up than it will to kill him," he remarked. "Besides, if I killed him, I'd never get my money back."

Down the track, running along beside the train, came a squad of policemen and railroad workers, all armed.

Donoghue sprang from the hole where he had been hidden, ran over the top of the car and brought his night stick down on Nitro's head like a bolt of lightning. "I got him," he called down to the Batavia policemen on the ground below. He pulled Nitro from the ice chest and handcuffed him.

"Is that the safe-blower?" demanded one of the officers who stood below.

"It is not. It's a plumber who took a shot at me, when he was ducking out of town without paying his debts."

"Well," returned the Batavia functionary, "we got orders to search all trains for a yegg who touched off a safe in Rochester."

"Oh, oh!" said Donoghue, beginning to see a light in connection with Nitro's activities. "I got the lad you want here. We just rode out from Rochester together. I'll lower him down to you, but remember I catched him."

Nevertheless Patrolman Donoghue was not contented, even when the papers printed his picture.

"The ice cream company, the silk place, the drug store and the shoe factory and them rich people took all Marionetti's money," he complained. "The police pension fund got the reward. And I'm out me two dollars, just the same as if I hadn't caught him, so I am."

SEA LOVER

Green hills I love, with huddled sheep,
Hushed forest aisles, with wild flowers growing,
But I love best the unsheltered deep,
And sea winds blowing.

A lure lies in the wilderness,
The desert holds some hearts in thrall—
Give me the threshing billows' stress,
The storm-winds' call.

Beauty, adventure, peace are found
By some where hills and valleys are.
Give me a tall ship, outward bound,
The singing surge of the sea's profund,
And one clear guiding star.

Grace Clementine Howes

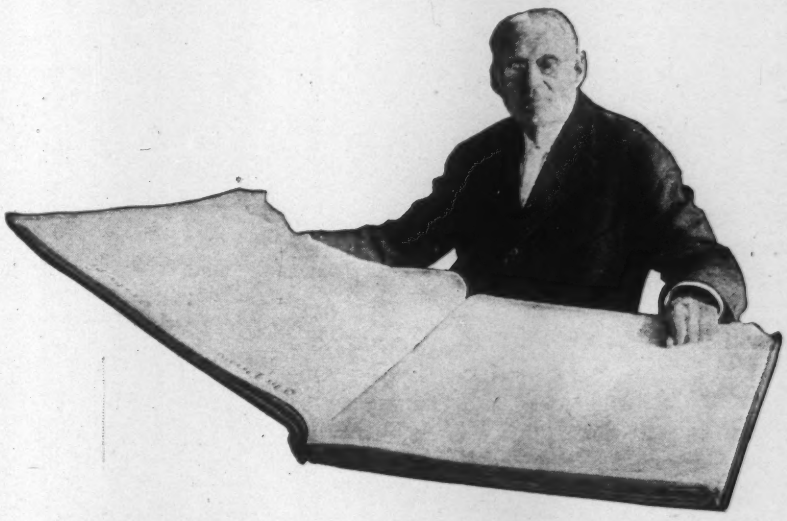
THE MIRACLE OF 1860

The Story of the Nomination of Abraham Lincoln

By ADDISON G. PROCTER

A Delegate to the Convention of 1860

THE year 1860 introduced into the life of our nation Abraham Lincoln. How this man, born to poverty and obscurity, so impressed himself on the people of this great Nation as to become the chosen and accepted leader of a great national party at the most critical time in the affairs of this country, must always remain one of the interesting chapters of our political history.



The author reading the minutes of the 1860 Convention before the Republican delegates sixty years later.

I was a delegate to that famous convention and must confess that few of us realized that day the potentialities of the raw backwoodsman we rather reluctantly nominated for President.

There met that year in the city of Chicago in the month of May a convention composed of 466 delegates from the northern and border states of the South. They were men of strong convictions, who had met for a very decided purpose. Slavery, as a political power, had been growing more and more aggressive, and dictatorial. It had trampled upon all of the compromises, had outraged the moral sensibilities of the North by its fugitive slave law, and under cover of a recent Supreme Court decision it was attempting to force itself into the free territories of the Northwest. So the convention's temper was that of exasperation.

To the west, stretching from the valley of the Missouri River, to the far-off Pacific Ocean, lay one great undeveloped empire, promising, as we all realized, tremendous possibilities. To that great empire of the West, this convention invited the people of the world, to come and help in its development and to share in its prosperity, and pledged the faith of that great party that they represented to the dedicating for all time of this great empire to the upbuilding and maintaining of free homes for free men, and so, like an intrepid gladiator this convention strode into the national arena, threw its gauntlet of defiance into the face of slavery, and proclaimed—thus far may thou go, but no farther.

The great purpose of the convention having been determined and made a part of the platform on which they stood, by an unanimous vote, the next, and most vital question was—to whom, in view of this emergency, dare we entrust the leadership? That was the question that gave us pause.

A Question of Life or Death

There had come to that convention, largely from the East, a well-organized body of delegates demanding the nomination for the Presidency of Senator William H. Seward of New York. Mr. Seward had been prominent in National affairs for many years. As Governor of the great State of New York and as United States Senator he had attracted unusual attention by his ability and clear statesmanship. He was by all odds the most prominent man of his party at that time. He was represented in that delegation by many of the most noted political manipulators of his party under the leadership of Thurlow Weed, the most adroit politician of his day. Seward had come to the convention backed by this great element, full of confidence, lacking less than sixty votes of enough to control the entire convention, pledged to him on the first ballot. The advent of the Seward delegations from the East into Chicago was the spectacular event of the pre-convention days.

Outside of this great movement for Seward all seemed confusion and disintegration.

Some Leaders of the Day

Vermont was asking for the nomination of her able and popular Senator, Jacob Collimer, who had filled many places, including a cabinet membership, and Supreme Judgeship, and always with honor.

New Jersey was asking for the nomination of her Judge and Senator, William L. Dayton, who had stood with Fremont four years before, and gone down to defeat on a ticket that many suggested "Had the head where the tail ought to be."

Pennsylvania was asking for the nomination of her able, aggressive Senator, Simon Cameron, with the whole Penn delegation at his call.

Ohio was urging the nomination of her splendid statesman, Salmon P. Chase, afterward our Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Missouri, with a splendid delegation made up of a new element that every one wanted to encourage, was asking for the naming of her eminent jurist, Judge Edward Bates.

And Illinois was there with a united and very active delegation asking for the nomination of a man who was neither judge nor senator, just a plain citizen, Abraham Lincoln.

This was the condition confronting us as we faced the responsibility of that nomination for leadership.

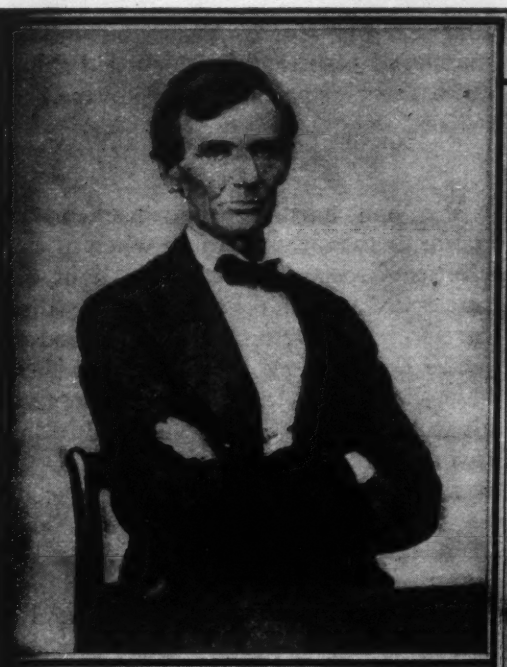
We had come to that convention from far away Kansas, from "out on the border." We had been making a very determined fight against the aggressions of the slave power, a conflict that had attracted the attention of the entire country and had been of such value to the party that they, through their national committee, had invited us to a full participation in the councils of the convention. For this reason our little delegation of six were the recipients of many marked attentions.

The morning of our arrival we were invited to an interview with Thurlow Weed at his parlor at the Richmond House.

We had a touch of trepidation as we contemplated being ushered into the presence of this noted political mogul, but we braced up our courage and went. He met us at the door of his parlor. We were introduced, as we passed in, by our chairman and seated about the big round table in the center of the room.

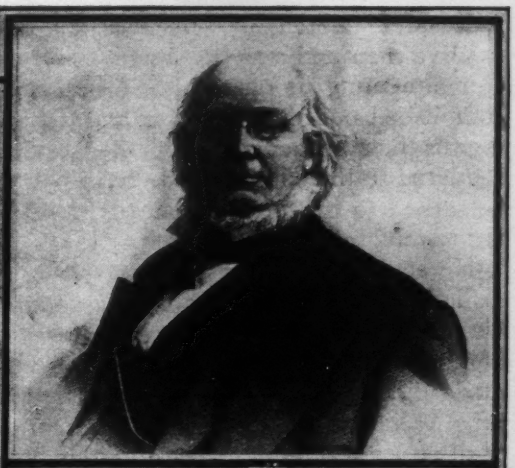
Thurlow Weed, Corsair

Mr. Weed was most gracious in his manner, and dispelled all terror from the start. He stood by the table while we were seated about him and addressed each one of us personally, calling each of us by name, which appealed to us as something remarkable, seeing that our introduction was so informal. That ability was probably one of the secrets of his wonderful influence, the

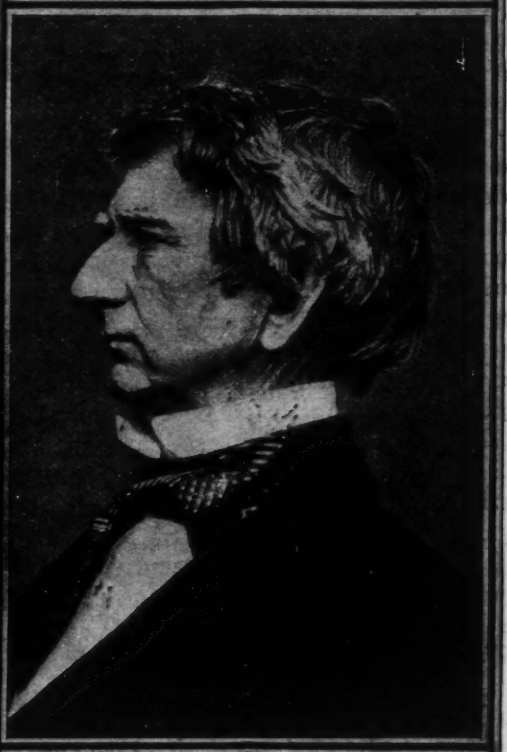


ABRAHAM LINCOLN
the "rail splitter," at the time of the convention.

THURLOW WEED
whom Mr. Procter likens to Byron's Corsair.



HORACE GREELEY
was not quite sure that Lincoln was the right man.



WILLIAM SEWARD
who was self-sacrificing enough to turn his support to Lincoln.

Photographs from Brown Brothers

ability to associate the name and the face, an adroit quality essential to the successful politician. He was an attractive men and very interesting. After complimenting us on the good work accomplished out on the border and thanking us most graciously for the service rendered to the country and to the party, he turned to the question of the impending nomination.

He said, "Four years ago we went to Philadelphia to name our candidate and we made one of the most inexcusable blunders any political party has ever made in this country. We nominated a man who had no qualification for the position of Chief Magistrate of this Republic. Why," he declared "that boy Fremont had not one single quality to commend him for the Presidency. The country realized this. We were defeated as we probably deserved to be and we have that lesson of defeat before us to-day."

He continued: "We are facing a crisis; there are troublous times ahead of us. We all recognize that. What this country will demand as its chief executive for the next four years is a man of the highest order of executive ability, a man of real statesmanlike qualities, well known to the country, and of large experience in national affairs. No other class of men ought to be considered at this time. We think we have in Mr. Seward just the qualities the country will need. He is known by us all as a statesman. As governor of New York he has shown splendid executive ability. As senator he has shown himself to be a statesman and a political philosopher. He is especially equipped in a knowledge of our foreign relations, and will make a candidate to whom our people can look with a feeling of security. We expect to nominate him on the first ballot, and to go before the country full of courage and confidence." He thanked us for the call and gave each of us a friendly handshake at parting.

As he stood at our table, so gracious, so assuring, so genial and friendly, with all our previous estimate of him dispelled, I was reminded of Byron's picture of his Corsair as "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat," politically, of course.

Horace Greeley had a Way with Him

We had hardly gotten back to our rooms at the Briggs House when in came Horace Greeley, dressed in a light drab suit with soft felt hat which he threw carelessly on our table. A clear red and white complexion, blue eyes and flaxen hair, he looked, as he stood there, for all the world like a well-to-do dairy farmer fresh from his clover field. He was certainly an interesting figure, and he seemed to find a place in our hearts at a bound. As a journalist he was full of compliments for the good news we had furnished to his Tribune and we were all drawn to him by his irresistible smile.

"I suppose they are telling you," said Greeley in a drawly tone, "that Seward is the be-all and the end-all of our existence as a party, our great statesman, our profound philosopher, our pillar of cloud by day, our pillar of fire by night, but I want to tell you boys that in spite of all this you couldn't elect Seward if you could nominate him. You must remember as things stand to-day we are a sectional party. We have no strength outside the North, practically we must have the entire North with us if we hope to win. Now, there are states of the North that cannot be induced to support Seward, and without these states we cannot secure electoral votes enough to elect. So, to name Seward means defeat. He cannot carry New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, or Iowa, and I will bring before you representative men from each of these states who will confirm what I say."

And sure enough he did, bringing to us Governor Andy Curtain of Pennsylvania, Governor Henry S. Lane of Indiana, Governor Kirkwood of Iowa, each of whom confirmed what Greeley had

said and gave their reasons for the belief.

Horace Greeley satisfied the convention that the nomination of Seward would mean defeat, and he certainly did effective work.

We had calls from strong men, all in a wide-awake determination to meet the demands of the emergency. Governor John A. Andrews of Massachusetts with quite a group of New England delegates was among them. But Greeley was the most untiring of workers. I doubt if Horace Greeley slept three consecutive hours during the entire session of that convention.

The afternoon of the day before we were apt to reach the balloting Greeley came in to see us. He was very much discouraged. He could see no way to effect a consolidation of the elements opposed to Seward and he feared that Seward would win on the first ballot. He seemed tired and depressed.

"Mr. Greeley," said one of our delegates, "whom do you really prefer to see nominated, will you tell us?"

Even Greeley was Undecided

Greeley hesitated a moment, then, sort of bracing up, he said, "I believe Edward Bates of Missouri is the safest nomination for us to make. He is a very able man and he comes from a section that we ought to have with us. He is not well-known in the East, and for that reason I am hesitating to urge him strongly, though he would make a good candidate and an able President if elected."

"Mr. Greeley," said one of our group, "what do you think of Abraham Lincoln as a candidate?"

"Lincoln," said Greeley, speaking very slowly as if weighing each word, "is a very adroit politician. He has a host of friends out here in Illinois who seem to see something in him that the rest of us haven't seen yet. He has a very interesting history that would make good campaign literature, but the trouble with Lincoln is this: he has had no experience in national affairs, and facing a crisis as we are now, I doubt if such a nomination would be acceptable. It is too risky an undertaking. I think Bates would be safer."

That was the opinion of Horace Greeley, the leader of the opposition, only a few hours before we would reach the actual balloting.

Soon after Greeley had gone we got a message on a card, saying: "A company of Unionists from the border states would like to meet you in your rooms."

"Have them come, right away," was our reply to the messenger.

A Tense Moment

Soon there came pushing their way into our little parlor a group of about thirty. They were of that sharp-eyed, broad-jawed, Scotch-Irish type; the typical mountaineers of the South, intense and volcanic, standing for something, and standing resolutely. We realized instantly that the intense moments had come. We hurriedly arranged our room to seat as many as we could, and the others stood against the four walls, filling the room so that we felt that we were in close touch with some full-charged electric battery.

As Clay stepped forward and stood at the head of the table at which we were all seated, there was deep intense silence, for a moment. As he stood posed there, ready, he was the ideal Kentucky colonel. A fascinating man, handsome, faultlessly dressed, keen and emotional. He stepped closer to the table, leaning forward with a sort of confidential gesture, as he said:

"Gentlemen, we are on the brink of a great Civil War."

He paused as if to note the effect. He seemed to have caught a look of incredulity creeping over our faces that he chose to interpret in his own way. Straightening himself, looking every inch the orator, he said:

Clay's Ultimatum

"You undoubtedly have heard that remark before, but I want you to know

that that fact will soon be flashed to you in a way you will more readily comprehend. Gentlemen, we are from the South and we want you to know that the South is preparing for war. If the man whom you nominate at this convention should be elected on the platform you have already adopted, the South will attempt the destruction of this Union. On your southern border, stretching from the east coast of Maryland to the Ozarks of Missouri, there stands to-day a body of resolute men—of whom these are the representatives—who are determined that this Union shall not be dissolved except at the end of a terrible struggle in resistance.

"It makes a wonderful difference whom you name for this leadership at this time—a wonderful difference to you, but a vital difference to us. Our homes and all we possess are in peril; we realize just what is before us. You must give us a leader at this time who will inspire our confidence and our courage. We must have such a leader or we are lost. We have such a man—a man whom we will follow to the end. We want your help," and leaning forward, in a half-suppressed whisper he said: "We want you to name Abraham Lincoln. He was born among us and we believe he understands us.

"Give Us Lincoln"

"You give us Lincoln and we will push back your battle lines from the Ohio—right at your doors—across the Tennessee into the regions where it belongs. You give us Lincoln and we will join your Union Army and drive secession to its lair. Do this for us and let us go home and prepare for the conflict!"

Here was a new issue, just at a psychological moment, when every one realized that something unusual had to happen. Up to this time it had been "How shall we keep slavery out of the territories?" Now it was the question, "How shall we make sure to preserve this Union?" On this new line of formation the Army was drawn up for its drive.

This impassioned appeal of Clay, first given to us, reached the many hesitating delegates and aroused a new vitalization all along the line. Probably the more conservative presentation of the issue made by Governor Henry S. Lane of Indiana did much to supplement the volcanic work of Clay.

Lane said to us: "I am Governor of Indiana. I know my people well. In the southern half of my State a good proportion of my people have come from slave states of the South. They were poor people, forced to work for a living, and they did not want to bring up their families to labor in competition with the slaves, so they have moved to Indiana to get away from that influence.

Indiana's Point of View

"They will not tolerate slavery in Indiana or in our free territories but they will not oppose it where it is, if it will only stay there. These people want a man of the Lincoln type as their president. They are afraid Seward would be influenced by that abolition element of the East and make war on slavery where it is. This they do not want, so they believe Lincoln, understanding this as one of their kind, would be acceptable and would probably get the support of this entire element. If at any time the South should undertake to destroy this Union in the interest of slavery, we can depend on every one of this class to shoulder his musket and go to the front in defense of a United Nation even at the cost of slavery itself."

This new issue fostered by the strong Illinois delegation under the adroit leadership of David Davis, pressed by the impetuous oratory of Clay and strengthened by the sincere and convincing arguments of Governor Lane of Indiana, was the prevailing influence that brought cohesion out of disintegration and centered the full strength of the opposition on the one man. It was an adroit piece of work, and as effective as it was adroit.

But the battle was not over. Strong appeals were being made by both elements. The Seward forces pressed the great fact of known ability, of great experience, of large acquaintance, its ability to control an element to finance a hard campaign: an element that might help to overcome any factional opposition in the doubtful states.

The opposition delegates centered around their man were pleading for a more complete recognition of the West as the coming factor in the growth and strengthening of the party, and, while conceding the value of the ability that comes from experience, claimed for their man an abundance of common sense on which they could appeal to the people with safety. This, with the great fact of the demands of that border element for consideration, that it was not safe to ignore, gave strength to the appeal of the opposition.

The issue was sharp, keen and decisive. The call to the battle of the ballot brought us face to face with the demand for a duty we could not shirk, or we would not if we could. We felt the full weight of the responsibility, a responsibility that by our act might involve the very existence of the Republic. We knew that our man, whoever he might be, must be depended on to carry the nation through the most critical experience of its history. The coming events were certainly casting their dread shadows before us.

Lincoln Receives Only 80 Votes in First Ballot

There were 466 votes in the Presidential Convention, 234 were necessary for nomination. The first ballot showed Lincoln as receiving about 80 votes. Seward had received 183, and was just within 51 votes of the number necessary to nominate him. At the second ballot the votes for the Favorite Sons had drifted toward Lincoln, giving him 100 more; at the third ballot the Favorite Son voters drifted still more toward Lincoln. As we kept tally of these counts we discovered that Lincoln was within 3 and a half votes of nomination.

Just then, as Mr. Ashman, the chairman, was about to give his decision on the result of the ballot, Judge Carter of Cleveland, a big, swarthy, pock-marked fellow with a voice like a bull, rose and shouted: "Ohio will change three or four votes from Chase to Lincoln!" That nominated Lincoln.

It was an ordeal. All I can say is—we simply put our trust in God, and He who makes no mistakes gave us Abraham Lincoln.

When Lincoln had been nominated and the excitement and confusion of the great convention were over, we soon realized that the country was not fully in accord with the risk we had assumed. "What does it mean?" That was the message from every direction. As a fact of unwritten history, I may say right here that the nomination of Lincoln at that time created at first over a large portion of the North more anxiety than enthusiasm.

No One Cheered Lincoln

Hearing that the Michigan delegation was preparing to make their return eventful, that a special train had been chartered over the Michigan Central road from Chicago to Detroit with cars to be decorated with Lincoln's portrait and mottoes, starting the campaign, "setting the ball to rolling for Lincoln," as they expressed it, I went over to the Michigan headquarters. I had decided to take a trip to my old home in the East and wanted to take part in this excursion through Michigan. Governor Austin Blair was exhorting a group of listeners to forget their disappointments—for Michigan had been for Seward from start to finish—and unite for an enthusiastic beginning of the campaign. We stopped at all the big cities on that road from Niles to Detroit. Good crowds met us at all the stops. Governor Blair and other speakers would alight and make earnest appeals to the crowds. Occasionally some one would shout "Three

cheers for Governor Blair," which were given with a will, but during that whole day, from Niles to Detroit, not one crowd offered a single cheer for Lincoln. The farther east we went the more pronounced this showing of disappointment became.

I had been at my old home some weeks and among the younger element there was a growing feeling that something ought to be done in the way of reorganization for campaign work. I went to one of our older citizens, a man prominent for years in local affairs, a sort of political oracle and I said to him, "Mr. C—— we are going to organize a Lincoln Club to-morrow evening and we want you to preside and give us something to enthuse about."

He said, "I won't do it," most emphatically.

"Why not?" I asked.

"I will tell you why not," he replied. "You fellows knew at Chicago what this country is facing. You knew we are up against the most critical time in the life of the Nation. You knew that it will take the very best ability we can produce to pull us through. You knew that above everything else these times demanded a statesman and you have gone and given us a *rail splitter*. No, I will not preside or attend."

A Noble Service

It may seem strange to us now, but this sentiment reflected the feelings of a good proportion of our people all over the East and North. It had to be met by strong faith and real work.

The campaign started heavily. Enthusiasm was lacking and conditions were getting more and more desperate. In this state of the public mind, waiting and watching, all at once there came the announcement that Mr. Seward was about to take the platform and open the campaign for Lincoln. It was our first gleam of sunshine from out of the depths of discouragement. Mr. Seward was a big man. We knew that the country would listen to what he had to say.

He opened the campaign first in the West, probably to get some of that Western spirit so lacking in the East. His political addresses at that time were masterpieces of eloquence and patriotism. Immense crowds greeted him wherever he spoke. He seemed to grow with the occasion. It was a wonderful exhibition of unselfish devotion to his party, and what the party stood for. We ought never to forget Seward for his splendid work in that campaign. He proved himself a patriot, and a true, loyal Republican as well.

As the campaign progressed the awakening brought into co-operation a new element that up to this time had held itself aloof from active participation in party politics. This was the radical anti-slavery group, the Abolitionists as they were called. They made their appeals on high moral grounds. They controlled the most eloquent class of speakers in that campaign, a class of unselfish men and women, working without any thought of compensation, devoted to the work of arousing public sentiment against the wickedness of slavery.

With the "Wide Awakes" furnishing the cheers, and this element awakening the moral sentiment of our people to action, the campaign soon put on an intensity that was overwhelming. It was a great moral upheaval all over the North, and when the sixth day of November came we found we had secured the electoral vote of every Northern State from the Atlantic to the Pacific, giving us a new birth of freedom for our heritage, and Abraham Lincoln as our accepted leader.

"I'd rather take a beatin' once 'n a while than live my days out with a no 'count man."

Illustrated by Charles Mulholland

LIGHT

By LELIA COLEMAN HARROLD

"WHAT ails the baby?" asked Sophronia, laying her bonnet and shawl on the big bed in the corner and taking the chair her daughter-in-law held out invitingly toward her.

"Just puny, I reckon," said Sally Ann, an anxious note creeping into her soft voice. "He cries somethin' terrible, 'specially nights. I 'lowed you'd know what to do fer him."

"Why, he's growin' like a weed," declared Sophronia, peering through her steel-rimmed spectacles into the face of the sleeping infant in his young mother's arms. "I wouldn't go borrowin' trouble, child. Most babies are a little out o' fix once 'n a while. You been lucky to have seven an' nairy a bad spell o' sickness with one."

"I know it," said Sally Ann. "I ain't complainin', only I—I'm feared he won't be stout like the other children."

"That's 'cause you an' Clay's so foolish over him, the only boy you got," promptly explained Sophronia. "I wouldn't set my heart on him too much, Sally Ann. Sometimes the Lord takes the things we love the most. I don't know where you got reason to worry over him not bein' stout, not so long's he's growin' like this."

Sophronia settled back in her chair and folded her big, hard hands in her lap. In the little mountain community where she lived she had been long recognized as an authority on children's diseases and the remedial value of certain native herbs. She had a real affection for Sally Ann, a feeling not unmixed with pity because of her son Clay's shiftless way of living.

"I declare, I never heard tell o' the like of boy babies," she went on, naming over her list. "Seems like every house along the Ridge has got a new boy in it. I tell Adam it's a sign of war," she added solemnly.

A shadow crept over the young mother's face as she drew the sleeping

infant nearer her warm heart. "I—I never heard tell it—was the sign o' that," she faltered, her dark eyes making unconscious appeal to Sophronia's superior wisdom—Sophronia knew about signs.

The keen, discerning eyes of the older woman were suddenly fixed upon Sally Ann's white face. "Law, child, don't take my talk so to heart," she said penitently. "It ain't nothin' but a sign—where's Clay?"

"I don't know," was the reluctant answer.

"He'd better be plowin'," grumbled Sophronia. "He ought to have his corn ground ready now. An' your garden could a' been plowed any day last week. Adam's been lookin' fer him to come after the mule. Clay waitin' fer the old man to do his plowin'—huh?"

"Clay's been complainin' pretty smart with his back lately. I reckon he don't feel any too spry," was Sally Ann's weak defense.

"Humph. He eats all right, don't he?" asked Sophronia.

"Yes," admitted Sally Ann.

"Sleeps good?"

"Yes."

Sophronia spoke sharply. There were times when her impatience with her son made her critical of his wife.

"That pain in Clay's back is mostly in his head," she said sarcastically. "You're too easy on him, Sally Ann. That's all. If you'd up an' give him a piece o' your mind once 'n a while he'd quit his triflin' ways."

"Clay's awful good to me an' the children," interposed the loyal Sally Ann. "I can't talk mean to him, Maw, not when he never gives me a cross word."

"P-r-r-t," sputtered Sophronia, puckering her swarthy lips in an expressive sound of disgust. "Love talk won't put bread in your mouth, nor clothes on your back. I'd rather take a beatin' once 'n a while than live my days out with a no 'count man. You're lookin' peaked, child, nursin' this baby, an' so much to do. You need somethin' else to eat besides corn bread an' sorghum."

Sally Ann was accustomed to these outbursts from Sophronia. She's always met them with a calm dignity that was more effective than argument.

"Aw, I'm always skinny like this in the spring o' the year, Maw," she answered now. "I'll pick up soon's the green truck begins to come in. We ain't so hard up for things to eat. The cow's fresh, an' we always got bread stuff."

Sophronia removed her tuck-comb and smoothed back the straggling remnant of a once-heavy mop of dark hair. Following a fashion adopted more than fifty years before, she arranged it in the semblance of a twist near the crown of her head, holding it in place with the tuck-comb which was of a size far out of proportion to her need. She rose and with vigorous step threw her tall, rugged form into the light of the open doorway. It was unlike her to remain seated long.

"What's the children doin'?" she asked, stepping outside into the warm March sunshine.

Sally Ann laid the baby in the cradle and followed her into the yard.

The sunny side of the house seemed alive with children. Becky Jane and Nancy Lou, the two youngest daughters, were seated in a small wooden wagon that Clay had made the Christmas before. Two older sisters were taking turns at pushing and pulling the clumsy, make-believe carriage back and forth over the soft ground. The two oldest girls, Lindy and Frony—the later answering to a shortened form of her grandmother's name—were carrying water from the spring below the house and pouring it on top of a large hopper filled with the winter's ashes. An iron kettle on the ground showed a small portion of reddish-brown liquid that had begun to trickle along the wooden trough at the bottom of the hopper.

"Soap makin' time," said Sally Ann, stooping to examine the contents of the kettle. She put the tip of her finger into the fiery liquid and touched it lightly

with her tongue. "That's good lye," she added. "I knowed it would be, burnin' hick'ry all winter."

"You got plenty o' soap grease?" asked the practical Sophronia.

"More'n plenty," said Sally Ann. "I aim to make the soap this week if the baby ain't no worse."

Clay's cabin followed the same general plan as that of his forefathers. There was not so much as a lean-to to lift it out of the class of one room dwellings. Throughout more than a century of American history a rugged environment had left him and his progenitors untouched by those waves of foreign and domestic emigration that swept over the Alleghanies toward the enchanted West. The same environment that had preserved in him the strain of early American stock had also fostered many of its primitive habits and customs.

That evening, hours after Sophronia's departure for home, her son drifted into the dimly-lighted cabin. The children had eaten their simple supper and gone to bed. Sally Ann walked the floor, trying to quiet the wailing infant in her arms.

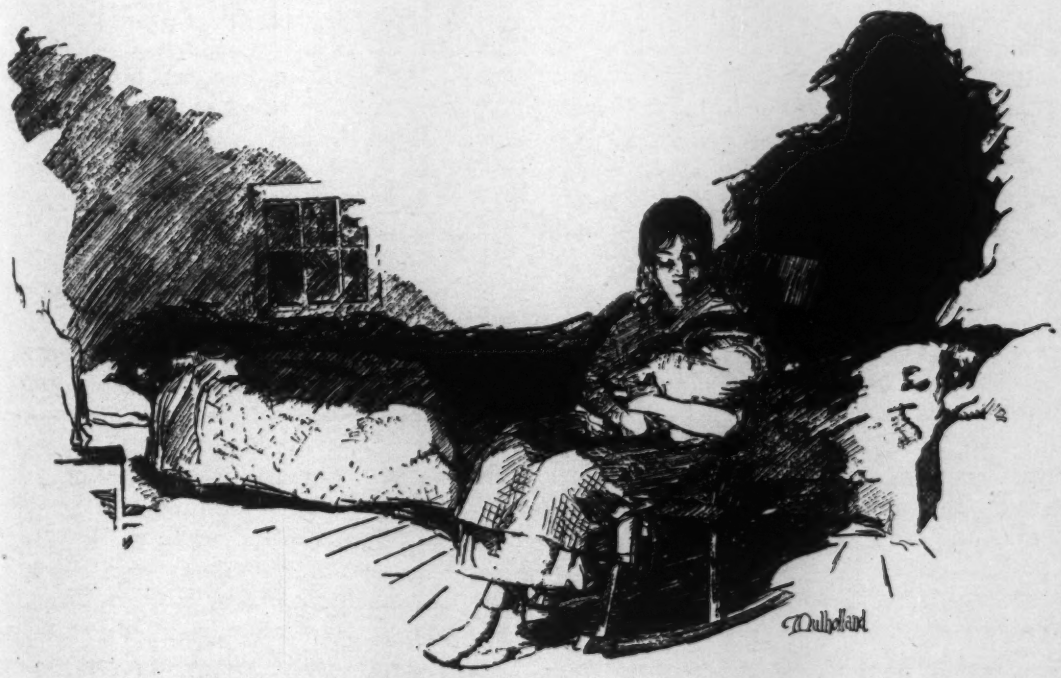
"What ails him?" asked the wanderer in a tone that suggested a mild apology for his late arrival.

"I don't know," said Sally Ann, "he's been cryin' this-a-way ever since dark. Reckon he's bad sick?"

"Naw," lightly assured the father of seven. "Can't ye see he's bustin' his little hide growin'? He's jes' practicin' up on his voice, so's he can take the bass when he goes to meetin'." He regarded the wriggling bundle of red flannel and speckled calico sympathetically. "I wouldn't doubt he's kickin' ag'in them petticoats an' wimmen things you got on him. He knows he's the proper build fer britches," he added, his deep drawl drowning out the high notes of his infant son.

Sally Ann straightened the twisted skirts and shifted the precious burden in her tired arms. "The others never cried like this," she brooded.

"I ain't figgerin' on the others wearin' galluses either," he grinned.



Something told her that the minute she laid him in his cradle the wailing would begin again.

"This is a man child you're handlin'. They're different. Brain works early. See?" he smiled, pointing significantly to his forehead. "I dunno what ails him—prob'ly he's cravin' somethin' he ain't got, or got somethin' he ain't cravin'. I dunno which—I'm not much of a kid-granny, but when I hear one squawkin' like that I set it down he ain't hollerin' fer the doctor. Got any grub left?" he asked, his big gray eyes hungrily scanning the empty board.

Sally Ann opened the safe door and set out a pitcher of milk and a plate of corn pone. She filled a tin cup with the milk and set it beside the plate of bread.

"It's all me and the children had," she said, holding the baby with one arm while she arranged the frugal meal with the other.

Clay ate ravenously. When he had finished he sat dozing for a few minutes in the cheerful glow of the dying fire, then followed the children to bed.

Sally Ann resented his indifferent attitude toward the baby. Somehow, she felt a vague foreshadowing of coming evil. For once a visit from Sophronia had had a disquieting effect upon her. A thousand fears beset her, adding terror to the darkness that seemed to envelope her like a thick, heavy cloud. The babe at her breast was quiet once more, but something told her that the minute she laid him in his cradle the wailing would begin again and she felt too nervous, too distraught, to bear with the sound of his cry.

She sat before the fireplace far into the night, finally dozing off into dreamy, troubled sleep. Toward midnight, the baby roused her. The cabin was in total darkness. She reached cautiously for the jar of paper candle lighters that stood upon the mantle shelf above her head and found it empty. For weeks there had been no oil for the one small lamp that in better times had lighted the family to bed on winter evenings. For months she had not seen a match.

She groped about in the dark in search of a bit of paper or a pine splinter with which to make a light, the infant's cry quickening her movements. Suddenly, she stumbled over a chair. It fell heavily to the floor, making a lumbering, unearthly sound as it went down. The baby gave a piercing, frightened shriek that her overwrought nerves wrongly interpreted. She felt sure she had hurt him when she lunged forward in an effort to save herself from falling.

The sleeping man in the corner stirred at the sudden sound.

"Anything I can do, Sally Ann?" he grunted drowsily.

"Do?" she retorted in a voice strangely unlike her own. "It's what you ain't done!"

Almost before she knew it she had let out a string of bitter words in which she upbraided him for the shiftlessness that had kept them in darkness through the long winter nights. Words followed each other thick and fast, falling from her lips without apparent effort. Sophronia, with all her plain talk on former occasions, could have offered no such stinging rebuke as that which Sally Ann gave without mercy.

Clay leaned on his elbow and peered into the darkness whence the voice had come. Was this his patient, long-suffering Sally Ann speaking or was he dreaming? He felt too dazed to try to frame an answer.

The baby's crying ceased when a flame of light leaped from the dying embers on the hearth. Sally Ann continued to fan the broken chunks of wood with the turkey wing that the darkness had yielded to her frantic search. Her husband sank back upon his pillow, wide-eyed, speechless.

"I—I—hate it—that I talked like this," said the sorrowful Sally Ann. "I don't know what made me, 'nless it's 'cause I'm plum wore out with the dark. I can't stand it no longer," she added, sudden rebellion in her voice. "We've got a few hens out there in the henhouse. I reckon I can spare one. Tomorrow, I want you to take it to town

an' fetch us back some lamp oil an' some matches."

Next morning Clay woke with a groan. It was much earlier than the family was accustomed to rising and the cabin was quiet except for Sally Ann's cautious movements. Unable to sleep, she had risen at the first welcome sign of dawn. He lay and watched her as she bent over the oven before the fire, deftly turning a lump of corn dough from one slender palm to the other. Corn pone for breakfast, he reflected, suddenly remembering her warning of the day before that the flour was "'most out."

Silence marked the meal that followed his rising. Once he ventured conversation by referring to the "pesky" pain in his back, but Sally Ann withheld her usual sympathetic answer. Dejected in spirit, she ate sparingly of the coarse food, though she observed with a feeling of relief that he munched the crusts of corn bread and drank great draughts of black coffee with enviable relish.

When he had finished eating, he started for the hen-house.

"Any pertickler hen you want to send?" he called back over his shoulder, not waiting for her reply.

She stepped to the door and called after him.

"Clay, if your back hurts so bad, don't go to-day," she urged. "It's a long walk when you're not feelin' well. I reckon I can make out one more night in the dark."

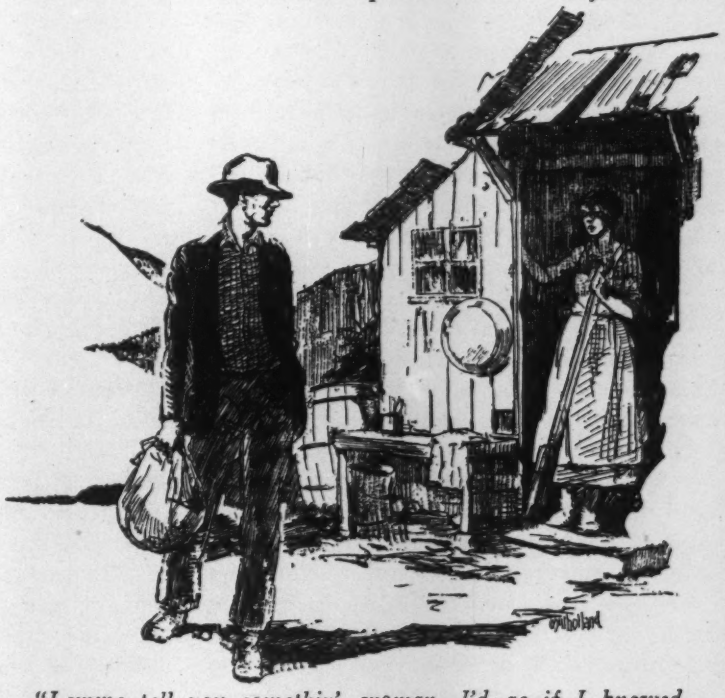
He wheeled about and suddenly straightened himself before her. It seemed to her that he had never appeared so tall, so commanding a figure before.

"Sally Ann," he began with a sudden show of spirit, "lemme tell you somethin', woman—I'd go after that thar' oil to-day if I knowed I'd drop dead in my tracks 'fore I got back."

She stood and watched him in blank amazement as he walked away, his strong shoulders erect, his head high in the air.

That day while he was gone she sought relief for her troubled mind in a mountain of work. The baby slept quietly in his cradle after his all-night orgy, and the other children played outside. At her suggestion Lindy and Frony carried heaps of shining sand from a low place below the house and with it she polished into glistening whiteness the smoothly worn boards of the cabin floor. She scoured the safe and the small table her family had long since outgrown, while Lindy and Frony polished the odd assortment of knives and forks and the long row of tin cups. Toward evening the air grew cool and she built a cheerful fire of hickory logs, as the first step toward supper.

She brought a dish of dried berries from the cupboard where they had been



"Lemme tell you somethin', woman—I'd go if I knowed I'd drop dead in my tracks."

put to soak in the morning and began to get them ready for a pie. There was no sugar, so she sweetened them with a few spoonfuls of sorghum. The pie was made early—a huge affair of the "cobbler" variety, with upper and under crust in one. When it was done, she lifted it out on a platter to cool. Then she cut several strips of bacon from a side of meat and laid them on a plate ready to fry when the other things were done. There was a little butter, at least enough for the children's pie, she decided, and plenty of sorghum to spread over the biscuit she carefully mixed from the last scant measure of flour.

Clay came at dark. As he entered the room, Sally Ann was bending over the fireplace, her slender figure clearly outlined against the light. With the iron pothooks in her hand she lifted the lid of glowing coals from the oven on the hearth and after a hasty glance at the contents turned her eyes eagerly toward the door.

Clay's heart leaped at sight of her face. The heat from the fire had brought a pretty flush to her cheek, an added luster to her eyes. He marked the contrast between her white brow and the waves of dark hair that circled it.

He set the oil can in its accustomed place and hung his hat upon a wooden peg beside the door. But before he had accomplished either act his coming had been loudly proclaimed by a group of noisy children emerging from the semi-darkness.

"You're just in time," called Sally Ann from out of the small circle of light near the fire. "The biscuit's 'bout done, an' the other things waitin'."

She turned toward the mantel and ran her hand cautiously along the shelf until it touched the stem of the small lamp. Clay approached the fire—the children surrounding him in boisterous greeting—and took the lamp from her hand.

"Gimme it," he said, good-naturedly tickling her under the chin with his cool fingers. "I reckon I ain't quite lost the use o' myself—yet. I'll fill it whilst you dish up the supper. Gosh! I b'lieve I'm holler clean down to my toes."

In a flutter of happiness at his greeting, she gave a hurried attention to the last details of the supper. Clay filled the lamp and when he lighted it he set it in the center of the little table.

When Sally Ann had removed the nicely browned biscuits from the oven he looked at the platter of pie on the table and then at the heaped-up plate of biscuit in her hand.

"Whoopee!" he whistled, "pie and biscuit *both*. Looky here, woman, you make a man feel like a millionaire! D'ye know wheat's goin' up?"

"An' it's the last dust of flour in the house," she said apologetically, "but I know'd you'd be hungry after your long walk, so I tried to fix you somethin' good to eat."

"Hungry?" he echoed. "I feel like a starved houn'! Hey, there, you little uns!" he called to the small group scrambling over a battered tin wash pan. "Hurry up, can't you see your pappy's 'bout kiflummixed fer want of a bite to eat?"

There was a sudden rush for places as the last of the feminine toilettes was completed in record-breaking time. Lindy fished under the table for the small wooden box used to convert an ordinary chair into a high chair. Nancy Lou, whose small legs were not yet long enough to hold her head above the table's edge, was quickly perched upon it. Becky Jane pulled at her mother's skirts, clamoring for her accustomed seat in Sally Ann's lap. The other children "scrouged in" to their respective places on either side of the table.

There was a moment of respectful silence while Sally Ann said grace, after which she filled the shining cups with milk and passed them around the table.

"The meat's all fer you, Clay," she said, setting the dish of fried bacon before his plate. "An' I saved a little cream fer your pie."

"Cr-e-a-m?" he drawled, lingering over the word in a sort of dreamy

ecstasy. "Lordy, woman, don't you know it's dangerous to crowd feed on the famished?"

He broke open several of the flaky biscuits and covered them with meat gravy from the dish before him.

"I don't know as I'm needin' anything just at the present, ma'am, not unless you got a shovel handy you could gim'me," he added, contemplating his plate with a satisfied chuckle.

Sally Ann smiled. "I'm glad things taste good to you," she said. "Seems like we're all starved to-night. Supper's later'n common."

"I could a' been here sooner," he apologized, "but I stopped at Maw's as I come by. What ye reckon? She's figgered out that you'n me's been hitched ten year to-morrow. Gosh! I wouldn't a' b'lieved it."

"You got to, when you look 'round," said Sally Ann, proudly counting pink noses.

"Maw thinks you're lookin' peaked," Clay went on. "She's fixed to have you come over to-morrow an' spend the day. Got a big mess of dandelion greens picked and waitin'. I told her I'd fetch you an' the little scrapper along in the mornin' when I go after the mule. I'm aimin' to plow the garden to-morrow.

The tired lines in her face vanished.

"Law, I'd be tickled to go," she said, "only I—I aimed to make the soap to-morrow."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned in mock seriousness. "I don't see how we can live another day without that soap. Looky here, woman, can't you loaf one day in the year? You fix up an' go 'long to-morrow. I ain't so feeble I can't mess up a bite to eat when dinner time comes, and Frony and Lindy here can keep the little uns out o' the lye pot whilst you're gone."

Just then the small lamp sputtered a more cheerful glow, as if seeking to call attention to itself. At the same moment a broken chunk that had fallen upon a bed of live coals became a flaming torch, flooding the room with rays of silvery light.

Clay's eyes dwelt interestedly upon the familiar objects outlined on the wall—a long string of gay picture cards, fly specked and faded; a large calendar, glowing with color, from the general store in a little mountain town; the family what-not made from a motly collection of spools, its shelves loaded with the children's cheap trinkets; the handy wall pocket where Sally Ann always kept her knitting. A pair of steel knitting needles holding the stitches of a half-finished sock gleamed like silver in the light. He felt suddenly gorged with happiness.

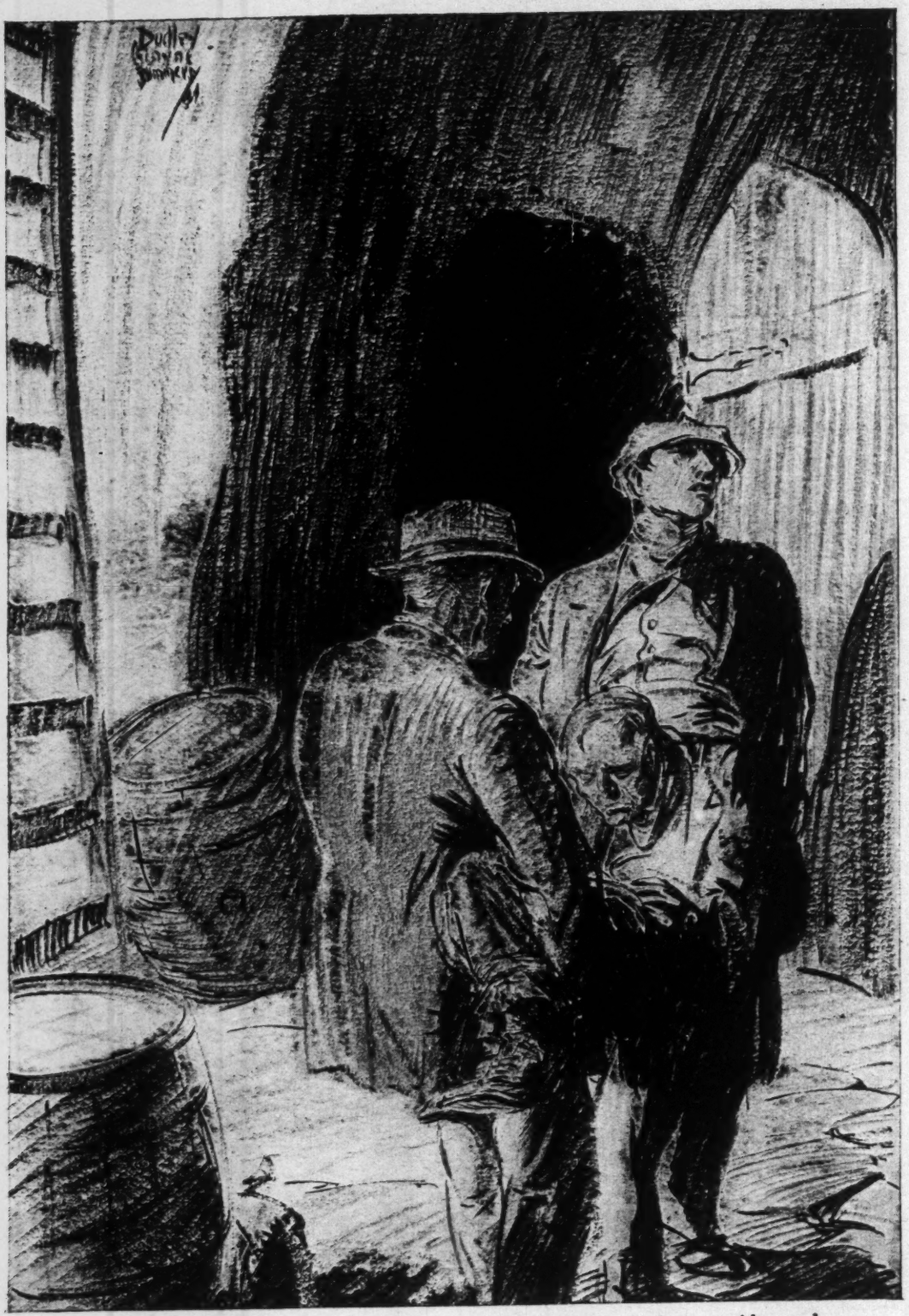
"Jupiter!" he exclaimed, emerging from his brief reverie. "The old shanty shines like a mansion to-night!"

"It's the light," said Sally Ann. "It seems like heaven after bein' shut up in the dark all winter."

"Oo-er-roo-ee!" gurgled the small son in the cradle, as firelight and lamplight played over the smoke-stained joists above his head.

Sally Ann's face was radiant. "Listen to him cooin'," she smiled. "He's a heap better."

"Him? That young Amerykin?" chuckled the proud father. "He's a born scrapper, a natchur'l born scrapper that's goin' to stan' up for his rights. Humph. Didn't I tell ye he was cravin' somethin' he hadn't got? The little scamp! It's the light he's been bawlin' fer all the time!"



They carried their victim to the farther side of the long, low corridor and fastened the door.

THE MAN WHO TALKED TO HIMSELF

The Fifth Adventure in the Knotted Cord Series

By EDMUND SNELL

Illustrated by Dudley G. Summers

AN Italian cavalry officer, with blue cloak and jingling spurs, glanced in through the glass doors of the *Ristorante Kova,* scanning the tables as if in search of somebody. Presently he shrugged his shoulders, looked up and down the crowded thoroughfare, then pushed his way in. He came strutting towards the corner occupied by the two Englishmen, and sat down two tables away from them.

A waiter approached him and he ordered a *Carpano* and soda.

Alan Ferring, who had mastered the art of observing everything that went on around him without appearing to be particularly interested, watched him through the friendly medium of a convenient mirror. The newcomer loosened the nickel chain on his throat, and let his mantello fall over the back of his chair. There was something about the easy swing of his shoulders, the defiant, truculent set of his waxed moustaches, that appealed to Ferring.

It was approaching midday and the place was rapidly becoming filled. The swing-doors moved incessantly, admitting a constant stream of well-dressed men and fashionable women. It was as if the warm sunshine of this first spring morning had had an electrifying effect upon the winter-weary populace of Milan. Tongues were loosened, the little one-story trams that clanged their way to and from the great *Duomo* seemed to have found a new and less strident note, the mists had rolled from the Lombardy Plains to reveal an eager and newly-awakened world. The joyous, light-hearted promise of adventure was in the air, and a whiff of that intoxicating quantity found its way to Ferring's table.

His attention had wandered from the little cavalry lieutenant to a group of chattering men and women. Suddenly Baring-Wells nudged his arm. He turned his head sharply and, following the direction of the other's gaze, saw that the officer was in the act of lighting a cigarette. The last match had failed to strike, and looking helplessly around him, his eye caught Ferring's.

"A thousand excuses, signore——"

Without completing his sentence he indicated the empty box.

The Englishman rectified the deficiency. It was at the moment when their fingers touched that he saw, lying on the table by the Italian's gloves, a cigarette case of polished olive-wood with a long cord of blue silk straggling from it. Its lower extremity displayed a tassel and, between this tassel and the box, the cord had been knotted in three places.

Baring-Wells, his long legs outstretched under the table, was humming a tune through his teeth; the man in uniform was lighting his cigarette with exaggerated unconcern; the gilded youth of Milan gossiped and laughed over its vermouth or *zambaglioni,* and yet, so close to Ferring that he had only to reach out to touch it, rested the sign that called him back into the tortuous, hazardous mass of political intrigue.

The stranger left his seat and, bowing profoundly, returned to the Englishman his property. He held the box between finger and thumb—thumb uppermost—and Ferring, as he accepted it, felt the smooth surface of the card that was concealed beneath. Taking his cue from the other, he murmered his thanks, and thrust both into his pocket. A second later the officer had clicked his heels together, dropped some paper

money on to the table by his glass, and swaggered out.

Barring-Wells sprang to his feet.

"He's left his cloak! Better run after him!"

Ferring pulled him back.

"Don't be in such a confounded hurry!" he whispered. "There's probably some reason for it."

The taller man subsided.

"You saw the cord?"

Ferring nodded. He held the card in the palm of one hand, the fingers curved round it. There was a single sentence written in printed characters with an indelible pencil:

"Bring my cloak to 74, Via Battista, at seven this evening. The waiter understands. MORONI."

They were out in the street before Wells spoke again.

"What's the program?"

His friend smiled.

"The government's in a hole again and wants us to help 'em out."

"How d'you know that?"

"I don't; but I wouldn't mind betting you it's the case. As I've so often reminded you, old son, we're the very last hope of the new Italy. Whenever a particularly murky job wants doing that they don't like tackling themselves—they come to me. If Spalanza's party drop across a couple of fool Englishmen interfering with their plans, they may suspect who sent 'em; but they can't prove it."

Baring-Wells yawned.

"Why the *last* hope?"

"Because we're becoming a rather expensive form of amusement. A trifling service rendered by Alan Ferring and Company eats into party funds. It's wonderful how a country's habits get a hold on one. Here they haggle over everything from a cabbage to a coronet—and I'm afraid I made 'em pay pretty stiffly for the Villa Sabino affair." They drew up abruptly on the edge of the pavement to avoid being run down by a passing vehicle. "I look at it in this way: We're not here for our health. To all intents and purposes we're government secret agents, minus a lot of advantages enjoyed by their regular people, and plus the very serious disadvantage of having no backing if we're caught. While we're of any possible use to them, they make sure we don't get away, by closing their frontiers against us. It isn't every Continental government that can boast the cooperation of two perfectly good Englishmen who're not over perturbed at the risk of getting a knife in the back. We're a luxury, Wells, old thing; and luxuries have to be paid for!"

Baring-Wells' grin made his protruding teeth appear doubly prominent.

"It's not a bad life," he admitted. "There *are* times when I could wish the Fascisti, the Moving Finger, and the whole jolly lot of them in Jericho; but a man must live—and I was on my uppers when a kind Fate arranged for me to knock across you. Besides, as long as we keep our heads, it's easy money. The country's alive with intrigue, and their methods are so hopelessly involved that they deceive even themselves. If it weren't so, we shouldn't get a look-in at all."

"No," said Ferring, "and the very complexity of the situation makes it possible for a couple of foolhardy innocents to butt in and score points every time."

They found their way presently into the public gardens. Ferring deposited the brown paper parcel, which now contained the cloak, on a conveniently deserted seat and dropped down beside it.

"Queer job—ours! I suppose if anybody troubled to classify us we'd come under the category that comprises toreadors, jockeys and professional pugilists."

"How so?" demanded Baring-Wells.

His friend smoked placidly, staring into space.

"Moments of wild excitement," he said at length, "with long periods of enforced inactivity. And always the same glorious uncertainty. That's the beauty

of it. Heaven knows which of the country's laws we may be breaking to-morrow—and all in a good cause!"

The parcel had been put together with several odd sheets, and portions of light blue material showed through.

"Pasqua Patrini—the girl who started me on this mad career of political adventuring—wore a *mantello* something like that when I first saw her," continued Ferring after a pause. "I haven't set eyes on her since we were in Santa Felucca."

"Know where she is?"

Ferring shook his head.

"Spalanza killed her father—and she can't forget it. Somewhere or other—Rome, Turin, Naples or even here—she's planning his overthrow. We may run across her to-night at Moroni's; on the other hand, we may not see her for months. What a woman, Wells!"

"I suppose you think you're going to marry her?"

Ferring snapped down the cover of his watch and caught up the parcel.

"We'd better be getting back. It's twenty to one and we should have the place to ourselves. Marry Pasqua! To tell you the honest truth, I had some such notion at the back of my head for a long while, but," he added with mock seriousness, "matrimony is a terrible thing to contemplate, Wells! It means settling down—and that's one of the few things I haven't yet been able to do."

They approached the Via Battista by way of the Piazza Cordusio. It was a long, narrow street of imposing buildings. Number seventy-four—the house indicated on the card—stood well back from the pavement, with a wide entrance-hall and a flight of stone steps.

A white-haired old man sat before a fire in a portion of the hall screened off by glass partitions. He surveyed the two friends inquiringly.

"Can you tell us where we shall find Signor Moroni?" asked Wells, whose Italian was beyond reproach.

The porter adjusted his spectacles.

"The Signor Moroni has given instructions to admit nobody except on business of the utmost urgency."

He turned his back and began shovelling bullets of coal from a box.

Wells glanced at Ferring. The latter pitched the parcel containing the cloak into the centre of the floor.

"The Signor Moroni was careless enough to leave his mantello on a chair in the *Ristorante Kova* this morning. You will find it in that paper. Good-evening!"

He thrust his arm through Wells'. They had reached the doorway when the man came panting after them.

"Signori!"

Ferring glanced back.

"Well, what is it?"

"I must ask you to pardon my rudeness. Signor Moroni's wealth and position are such that it is scarcely advisable to admit every person who calls to see him. Nevertheless he would, I know, be glad to have the honour of thanking you for your courtesy in restoring to him his cloak."

He led the way up a flight of stairs and, opening a door, ushered them into a small apartment crowded with heavy furniture. The room boasted no fireplace, but the atmosphere suggested the proximity of a more than efficient radiator.

Baring-Wells lowered himself unceremoniously into a gilded chair and contemplated his own distorted reflection in a Venetian mirror. Ferring consulted the enamelled dial of a French clock.

"Your master will not be long?" he insinuated, with the air of a man whose time is precious.

"The Signor Moroni will be with you in a moment, gentlemen. I am instructed to inform you that you will find cigars on the small table by the window."

The door closed softly. A moment later Ferring rose and tip-toed across the carpet. He tried the handle and winked meaningly at his companion. Wells cocked his head to one side.

"Locked?"

The other nodded.

"I'm getting wise to their little tricks. Their preparations against a possible surprise are elaborate to the point of absurdity."

"It may be a plant."

"I don't think so, but it's as well to be on our guard. Keep your hand in your pocket until we get outside. You understand."

He held his cigarette-case under Wells' nose.

"What about the cigars?"

"Until I'm sure of my ground I prefer to smoke my own."

A door opened suddenly and a man came in. Ferring started up in amazement.

"Signor Alberti!"

The stranger bowed.

"If you like, Signor Ferring. I have been known by that name!"

Baring-Wells, hopelessly adrift, blinked from his companion to a little old man with a white beard and yellow spectacles.

"But Signor Moroni——"

"I am known by that name, too."

Ferring laughed.

"Then the smart Italian officer who leaves odd articles of his attire in public restaurants——?"

Alberti shrugged his shoulders.

"—Is an extremely efficient gentleman who has recently come into our branch of the Service. You would know him if you saw him again?"

"I think so."

"Good! If ever you happen to work together you will discover him to be reliable and fearless." He looked at Wells. "This is the colleague of whom I have already heard? I am delighted to meet you."

It occured to Ferring that there was something far more intimate in this second meeting with the man in the yellow spectacles. His manner suggested that the success which had attended recent ventures entitled them to a certain amount of respect.

From an elaborate cabinet their host produced decanters and glasses and beckoned them to draw their chairs up to the central table.

"Spalanza is about to strike," he announced, for all the world as if he were discussing a subject of no more importance than the weather. "He is contemplating making a far more startling *coup* than when *we* took over the reins of government." He adjusted his shirt cuffs, and set the cigar box within reach. "If he succeeds it will be a bad day for Italy."

"Has he any backing?" asked Wells, endeavouring to look wise.

The Italian screwed up his eyes.

"His following is, unfortunately, enormous. His own personal magnetism, his eloquence, his gigantic frame and his propaganda have combined to overcome the South almost to a man. They are lazy folk in the South, and his slogan is: less work—and more pay. If he cannot bring the North under his banner by fair means—he will resort to foul. And this brings me to my reason for sending for you. Our enemy has an arsenal in the North, from which he will draw the ammunition with which he hopes to terrorize us into submission. That arsenal must be found—and destroyed"—he looked over the tops of his glasses—"with as little loss of life as possible."

Ferring passed a hand through his hair.

"A tough proposition!"

"Very! In fact, I do not know of anybody else upon whom I could rely to tackle it with any measure of success."

Ferring ignored the compliment.

"Roughly—where is this arsenal?"

"In Padova."

"A largish town!"

"From various sources of information we have succeeded in placing it within an area of one square mile. The suspected zone is in a poor quarter of the town and our people still have it under close observation. You will, of course,

be provided with all information possible. If you succeed in locating the place you must endeavour to flood it."

"It might be on the roof," said Wells.

"Quite probably."

"In which case——"

"In which case you may have no alternative than to blow it up."

Ferring's jaw tightened.

"I sincerely hope it is *not* on the roof," he said.

Alberti drew a map from his pocket and spread it out on the table.

It was towards the end of their seventh week in Padova that Baring-Wells let himself into Ferring's room and roused its occupant from his slumbers.

Ferring sat up, rubbing his eyes and blinking at the light.

"Hello, Wells! What's the time?"

"Ten to three."

"Holy Moses! What's the racket?"

The lanky man with the prominent features disposed himself comfortably at the foot of the bed. A coloured scarf and a week's growth of beard had effectively transformed him into a street-corner loafer.

"Two hours ago I was on the point of chucking my hand in," he announced.

"Have you awakened me to tell me that?"

Wells grinned.

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact, I've some important news for you, but fancied you'd like to know the steps that led up to my discovery. I was watching that house in the Via Tripoli. It proved to be an absolute wash-out. It wasn't a secret ammunition store at all, but a rather uninteresting type of night-club. I was fed-up, cold, and thirsty. In a weak moment I decided to go in. There was a nigger on duty at the door, but I squared him. D'you know, Alan, I can't get used to this get-up. When there isn't a looking-glass about, I clean forget the beard and the paraphernalia. Anyhow, I thought I was just Richard Baring-Wells, Esq., and strolled into the dancing-hall with all the assurance of a Russian grand duke. My appearance caused a mild sensation. Even then I didn't tumble to it until a girl stood bang in front of me and laughed in my face. I collected my senses and told her I was doing it for a wager. It went down all right, and I became quite popular. I'd been there about half an hour when Spalanza came in."

Ferring stared at him in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Spalanza! But you've never seen him!"

"Oh yes I have, old son. I saw him in the garden of the Villa Sabino on the night we made a bolt for it. I shouldn't have known him again, I admit, if it hadn't been for his cigar. You remember you told me he only smoked one type of cigar—a brand made especially for himself. My memory's poor with regard to most things, but I never forget a smell. I caught a whiff from his cigar in the garden, and I'm prepared to swear that I encountered it again to-night. He was a huge fellow with a beard, and I formed a mental resolution never to come to grips with him if I could possibly help it. When I crossed from one room to another he was on the landing, talking to a withered old man with a twisted spine, whom I'd already noticed.

"The last place in the world in which I'd have expected to find that chap was a night-club. He looked like a candidate for a bath-chair, but he danced like a two-year old. Everyone there appeared to know him. The girl I'd cottoned on to pointed him out to me as 'The Man Who Talks To Himself.' Well, the man I'd spotted as the leader of the Moving Finger gang and this other moved off together—and I followed. I found it tolerably easy under the porticos, but, ten minutes later, lost my quarry in a ghastly thoroughfare near the river. It's not in the area old Alberti gave us at all, but a good kilometre out of it. I don't know how I missed them, but, halfway between

two lamps, they seemed to melt into the wall."

Ferring nodded eagerly.

"No side turnings?"

"None whatever. They must have gone into a building."

"You took the name of the street, of course?"

"The Via Savanarola."

Ferring's boyish face was wreathed in smiles and, while surveying his slight figure in trim pyjamas and the flaxen hair that shone like spun silk, Baring-Wells almost forgot that terrible punch that had helped him out of tight corners in portions of the earth not usually visited by casual tourists.

"Wells, my boy, you're a genius!"

"I'm not. I tell you I went into the place because I was fed up—and thirsty."

"But you've done more useful work in one short night than we've accomplished together for six weeks. It oughtn't to be difficult to resurrect the fellow who talks to himself. If he's not the guard of the munition dump he's bound to know who is."

"You couldn't very well ask him."

"True enough, but you could worm yourself into such a position that you could overhear. Well, old son, I'm going to snuggle back into bed and sleep the sleep of the just. A man who talks to himself suggests infinite possibilities. Good-night!"

"Good-night, old thing!"

"Switch off the light as you go out!"

By force of habit Baring-Wells took *petit dejeuner* in bed. On the morning after his adventure in the night-club he was lying on his back, staring dreamily at an elaborately painted ceiling, when Ferring sailed in, attired in a bath-gown with purple cuffs, and followed by a diminutive waiter with a tray.

"Morning, Wells! No objection to my breakfasting with you, I suppose?"

"None whatever. Shift those clothes on to the dressing-table." He glanced towards the shuttered window. "What's the weather like?"

"Magnificent. It's a treat to be out!"

Wells pushed himself into a sitting position and favored his friend with an expression of mild surprise.

"How d'you know? You haven't been outside the door."

The other waited until the waiter had disappeared before replying.

"I have, old son. As a matter of fact, I've been quite a long way. Your news positively thrilled me. I couldn't sleep anything to speak of after you effaced yourself. Eventually I dressed myself, anticipated the lark and reconnoitred the Via Savanarola from end to end." He stirred his chocolate thoughtfully. "There were one or two important points upon which I wanted to satisfy myself."

"Such as——"

"Why Spalanza took the trouble to expose himself in a neighborhood teeming with government spies, and how it was that Alberti's men had mistaken the area in which the dump is supposed to be. Nobody's infallible, of course, but it's a little unusual for them to fire so wide of the mark. I turned the whole thing over in my mind as I strolled along, and presently arrived at rather an extraordinary conclusion. You see, Wells, I couldn't imagine anything that would cause Spalanza anxiety except those precious munitions. He arrived in the dead of night and went directly to a place mainly patronized by his own people. The Man Who Talks To Himself left his dancing to accompany the leader to the Via Savanarola. All this appeared to indicate that something of unusual importance was about to happen. I boiled it down. Either the Moving Finger faction was about to strike, or——"

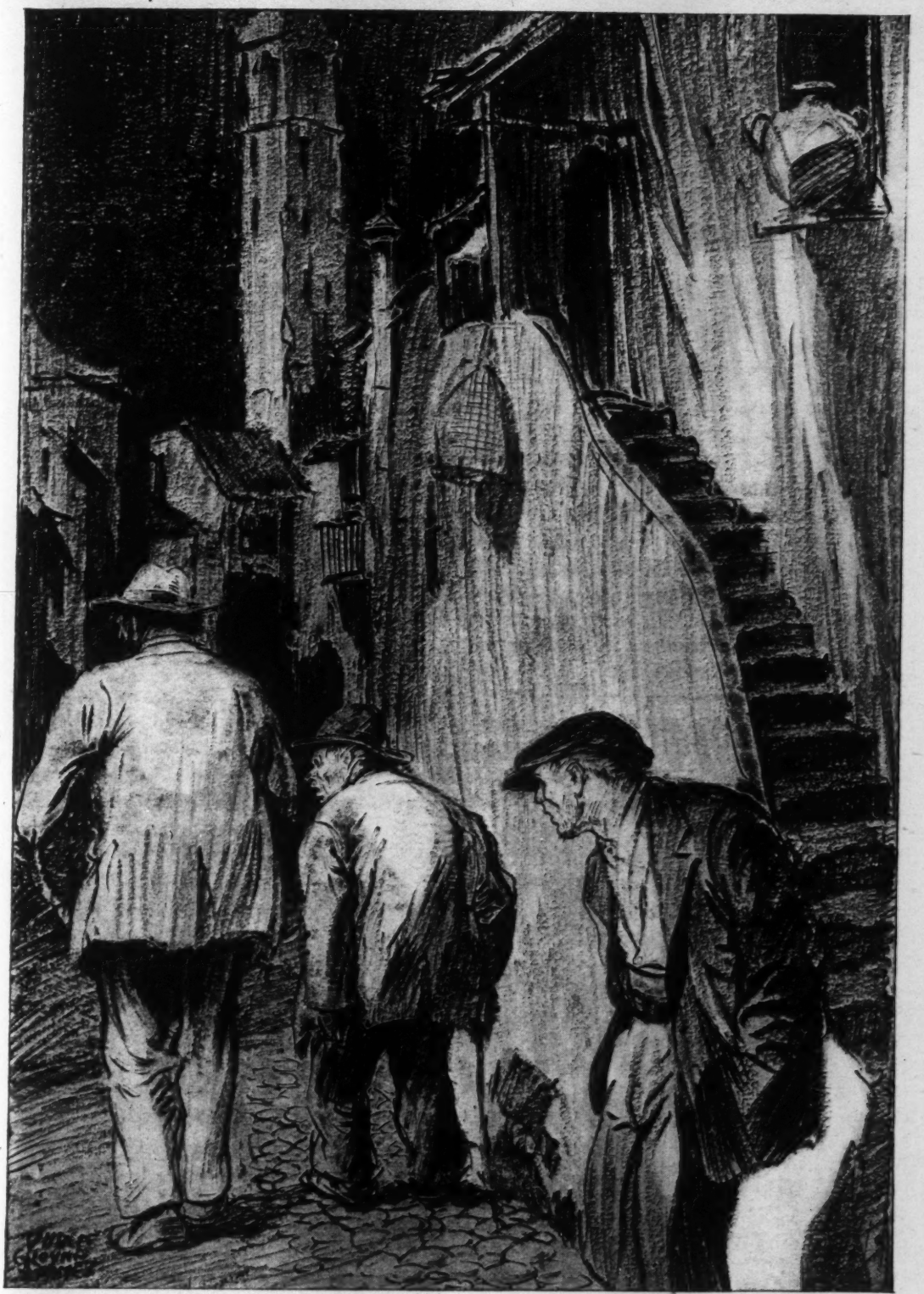
Baring-Wells bent forward eagerly.

"Or——" he echoed.

"Or arrangements were about to be made to remove the stuff from the suspected area."

"To the Via Savanarola?"

"Exactly. Spalanza does nothing without a good reason. He established



"I found it tolerably easy to follow them under the porticos, but, ten minutes later, lost my quarry in a ghastly thoroughfare near the river."

the dump in that quarter with a purpose in view, and, if the contingency arose that he would have to move it, would hardly be likely to go far afield in his search for a fresh hiding-place."

"Why do you think he wants to move it?"

Ferring shrugged his shoulders.

"I can only suppose that somebody or other has been prosecuting his inquiries too closely to be pleasant. Moving huge stocks of ammunition in a busy city is a risky proposition They would have to be camouflaged as harmless articles of commerce and delivered during normal working hours if the people responsible for their transport wanted to avoid arousing suspicion. I could find no establishment in the whole of the Via Savanarola that seemed important enough to justify the delivery of more than a few odd cases of merchandise. I walked up and down until I found a small restaurant. A man in a greasy apron and carpet slippers was sweeping down the pavement in front and the chairs were still stacked on the tables inside. Perhaps he catered to night workers coming off duty, or perhaps he merely suffered from insomnia. At any rate his door was open, and I succeeded in getting some coffee.

"There was a more pretentious place of refreshment opposite and as I sat there in an atmosphere of dust and disorder a *camion* pulled up at the rival establishment and began delivering barrels. Nothing unusual in that; but what did surprise me was the alacrity with which the slumbering building woke and the landlord and his men descended to lend a hand. You've seen brewers' men tipping barrels from a dray? They handle 'em as if they were no weight at all and display an exaggerated unconcern as to where and how they fall. My friends opposite tackled the consignment as if they were afraid of it. An elaborate arrangement of slings—over the adjusting of which there was much discussion—assisted each barrel from the cart into a black hole that gaped in the pavement. On the last but one the ropes slipped and the barrel dropped on an end into the roadway. It was this slight accident that gave me my first real clue. As the thing hit the cobbles, the unloading party stepped apprehensively away from it, and the driver of the *camion* took refuge on the other side of his vehicle. More interesting still, a withered old man with a twisted spine appeared suddenly in the doorway and cursed them all roundly. A moment later he had vanished into the shadows."

"The Man Who Talks To Himself?"

Ferring was nibbling a long, unsweetened biscuit.

"I believe so. I'm perfectly aware of the danger of jumping to conclusions, of the folly of being over-enthusiastic in an affair like this; but, look at it how you like, we've certainly hit on a line that is worth following up. The gentleman in the carpet slippers tells me the *Trattoria dell' Orca* was once a portion of an old convent and that its cellars consist of subterranean passages that run for a considerable distance under the neighboring buildings. You see what it means, Wells?"

"It means," said the other slowly, "that there's going to be no end of a sticky mess if we have to blow it up."

Ferring clasped his hands over one knee.

"Wells," he announced earnestly, "I've never been nearer turning down a proposition in my life. The thought of scores of innocent families slumbering unsuspectingly over the cursed volcano worries me."

"We're not certain yet that it is a volcano."

"I know. As soon as the *camion* had driven off I strolled over and interviewed the manager. I explained to him we were British students looking for rooms, and that we couldn't afford big hotel prices. He gathered his wife and daughter into the conference. As far as I could make out, the somewhat expansive Signora Loretto rules her husband

—and the Signorina Lydia bosses both. To cut a long story short, I addressed my appeal to Lydia—and won. We move in this afternoon. Our room—a two bedded affair—is on the second floor."

"H'm! Comfortable?"

"Tolerably so."

"I hate moving," declared Baring-Wells.

The *Trattoria dell' Orca* was something more than the drinking-house the prefix implied. It boasted a general room—where meals were provided for all and sundry, from the two earnest lawyers in black suits and stiff collars to loud-voiced countrymen who came from the provinces on market-days—and a score of indifferent bedrooms, rendered accessible by a flight of worn stone steps. Comparatively little liquor was consumed on the premises, and yet lorry-loads of barrels continued to arrive at a rate that could not fail to excite comment. Giuseppe Loretto—a pale, cadaverous man with drooping moustaches—joined in the general amusement, neither confirming nor contradicting the rumors that went around.

"The *padrone* has bought up a bankrupt stock," said one.

"It is to be hoped that the new lot is better than the last," remarked the elder of the advocates. "It eats through the enamel of the teeth and one has to hold on to the table when one drinks!"

A dark, wild-eyed ruffian in a broad-brimmed hat and a short green cloak tapped the side of his nose with a dirty forefinger.

"Giuseppe is out for the main chance. The wholesale people are not blind to the extent of his cellars and the advantage of cool storage. They have paid him handsomely, I can tell you, and the signora has already ordered a new dress!"

In the burst of laughter that followed, Wells winked across the table at Ferring. Lydia Loretto—a comely, buxom young woman with black hair piled high above ruddy cheeks, and patent shoes that squeaked as she walked—paused between them.

"Your order, signori?"

Baring-Wells stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"My friend is in luck today," he told her. "He has received money from England—and a bottle of your best wine is indicated."

"Barbera?"

He shook his head.

"Lacrima Cristi, Grignolino, Barole——?"

He pursed up his lips.

"It must be an old wine—and very good. Perhaps we could go with you and choose for ourselves?"

The smile vanished from her lips.

"Oh, no, signor; that would be quite impossible. The place is full of rats and"—she added archly—"I would not trust myself in the cellars with either of you!"

Wells tilted back his chair and laughed.

"Make it *Asti Spumante,*" said Ferring suddenly.

"One bottle, signori?"

"Better bring a couple; the best you have in the house."

His keen eyes followed her across the room. He saw her hook down a bunch of keys and light a candle that stood on a shelf in a corner. Presently he produced a cigarette and walked towards the matchbox she had just put down.

His wanderings took him beyond the bar, where a group of loafers argued vociferously. He passed them with splendid indifference and, while lighting his cigarette, glanced sideways at a gap in the flooring and a bright patch of light that illuminated the vaults below. The girl had reached the foot of the ladder, for her high heels tapped on stone. A whispered conversation smote his ears, Lydia's little nervous laugh and the grating of a key in a lock.

He was about to rejoin Wells when a white face appeared above the level of

the floor and piercing eyes rested for a second on his own. A moment later the head was withdrawn, but Ferring had seen enough to recognize The Man Who Talked To Himself.

"The fair Lydia was right," he announced, coming back to his chair, "there's at least one rat in those confounded cellars." He bent across the table and whispered.

Baring-Wells raised his eyebrows.

"The stuff's there all right?"

"You can bet your life on it. But we've got to pass your friend of the night-club before we can do anything."

"What about the entrance from the road?"

"I've tried it. It's fastened from the inside." He looked round to make certain they were not overheard. "Look here, Wells, I'm as liable to make mistakes as most people, but I don't think I'm wrong this time. There was something in that fellow's eyes I didn't quite like."

"You think he suspects?"

"Yes."

"They sat for some time in silence. Lydia set the wine in front of them and withdrew.

"We'd better get busy at once," said Wells, at length.

His friend nodded.

"To-night?"

Ferring nodded again.

The clock in the tower of the *Chiesa San Pietro* was striking the half-hour after two when two figures crept silently down the stairs and, entering the restaurant, closed and locked the door after them. Ferring hooked down the keys and, switching on an electric torch, allowed the light to travel over the floor until it came to rest on the closed cellar-flap. Wells knelt down and lifted it a couple of inches. From somewhere close at hand came the sound of a man snoring. The guardian of the cellar was evidently dreaming, for he talked even in his sleep.

"The strain is too great. Only another week. *Madonna Santa,* there are eyes everywhere!"

He moved restlessly, and Ferring caught his companion's arm.

"Go on," he said, under his breath. "Switch on your light as soon as you are down—and I'll cover him from above."

"All right. There's an electric wire just by your foot. Cut it. It may be an alarm."

A minute later the vault was flooded with a soft light and Baring-Wells blinking at the blue barrel of an automatic levelled at him by a man who had just raised himself from an improvised bed.

"Drop that!" commanded Ferring coldly.

The Man Who Talked To Himself glanced up sharply—and Wells caught his wrist.

Ferring came down the ladder, lowering the flap after him. "We have come to sample your wine, *amico mio,*" he told him, and began unravelling a length of cord.

The old man uttered a queer, wheezing laugh that filled both Englishmen with a sense of uneasiness.

"It is the strongest in all Italy," he retorted, "and a very little of it will go to your heads!"

While Ferring bound the man securely to his bed, Baring-Wells was trying the keys. He found the right one presently and pulled open a heavy door, letting in a current of cold air. They carried their victim to the farther side and fastened the door. The creature began screaming at the top of his voice, and Ferring stuffed a handkerchief in his mouth.

The torchlight revealed a long, low corridor.

"The entrance to the street should be somewhere here," said the shorter man.

"Send the light a bit higher. I've got it. See if you can reach those bolts."

His companion reached up, raising himself on his toes.

"I can just do it."

"Right-oh! Leave 'em as they are

for the present. We may have to get out that way."

They took a parting glance at the guardian of the dump, then hurried off upon a voyage of discovery.

The first hundred feet produced nothing but bottles in racks and cases; and casks that contained only the particular fluid for which they were originally intended. Here and there it was damp underfoot, and, as they pressed on into the blackness of the tunnel, they encountered fissures in the roof where the water trickled through.

Suddenly Ferring stopped.

"What's that noise, Wells?"

The other listened. A strange rumbling seemed to be going on above them.

"We're under the river."

Ferring started.

"Jove! I believe you're right." He shone his torch ahead. The gallery widened considerably, and just in front of them began a shadowy pile of barrels raised on huge balks of timber.

Wells kicked against something and picked it up. It proved to be a hand grenade. Ten minutes later they were gazing wide-eyed at the most comprehensive collection of lethal weapons it had ever been the luck of either to come upon in one place. An attempt had been made to check the contents of the barrels as they arrived below; lids had been pried open, rifles stacked on shelves, piled in corners, or thrust back into their cases again. There were evidences of hasty preparation on all sides.

"Machine guns," said Ferring hoarsely.

"This stuff looks like cordite," asserted the other. "Wonder where they got it all from?"

"The question of the moment is—how the dickens we're going to destroy it and allow ourselves decent time to get clear. I've not the least desire to be blown sky-high."

"Same here," said Wells, examining a white cotton bag with a crimson base that appeared to contain peas.

Suddenly, from the direction in which they had come, a man tripped over something and swore in Italian.

Baring-Wells dropped the bag and Ferring flashed his torch upon the white-haired man with a twisted spine. A section of the cord was still fastened to his left ankle and trailed after him. There was a wild light in his eye and, by some means or other, he had come into possession of a second revolver.

Wells pulled his friend down with him and the light went out. A tongue of flame leaped in the darkness, followed by a loud report. A pause, and the Italian began firing rapidly, muttering maledictions all the while.

"The man's mad," whispered Ferring. "We must get out of this."

His concluding words were drowned in a deafening explosion in which the entire structure of the cellar seemed to shake and a pile of boxes collapsed, strewing their contents broadcast.

"Come on," yelled Wells, as a hot gust of sulphurous smoke set him coughing.

Conscious of nothing but the increasing inferno behind them, they ran for dear life. A bullet singed Ferring's ear and he collided with The Man Who Talked To Himself. The Italian grabbed at him as he sped past, missed, and fell headlong.

The tunnel seemed interminable. Explosion after explosion rent the air; their torches flashed feebly upon a reeking fog, and presently an unexpected and added peril descended upon them. A stream of water, gushing from some mysterious source, swept them from their feet.

"There's a main burst somewhere," spluttered Ferring, staggering up.

"It's worse than that, old son; the river's coming in and the place'll be flooded in no time!"

He had come in contact with a blank wall.

For a second panic seized him and he waded in circles, striving to find where they had gone wrong. Ferring's voice steadied him.

"The trap's just above you—the exit to the street. Keep your head, for the

love of heaven, and slide back those bolts."

His free hand pressed against the wall to support him, Wells complied.

"I can't push the thing up."

"Jump on my shoulders."

It seemed an eternity before Baring-Wells, lying flat on his stomach on the pavement, reached down both arms for Ferring.

"Wait a minute," shouted the latter, waist-deep in water. "There's something I want you to take up first."

Clammy hands like claws came within Well's grasp and he drew up beside him the unconscious form of The Man Who Talked to Himself!

They were within fifty yards of their original hotel when the taller man spoke.

"Why didn't you leave him there? He deserved it."

"I know," said Ferring; "but I couldn't help remembering that we contracted to take as little life as possible."

"But we didn't take any! The entire population of the Via Savanarola were in the street, as far as I could see. Thanks to the length of Giuseppe's cellar and the river, the worst anybody experienced was a severe shaking."

Ferring was searching for a dry cigarette.

"And the strangest thing of it all is," he murmured, "that we owe our somewhat moist freedom to the fact that our elderly friend talked to himself. He barked his shins and swore and we ducked just in time. I felt the breath of his first round. Somehow I'm glad I was able to do him a good turn."

They paused before a glass-panelled door which offered an unrestricted view of a night-porter slumbering peacefully.

Wells leaned his back against the wall and laughed aloud.

"I'm thinking of Spalanza," he explained in response to the other's inquiry. "Alan, my boy, the attack in the North is *off!*"

MORNING

From Aldebaran

A cold clean wind comes blowing
  Across the little hills,
Beneath the morning sunlight
  My heart with gladness fills.

Oh! many a Spring-sweet morning
  All chill and fresh with rains
The ecstasy of living
  Just thundered in my veins!

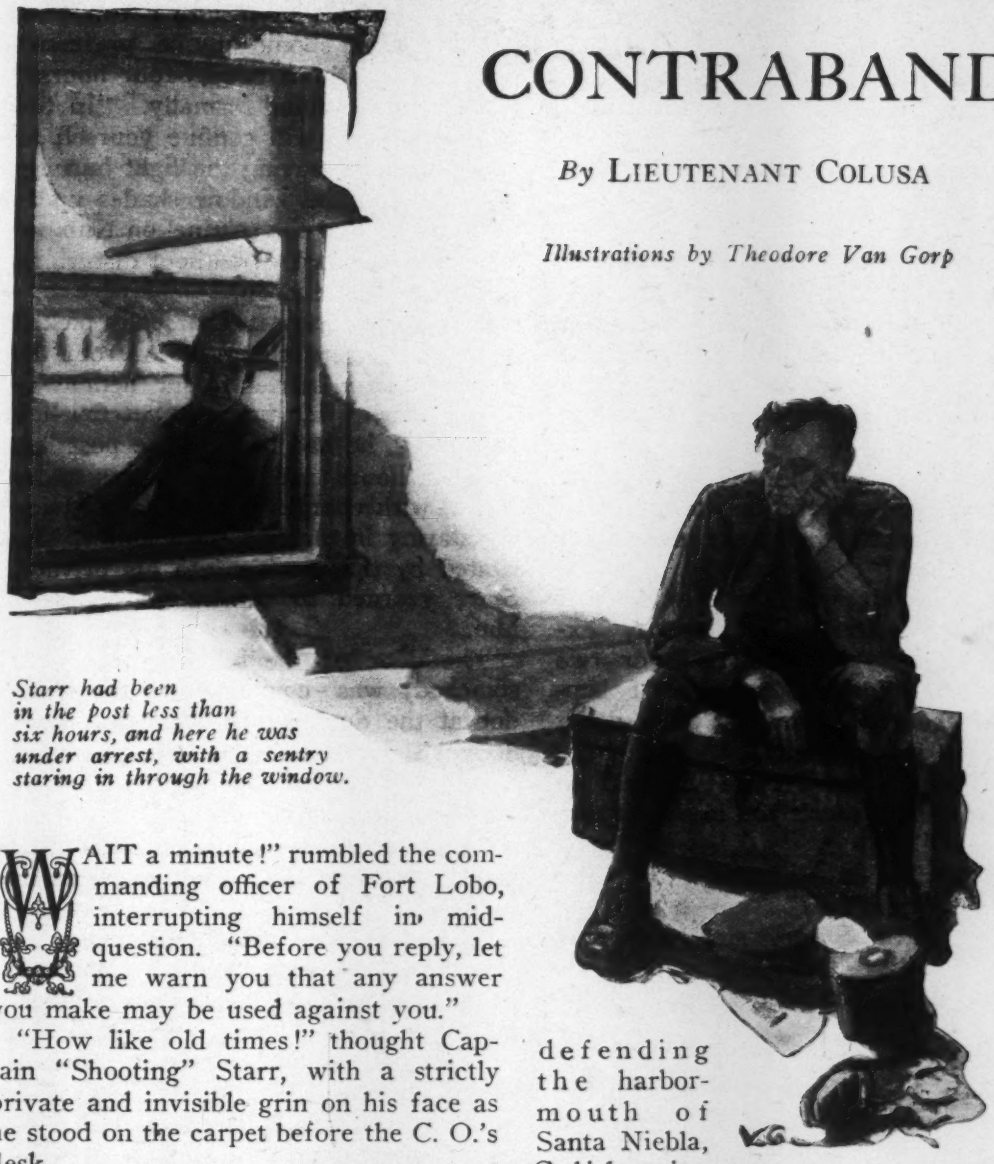
For morning suns are sweetest,
  And morning winds are strong,
And morning suits with youth-time
  For morning hours are long,
  Oh, morning hours are long!

M. St. Clare Byrne

CONTRABAND

By LIEUTENANT COLUSA

Illustrations by Theodore Van Gorp



Starr had been in the post less than six hours, and here he was under arrest, with a sentry staring in through the window.

"WAIT a minute!" rumbled the commanding officer of Fort Lobo, interrupting himself in mid-question. "Before you reply, let me warn you that any answer you make may be used against you."

"How like old times!" thought Captain "Shooting" Starr, with a strictly private and invisible grin on his face as he stood on the carpet before the C. O.'s desk.

Shooting Starr had been famous in France as the liveliest little baa-lamb of all the notorious "Black Sheep" squadron, whose quaint and carefree habits and customs used to annoy Headquarters almost as much as they did the Huns. After the whistle had blown and the gang dispersed, Starr alone chose to remain in the army, even though he had to transfer from the air service to the infantry.

His regiment was now stationed at Fort Lobo, that large and important post defending the harbor-mouth of Santa Niebla, California. Santa Niebla is notorious for its fogs; and the fort, on its projecting headland, gets more than its share. It was a raw, dark November afternoon, the C. O's rheumatism was biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder.

"Captain Starr," he began all over again, "I have been informed that a hospital orderly named Schenkl was at your quarters this morning, very soon after your arrival at this post."

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Starr. "Schenkl saw me crossing the parade-

ground and followed me into my quarters."

"For what purpose?"

"To ask me to take charge of a small package for him."

"Have you that package still in your possession?"

"Locked in my trunk, sir."

"Do you know what it contains?" rumbled the C. O.

"No, sir. Schenkl didn't say, except that it was something valuable which he wanted me to keep for him for a few days. Said he was afraid he might lose it in barracks."

"Then why didn't he leave it with one of the medical officers, instead of going to you?" asked the post commander shrewdly.

"He was our ward orderly when I was in a hospital in France, sir," explained Starr. "He did one or two little favors for me then, so I suppose he thought I wouldn't mind doing something for him now."

"So you knew Private Schenkl in France, eh? Weren't you in the air service then?"

"Yes sir."

"Which squadron?"

"The Black Sheep, sir," answered Starr, proudly.

The post commander scowled decisively.

"Consider yourself under arrest," he intoned. "The adjutant will go with you to your quarters. You will turn over that package to him. That is all, captain."

Beside the adjutant, another officer accompanied Starr to his room in the bachelor quarters: an elderly, worried-looking major in the medical corps. To him the adjutant handed the neat little white-paper package that Starr produced from his field-trunk. Tearing open one corner, the surgeon peeped at the contents, nodded significantly to the adjutant and carefully pocketed the evidence.

"What the deuce is it?" asked Starr.

But neither the medical officer nor the adjutant saw fit to enlighten him.

"You will be served with a full copy of the charges, should any be preferred against you, within twenty-four hours," replied the adjutant formally. "In the meanwhile, you will confine yourself to these quarters, leaving the light burning all night and the window shades up at all hours, so that the sentinel on Number Five Post can look in without disturbing you. Good afternoon."

Left alone, Starr mechanically picked up a pair of marching shoes from the open trunk and started to put them away in the closet. He had not yet finished unpacking, he had been in the post less than six hours, and here he was under arrest, with charges pending, and a sentry staring in through the window. Irritated by the peering into his privacy, Starr yearned to throw the shoes at him.

The door of the building slammed; somebody was coming down the corridor at the double. In through Starr's door without stopping to knock bounced a big red-headed Air Force captain, swearing sympathetically.

"You blinkety-blanked-dashed old goof! What in Eblis have you been up to now?"

"That," replied Starr, dropping the shoes and reaching for the cigarettes, "is exactly what I'd like to know, Week-end."

Week-end Bagley seated himself cross-legged on the table, struck a match and proceeded to fraternize with an officer under arrest, in defiance of regulations and to the scandal of the sentry.

"Here's the proposition," he explained. "That little rat Schenkl has been peddling dope, inside and outside the hospital, for some time past. He's been doing it on a scale big enough to make a rotten scandal, if it ever breaks into print, but so foxily that we've only found out about it just in time to be too late. We were all set to pinch Schenkl with the goods on, this morning, when he saw that he was being trailed and slipped the evidence to you. Then he walked out through the lines

on a forged pass and he's hiding out somewhere in the city now."

"Then why pick on me?" demanded Starr.

"Do you remember Mason?" asked Bagley.

"That bad egg we kicked out of the Black Sheep, just after the Armistice?"

"That's the hombre. He's been hanging around here, doing some civilian flying, and making more money out of it than there's any accounting for, except in one way. All the evidence points to a big, well-organized gang that's smuggling dope into army posts. Schenkl, of course, is only one of their agents on the inside. You're under suspicion, not so much because of his having used you as a check-room for that package——"

"Package of what?" interrupted Starr.

"Cocaine or heroin, I suppose—they've been running both. What counts against you, old man, is your having known both Schenkl and Mason over there, and the fact that both you and Mason used to belong to the Black Sheep. You remember what the old women of both sexes used to say of your outfit, when you were flying in France, before the rest of us got into the war. Called you a lot of criminal adventurers and took away your citizenship, because you weren't too proud to fight."

"I remember," said Starr grimly. "But what has that to do with putting me under arrest—and posting a sentry under my window?"

"Simply this: Mason is the only specimen of the Black Sheep ever seen in these parts and the C. O. is judging the rest accordingly. For the sake of the service and the memory of your old outfit, we've got to catch that bird. Besides, I've got a special reason for wanting him."

"What is that?" asked Starr, impressed by the hard undertone that he had never heard before in Bagley's voice.

"He had it in for me because I furnished evidence against him in France, I found out that he was a crook, you remember, Shooting, and made the report that caused him to be canned. Mason swore that he'd get even with me, and by heaven, he has! You know my brother, Ray? Well, this devil's been getting dope to him, even in the sanitarium. I found that out to-day—and I'm going up after Mason to-night!"

"Then I'm going with you," declared Starr.

"Sure you are—*if* I can persuade the C. O. to turn you loose. He's given me almost a free hand on this air-patrol stunt, and I'm sitting pretty at Headquarters. Trouble is, the fog's hanging low to-day, and the old boy's rheumatism is acting mean. I'll go over and tackle him now. Better put anything you have to say to him in writing, and have it ready in case he sends somebody after it."

"What's the matter with your taking the letter now, yourself?" asked Starr.

"Because the C. O. is a stickler for form. Officially, I'm not here and I can't act as a go-between. You'll simply have to wait for him to make the first move, according to regulations."

"Right—I'd clean forgotten that point. When and where do you hop off to-night?"

"At the middle hangar, at midnight."

"And you're hoping to meet up with Mason?"

"The evidence points that way."

"Then roll out the old two-seater," directed Starr. "For I'll be there."

The fog lifted, but the C.O.'s rheumatism, instead of improving, grew worse and worse. Finally it forced him to drop all work and go to bed, with three hot-water bottles, an electric pad and no desire to see Captain Bagley or anybody else. Unable to do anything more for his friend, Bagley went back to the hangar and put in his time going over the guns and engine of his plane, until it was time to hop off at midnight.

Then out of the darkness loomed the tall, lean figure of Shooting Starr, wearing his garrison cap and Sam Browne.

"Bon œuvre!" rejoiced Bagley. "So the colonel let you off?"

"Well, not exactly," admitted Starr. "But I couldn't stand being stared at by that confounded sentinel any longer. I left him quite satisfied with a dummy in my bunk, and walked out the front door while he was down at the other end of his post. Ran into two other sentries in the dark, but they'd never seen or heard of me before, so that was all right."

"You sure are upholding the reputation of the Black Sheep, Shooting."

"That's exactly what I'm here for. But I don't want to crash your career as well, Week-end. There's still time for me to slip back and roll in, if you say so."

Bagley considered the matter thoughtfully for about five seconds.

"Back in France," he declared judiciously, "they'd let you put a trench-boot through all orders and regulations, provided you were doing it to get to the front. Here's hoping the C.O. will see it the same way. Let's go!"

Bagley's ship was a DeHaviland photoplane, a two-seater, single control, with two Marlin machine guns in the forward cockpit. All that Starr could see in the observer's cockpit, aft, was a square camera-sized hole in the floor.

"Sorry I haven't a dual-control ship, Shooting. Had this old boat rigged up, expecting to go alone."

"'S all right, Week-end, as long as you're able to handle the stick and kick the rudder. And if anything happens, you're no worse off than if I hadn't come, anyway. But I wish I had a Lewis in my cockpit. If we flush one of those birds to-night, I'd sure like to have a shot at him."

"Well, I've got these two Marlins forward," said Bagley. "I'm not supposed to fire except in self-defense, anyway. But if he starts anything, they ought to stop him."

A detail of mechanics tramped in and trundled the machine out to the landing-field.

"All aboard!" shouted Bagley.

They were in the air before Starr realized it, climbing at an angle unheard of in all his previous experience in flying. Most of the Black Sheep's exploits had been performed in slow French bombing-planes. Up they shot to four thousand feet.

Starr shivered with the biting cold. He still had on the thin khaki uniform he had worn at his last station on the border, and a light flying-suit that was a poor protection against the icy blast of the night air.

Below them Fort Lobo lay in darkness, except for the scattered street lamps and the brightly-lighted guardhouse. Beyond was the glare of the city and the far shores of the bay, outlined by numberless twinkling sparks. Ferries crawled like glowworms among the riding lights of the shipping. Revolving beacons winked and flashed from islands and headlands far below.

"If that buzzard comes out to-night, he won't carry any lights," called Bagley. "It will be almost impossible to see him coming. I'll drop down a little lower and fly along the line of the bay shore. Watch for a flying-boat in the air or on the water near the beach."

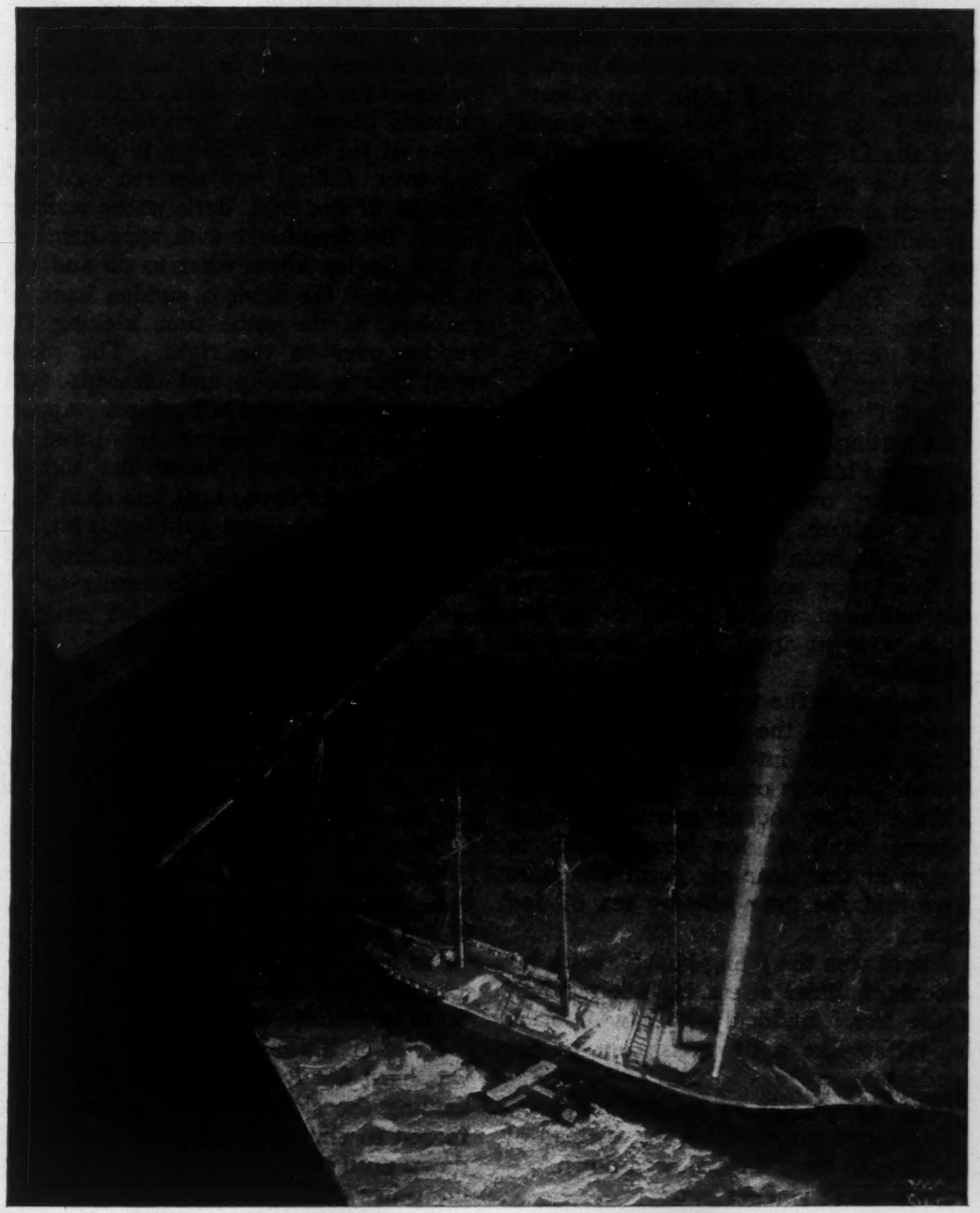
They swept down along the shore line of the reservation, anxiously scanning the surface of the inky-black water and the narrow ribbon of white beach, for signs of the dope-smugglers. At last, near the extreme western end of the line, Starr spied something that resembled a huge black bat, floating on the water near the shore.

"What's that just below us?" he asked.

"There's the chap we're looking for, as sure as Doomsday," exclaimed Bagley. "If it wasn't for my orders, I'd bomb his bus right here and now."

Through his night-glasses, Starr saw black dots crawling about the strand. They must be men wading out to the flying-boat and back to the beach, carrying contraband ashore. The bulk of the business surprised him, until he reflected that they were probably running hooch as well as dope.

"Bz-z-zt!" crackled the radio in the



Starr spied something that resembled a huge black bat floating on the water near the shore. "What's that just below us?" he asked.

forward cockpit. Bagley, steering with one hand, was sending with the other.

"All set!" he reported presently. "I've notified the officer of the day, and he's on the way with the guard."

"Let's beat him to it," urged Starr. "Let's go get 'em ourselves, before the O.D. comes. He and the guard will make so much noise with their feet, coming up at the double, that they'll scare the gang away. Come on, let's."

"Can't do it, Shooting. Goodness knows I'd like to, but the C.O.'s orders were explicit. I'm only to report their location. The O. D.'ll garner 'em in. There he goes now!"

Bayonets twinkled in the electric light as the guard turned out, with informal speed, and dived into the darkness toward the shore. It seemed to the two officers hovering above that they never would cover the five hundred yards of turf between the guard-house and the beach. Then all at once they could see the black dots milling about on the white sand and faintly catch the sound of shooting far below. This ceased as the black dots came together in one motionless blob.

"Got 'em," growled Bagley. "Too darned easy."

"Look!" yelled Starr. "The flying-boat's getting away!"

The big black bat was gliding faster and faster, over the water and away from the shore. Commands and curses followed it from the beach, but nothing deadlier. Any police officer would have fired and been upheld for so doing, but not so with an army officer, in time of peace.

Rising from the water, the flying-boat soared off into the starless night. But Bagley had no intention of losing the quarry. He was on the smuggler's tail at once. They bored upward through a dense bank of low-lying cloud, to emerge in the clear air, with the stars above and the gray billowy sea of fog below.

Where was the flying-boat? With his binoculars, Starr swept his allotted half of the sky. Suddenly he saw a black shape leap like a flying-fish out of the cloudy sea.

"There he is, low on the port bow!"

To Starr's surprise, Bagley, instead of swooping to the attack, slowed down.

"Why don't you get him?"

"Want to follow him home first. He's got a cache somewhere on the coast or a supply ship—bootlegger—in one of those little inlets up this way."

"Look out!" warned Starr. "He's seen us!"

The speed of the DeHaviland was so much greater than that of the flying-boat that they had drawn too near. Abruptly the leading plane dipped and disappeared into the cloud-bank. Down dived the other in pursuit—too close pursuit at that, for the tip of their right wing grazed the tip of the fugitive's left. As the plane careened beneath him, Starr had a ghastly vision of the two machines turning over and over, falling into the sea. At the thought of the cold, dark water waiting below, he shuddered with apprehension.

But Bagley knew what to do and did it in time. He made a sudden bank to the left, at the same time kicking the rudder over to the right. The plane went into a sideslip and cleared. The maneuver had saved both ships. Apparently neither had been vitally injured.

Now they were below the clouds. There was the flying-boat less than fifty yards away. She was wabbling a bit, but her pilot was doing his best to keep her on a straight course. He swung to the east, then bore away on his original course to the north and west.

"He's been sending a radio," remarked Bagley. "Some foreign lingo or trick cipher. I can't make head or tail of it. He got an answer just now, in what sounded like the same language. Bet he got his orders to come on in."

"How do you figure that?"

"Nothing else he can do, except kamerad. His outfit probably still has an ace in the hole. It's a cinch he can't shake us or fight us with his old dope-barge—too slow and clumsy to stand a chance. Wish he'd shove her along faster.'

Even at his minimum flying speed, it was hard for Bagley to keep from overhauling the slower craft. Now he was forced to climb steeply up, now to glide down until his ship was almost on top of the other one. Here, below the clouds, it was almost pitch dark and awkward work to keep in touch, without losing or crashing into the other plane.

At last a point of light glowed straight ahead, growing larger and larger as they approached. Hull, masts and rigging took form, until Starr could make out a large three-masted schooner, with her sails furled and apparently riding at an-

(*Continued on page* 148)

The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

* * *

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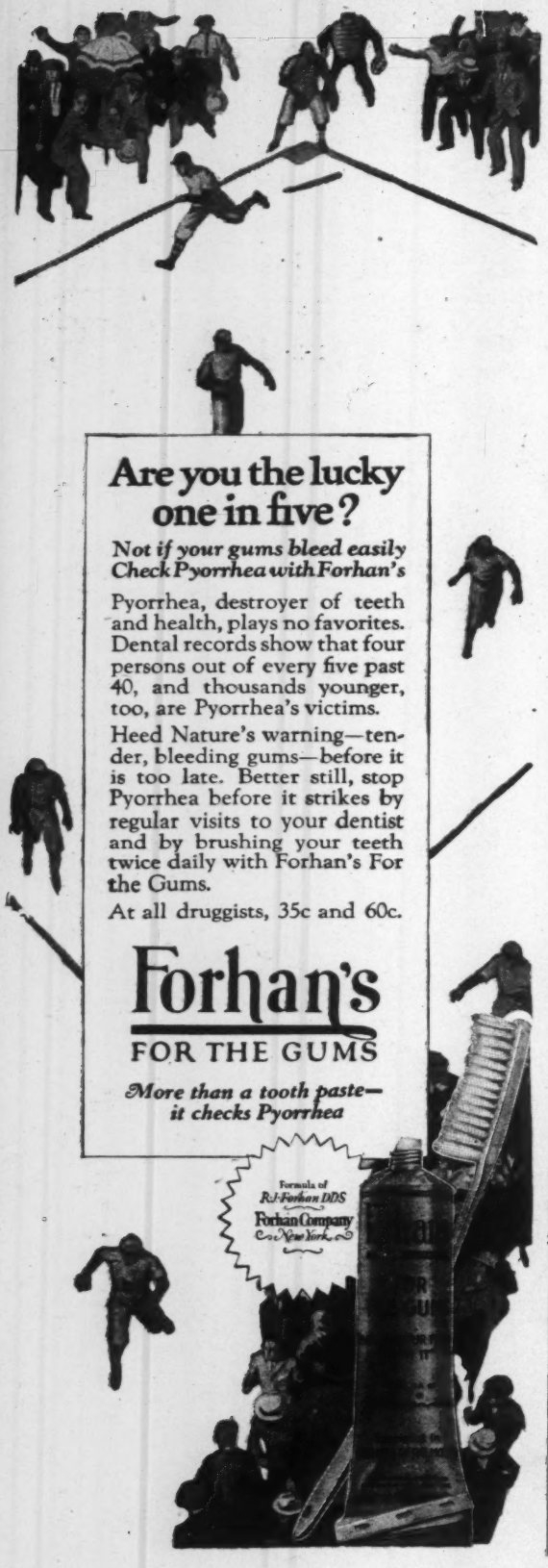
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CONTRABAND

(*Continued From Page* 144)

chor in a little land-locked cove. On three sides of the harbor, high hills rose abruptly from the water's edge.

A Coston light flared bright and blue. The flying-boat glided down and settled beside the schooner. The flare died out, but a searchlight from the vessel began to sweep the sky, until it touched the pursuers. Bagley dodged out of the beam, but it picked him up again.

Now a seaplane, faster and lighter than the ponderous flying-boat, appeared in the air, spitting gun-fire as it came. Starr saw the flashes, even as he heard the bullets tearing through the fuselage. A sharp pain burned through his left leg. He bound his handkerchief tightly above the wound, partially checking the flow of blood. He said nothing about it to Bagley, who was having troubles enough of his own.

"There he is!" yelled Starr. "Right under our tail! Mason's the pilot. Couldn't forget the way he wiggles his wings."

Bagley made a short dive with the throttle wide open and zoomed up suddenly, following with an Immelman turn. The maneuver brought him in the rear of his opponent. Another dive and a quick return gave him the position of vantage under the other's tail. While the searchlight made him visible to the enemy, it also showed him the hostile ship. He trained one of his Marlins on the target and sprayed it at close range. The seaplane dived, the DH4 after him. On the way down, Bagley gave him a broadside.

Then, abruptly, he ceased firing and pulled up. Starr realized that Bagley dared not dive too far. Mason had the advantage of knowing the country about the little cove, especially the height and location of the surrounding hills.

Once more Bagley climbed, followed by a burst from the promptly pursuing seaplane. Again he maneuvered for position, gained it, and brought his Marlin to bear on the hostile craft. Three

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(*Continued from page* 148)

shots — and the Marlin jammed!

He tried the other gun. It also refused to work, for it had been hit and put out of action by one of the enemy's shots. Returning to the first piece, Bagley struggled with it in vain.

"If I only had a Lewis!" groaned Starr.

Round swerved the seaplane, to sweep them with a stream of lead. Bagley did the only thing possible; dived suddenly and kept on diving, while trying to adjust the jammed machine gun.

"Let me help you!" called Starr.

Sometimes a gun will work for one man, when another can do nothing with it. Starr was a gun-sharp and besides he would have the use of two hands. Sick and almost fainting with pain, he nevertheless clambered slowly out and moved forward, until he stood on the wing beside the pilot's cockpit.

A burst from the seaplane seemed to brush his face, as their own ship started to climb again. Up to three thousand feet they mounted and had just leveled off when Bagley suddenly lurched forward against the stick. The ship dived, shooting downward like a meteor.

The engine was racing. At this lightning speed, they would crash at any moment into a cliff or plunge into the sea, to be caught in the wreckage and drowned like rats. Again Starr felt the horror of the cold dark water.

Why didn't Bagley straighten out? Why couldn't he pull her out of this headlong dive? Starr reached over and grasped him by the shoulder. He felt the body, a dead weight, fallen against the stick, holding it in the forward position.

"Snap out of it, old man!" he shouted.

But Bagley neither spoke nor moved. He was either dead or dying. What difference did it make, thought Starr, since in a few seconds they would both go together?

But despair instantly gave way to vengeful resolution. Mason had killed old Week-end and, by Heaven, he'd pay

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CONTRABAND

(*Continued from page* 149)

for it! Reaching inboard, Starr managed to throttle down the racing engine.

Bracing his right knee against the forward edge of the cockpit, he let his wounded leg hang outside. He no longer thought of the pain, as with every atom of his wiry strength he lifted the lifeless body of his friend, until he released the stick and could pull it back.

Checked suddenly in its meteoric fall, the entire fabric shivered with the tremendous strain; but nowhere did it give way. The good ship leveled out like an angel.

Starr crowded into the cockpit beside his unconscious pal and reopened the throttle.

Filled with an all-absorbing purpose, his brain ignored the insistent appeals of outraged nerves on behalf of the mangled flesh. He no longer thought of the cold dark water below. He was no longer weak and faint. Every drop of his fighting blood cried out for revenge.

Again the searchlight swept the sky, missing him by inches, but revealing the seaplane, a scant hundred yards ahead, apparently returning to the schooner. Evidently Mason thought that he had brought them down.

The seaplane was a little above and in advance. Starr had the ideal position, under the enemy's tail, and he was a wizard with machine guns. He cuffed the refractory Marlin twice, with the palm of his hand. At the second blow, out flew the shell that had jammed the ejector.

With the throttle wide open, he made straight for his opponent. His sights were aligned directly on the pilot's seat. He pressed the trigger for a long burst. The seaplane staggered, fluttered into a tail-spin and spiraled down, down into the sea.

Satisfied with his work, Starr, flashlight in hand, for the first time examined Bagley's wounds. One shot had furrowed his scalp and another pierced his breast, though whether it had penetrated the lungs or only the flesh Starr could not be sure. To his joy he found that Bagley's heart was still beating regularly, though feebly.

"Got to get him to the post," he muttered. "And I'm all in, myself."

Now that the excitement was over, he could no longer ignore the agony of his wound. He was almost fainting with pain and the loss of blood. All he had left to go on was his nerve.

Rising to three thousand, he leveled off and set his course for the post. It took all his will-power to fight off and keep down the increasing lassitude. By way of diversion he sent a radio to the C. O., reporting the result of the fight.

After an eternity of torture, his numbed brain registered faintly a vision of the approaching lights of Fort Lobo. Then he felt himself falling forward against the stick. They would crash—they would crash—and he could do nothing to prevent it.

"Conscious men have made lots worse landings," said the surgeon in the officers' ward, next day. "Yes, Captain Bagley's coming around all right."

"Thank God! Has the colonel——"

"Been in to see you, off and on, all morning. Broadcasted your radio to the Coast Guard and one of their cutters nabbed that rum-runner. Mason was picked up floating on the wreck of his seaplane. Some of the crowd we caught last night have already offered to turn State's evidence, and you haven't a thing to worry about. Lie still and keep quiet."

"What about my breaking arrest?"

"The colonel has antedated your release. He's ready to give you anything he's got in the world."

"Thanks, I've got one thing of his already that I don't want," whispered Starr, as he moved his unwounded leg. "Tell him to come and take it back."

"What's that?" asked the doctor.

"Comes of flying in khaki and worrying about cold dark water. I've got the old boy's rheumatism."

Norfleet—Man-Hunter

(*Continued from page* 40)

the beach reading a sheaf of telegrams was, said the land salesman in an awed whisper, "a man I met in New York. He took a hundred thousand out of the stock market in one day. Believe I'll hail him."

The introduction passed smoothly. The New Yorker had rented a resort beyond the city, "where the reporters won't bother us." A complete stock market had been installed. Would Mr. Parkinson, "and you, too, sir," care to make a few small bets?

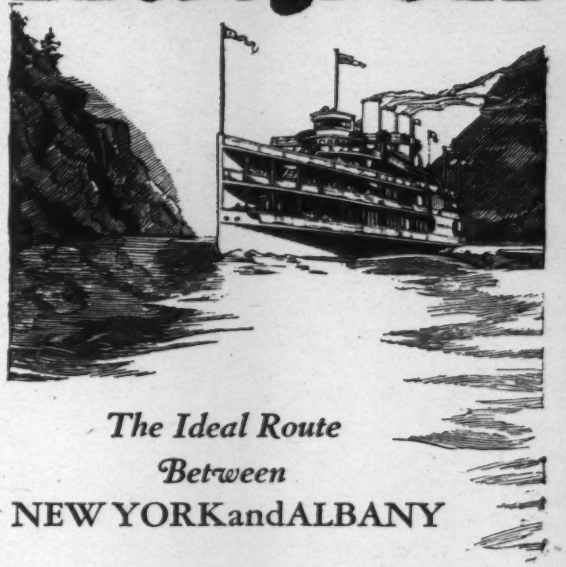
"The place was anchored on the edge of the cliffs. Their smooth sides shot straight down into a bed of jagged rocks whose pointed reefs rose from a churning sea like teeth in a frothing mouth, upturned to catch its prey. Far out, the water was reflected sapphire; inland, it was a serpent green. The waves crashed against the cliffs with the roar of battle. The fury would die away and then it seemed the ocean took another deep breath and beat itself against the coast.

"The booming suited my mood. I was the cliff, my two companions the sea. Would they succeed in breaking over me and washing away my foundation, as the water had washed away the land from the reefs? Or, when the tide ebbed, would the waves lap peacefully around me, getting no higher than my feet? That thought was in my mind as we got out of our automobile and entered the place."

There were six men in a long, low room. Two were guards, armed with rifles. Two were playing the market, eyes glued to the blackboard where a fifth man chalked up cabalistic symbols. The sixth was the telegraph operator. Norfleet had never seen any of them before, but he was certain that they knew Furey and Spencer. The earmarks of the game were too familiar. The Texan walked over to a table and ran his hand through "a mountain of money."

"It was heaped up as if some one had

See the Hudson



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NORFLEET—MAN-HUNTER

(*Continued from page* 151)

carelessly dumped a clothes basket of bills and gathered up those that fell from it and flung them back on top of the mound. The packages were stacked according to denomination and banded with regulation bank markers. I rubbed the edges of some of the thousand-dollar bills. They were genuine! Some were dirty and ragged, others clean and crisp.

"My senses reeled at the sight. It magnified a million times the loss of my savings wrung from the earth by toil and sweat. Here, before me, was all—more than all—I had lost. They told me it amounted to $175,000, one day's working capital. I do not doubt it."

There came a dramatic interruption. Norfleet heard the *put-put-put* of a motor boat. Then it stopped. Soon a man entered the room and looked swiftly from face to face. A slip of paper was handed to the New Yorker. The bearer of the missive spoke briefly to the land salesman; together they vanished.

"A sense of danger swept over me," says Norfleet in his book. "My eyes were on the master swindler. Guardedly he glanced at the paper. Evidently the writing was illegible, for he pressed the wrinkles from the sheet with thumbs and forefingers. Suddenly his face changed. He clutched the paper in one hand and tremblingly lowered it to his side. His face blanched. It seemed as if a silent signal of distress went from one to another around the room. Whatever information the note contained, it meant business. The sooner I attempted to get away the quicker I would know my fate.

A Mother's Boy

"I took a step toward the front door. The 'Master Mind' was recovering his poise. He deliberately kept in front of me, matching his backward steps to my forward ones. From his attitude and his measured distance from me I knew he was working to get me in position and then let me have it. I did not believe he was armed.

"I had never seen any of these men. Evidently they were taking a short cut with me. They were going to 'roll' me for the money I had on me. They probably thought I was carrying a substantial sum. I had intended they should. Keeping my eyes on the 'Master Mind' I said:

"'What day of the week is this?' Some one answered that it was Sunday.

"'Sunday!' I exclaimed. 'Well, that's too bad. Gentlemen, when I was a young man I promised my mother that I would never bet on the Sabbath. I have always kept my promise. This lets me out.'

"I made a sweeping gesture of adieu with my left hand. My words and motion brought the room to tense silence. The clerk at the bulletin board turned to me. The two bench warmers glued their 'stock' expressions on me. They were like automatons. The telegraph instrument stopped its clicking. As my hand dropped in leave taking, it was caught in the powerful grip of the master criminal. As he bent over me I closed my right hand on my six-shooter.

"'You won't leave here until we get ready for you to go!' he cried, and swung me down and in toward him. As our bodies crashed together I rammed my gun against his stomach.

"'Stick up your hands! Hold them high!' I yelled. I jumped back and reached for my other gun just as the land salesman jumped into the room and lunged at me with a rope. The second gun caught him. I had them squarely between me and the money guards.

"'Now, you two fellows just walk out of this front door straight to that automobile,' I called out. 'When you get there you climb in and sit side by side. If either of you turns back to look at me, I'll shoot your eyes out.'

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(*Continued from page* 152)

They about-faced and walked out of the door. I knew then that they were unarmed. That gave me the drop on the money guards. 'If you two fellows start anything with me, I'll finish it for you. I hope that's plain to you,' I said.

"Still covering them, I sided out of the door and made a run for the car. The negro chauffeur who had driven us to the place was waiting, his eyes rolling. The engine was going. My two captives were in the car. The negro clasped the wheel in his shaking hands and we swept down the slope, and in no time were in the edge of the city, safely away."

Norfleet's problem was how to dispose of his captives. He knew it would be useless to jail them; he "had nothing on them." Furey, he was confident, was nearby and he had no time to waste on strangers, even swindlers. He concluded to release them, but he wanted that slip of paper.

"Shell out!" he commanded.

"Gold, silver and bills tumbled from their pockets. The worn and crumpled note was deposited at my feet by a puff of wind. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' I thought as I tucked the note in my pocket. That was all I wanted. I told them to go and make it a quick-step. They scooped up their money and raced away, side by side.

"I took out the little crumpled note. This is what it said:

"'That is Norfleet himself. Don't get him started. If you do, he will kill every one of you. Don't let him get away, boys. Don't let him get away. Joe.'

"So Joe Furey knew I was there. I wondered how. I resolved to keep the note and when I caught him to ask him. There was one thing sure, he was gone from *that* place by the time I got the note."

Editors Note: Frank Norfleet's story will be continued in the July number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, describing the pursuit of Joe Furey and the great Denver swindle.

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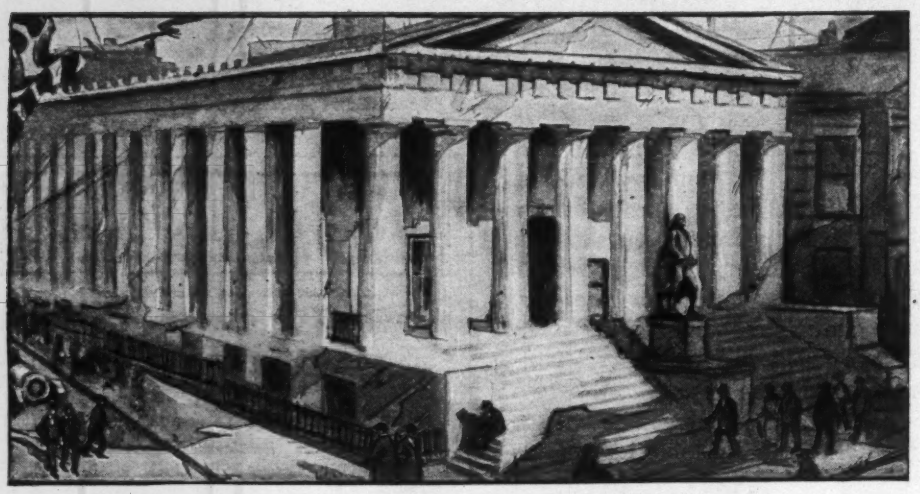

AN INVESTMENT POLICY

By PAUL TOMLINSON

EVERY business that is well managed has a definite plan for development, and all its activities are in accord with some clearly understood policy. Quick decisions must frequently be made, of course, and everything that is done naturally cannot be foreseen, but all such decisions can be in accord with the company's general plan of action.

How many men have any definite policy with regard to investments, however? Don't most of them buy this bond because some one in whom they have confidence has told them it was good, or that stock because someone else has said it was a fine purchase? How many people take into consideration the relation one of their investments bears to the others they own, and whether they all fit into some scheme, well laid out and sound? Not many probably and yet investing is a business, and if it is true that a business in order to succeed should have a definite policy, why should an exception be made in the case of investing?

What such a policy should be is something each person, in the last analysis, must decide for himself, for no two persons' circumstances are exactly alike, and what may do very well for one will have to be modified for another. The first question to be decided is just what it is desired to accomplish by means of investments; the second is how to go about it.

We shall presume that it is the average man we are talking about, and in our opinion his reasons for buying securities are threefold. He wants to provide protection for himself and his family; he wants to safeguard his old age; he wants to increase his income. How is he to bring these three things to pass? First of all, it seems to us, he should consider safety, and exercise all care that the money he has saved and invested shall be secure and permanently his. If he is making his first investment, therefore he should emphasize the safety of his principal above everything else, and if safety of principal means low yield, be content. As time goes on and the extent of his investment holdings increases he can pay more attention to yield, that is he can take more chances, but the less a person has the less risk he can afford to take.

There are five different classes of standard bonds these days, and all of them properly have a place in any investment scheme. Municipal, which term includes government, railroad, industrial, real estate, and public utility bonds, all offer the investor excellent opportunities, and why is it not feasible to plan to have

An Investment Policy

(*Continued from page* 154)

one or more of each of them in your safe deposit box? It is always well to diversify one's investments and certainly a high grade representative of each of these five classes is an excellent start in that direction. It is in bonds, we believe, that one's first investment money should be put, for while there are poor as well as good bonds, generally speaking they are safer investments than stocks. Bonds are secured by definite, specified property, pledged for the payment of principal and interest; in case of default the owner has redress. Stocks entitle the owner to a share in the corporation's profits, but if there are no profits there are no dividends and the stockholders can do nothing about it. In order to emphasize safety, first investments and the investments of people with limited means should be in bonds.

We know a man whose business is closely connected with investing, who for twenty years has been regularly buying securities with his savings. He told us recently that until three years ago he had never bought a share of stock. At that time he purchased five shares in a seemingly prosperous undertaking, paying $98 a share for his stock, which has since discontinued dividends and is now quoted at thirty-seven. If he had used his $500 to buy one of that same company's bonds he would still be receiving interest regularly and, though the market value of his investment would have fallen, he would have had no loss unless he chose to sell.

Not that we disapprove of stocks. They have a place, it seems to us, in every well-rounded investment scheme and perhaps by outlining what we believe to be a sound plan for the investing of a specified sum of money we can illustrate the various points we are trying to make. Suppose, in order to visualize the thing, you had twenty-four thousand dollars to invest. How would you do it? What securities would you buy and in what proportions? Would you buy more stocks than bonds, or vice versa? How would

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An Investment Policy

(*Continued from page* 155)

you diversify your investment?

Well, if we were asked to invest a fortune of that size for the average person we should put about seventy-five per cent into bonds and twenty-five per cent into stocks. That would mean $18,000 worth of bonds and $6000 of stocks. We should have municipal, railroad, real estate, public utility and industrial bonds all represented; we should also have both preferred and common stocks on the list. It would be possible to obtain eighteen issues of bonds and six issues of stock.

The bonds might be divided into $2000 of municipals and $4000 each of the other four; the stock into $4000 of preferred and $2000 of common. We should try to emphasize safety of principal above everything else, and we should also pay attention to the question of steady income and ability to sell.

The municipal bonds would probably yield a lower return than any of the other investments, about four and one half per cent, which on $2000 is $85. The railroad bonds should yield 5¼ per cent or $210; the public utilities 5½ or $220; the industrials the same, another $220; and the real estate issues 6½ or $260. On the two kinds of stocks the yield should average 7 per cent, amounting on $6000 to $420 a year. The total income on the whole $24,000, therefore, would be $1415 a year, an average of almost six per cent. It seems to us anyone should be satisfied with such a return, particularly if he feels that his principal is as safe as is reasonable to expect. Further, if the investments are well diversified that fact is another protection. For instance, we should choose bonds of companies located in different sections of the country so that in case a business depression hit one place the others would not necessarily be affected. And so with the stock investments.

All of which is unnecessarily meticulous, perhaps. We do feel, however, that some investment plan or policy is

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Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
Published monthly at New York, N. Y.

State of New York } ss. For April 1, 1924
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared T. C. McClure, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the President of the McClure Press, Inc., publishers of McClure's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
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T. C. McCLURE, Pres.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of April, 1924.
(Seal) ELMER S. CHATFIELD, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 30, 1926.)

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An Investment Policy

(*Continued from page* 156)

desirable and necessary and that no man is putting his funds to work to the best advantage unless he has a definite program in mind. Banks, insurance companies and all institutions with large sums of money to invest have a logical and coherent plan which they follow with care. They would not, for instance, have all their money in railroad bonds or in public utilities or industrials. They would be certain that the majority of their investments are readily marketable and capable of being converted into cash on short notice. We, on the other hand, have had lists of investments submitted to us consisting entirely of public utilities or entirely of real estate issues. We think public utility companies offer attractive inducements to investors, but we do not think it is wise to put all of one's money into one class of bonds, no matter what they are. We are strong believers in real estate mortgage bonds and yet these bonds are not so readily saleable as some others, so that while they may yield more for that very reason, we do not believe it wise to choose them to the exclusion of all others.

Another point which may well be borne in mind is the maturity dates of one's investment bond holdings. If, for example, short as well as long term issues are held, the bonds mature and are paid off at par, providing the owner with ready cash with which to take advantage of the investment opportunities which are always presenting themselves. Long term issues are particularly valuable when they may be bought on a higher than average yield basis. If the average return on high grade bonds over a period of thirty years, for instance, has been 4½ per cent and long term bonds can be bought to yield 5½ per cent, it would be good to buy and keep them.

A program logically and soundly planned is a fascinating thing to watch as it unfolds and develops. An investment policy is essential to sound investing.

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Financial Questions

Answered by James O. Parsons

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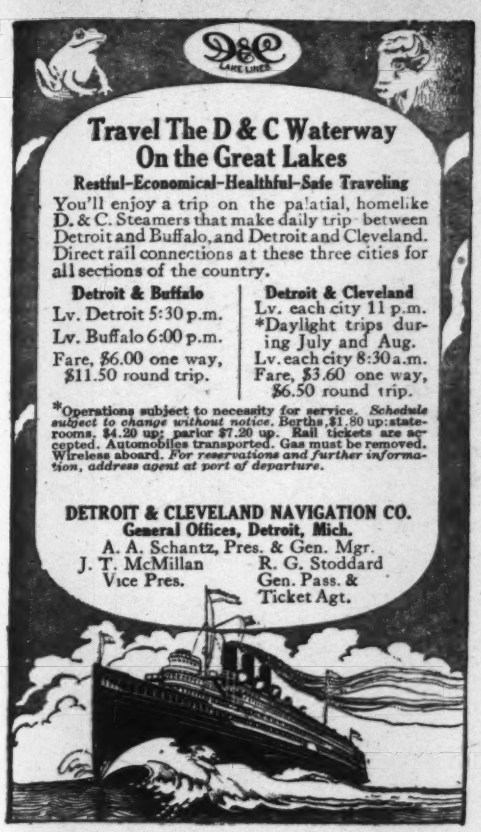
Q. My husband is a young dentist, thirty years old. We have two children and his net income is about $4,000 a year. A little more than $300 a year is paid out in straight life insurance—he is paying $30 a month into a savings contract. It would be possible for him to put about $50—perhaps a bit more—a month into something. We do not own a house—our rent is between $60 and $80 a month. Do you advise us to buy a house or shall we continue to rent?

A. We believe that the wisest course you and your husband could pursue at this stage would be to get a home of your own, making that the nucleus of your savings. If your husband has decided to carry on in the locality in which you are residing, making it your permanent home, we think you should seriously consider abandoning the status of a rent payer and join the army of home owners. You could easily finance the purchase or construction of a home of your own through a local building and loan association. In the process of paying for the home you would be forced to save money.

An Apology

In the article entitled Mayor Dever of Chicago Enforces Prohibition, appearing in the April issue, the statement was made that "Jerry" O'Connor had served a term in the penitentiary. His mother, Mrs. Norine O'Connor, has written to say that this was not so, that he did not serve a term in the penitentiary, and the Editors are only too glad to give the information to the readers of McClure's Magazine.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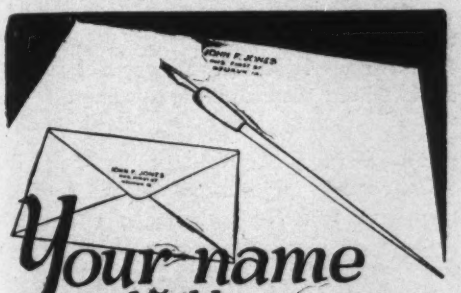

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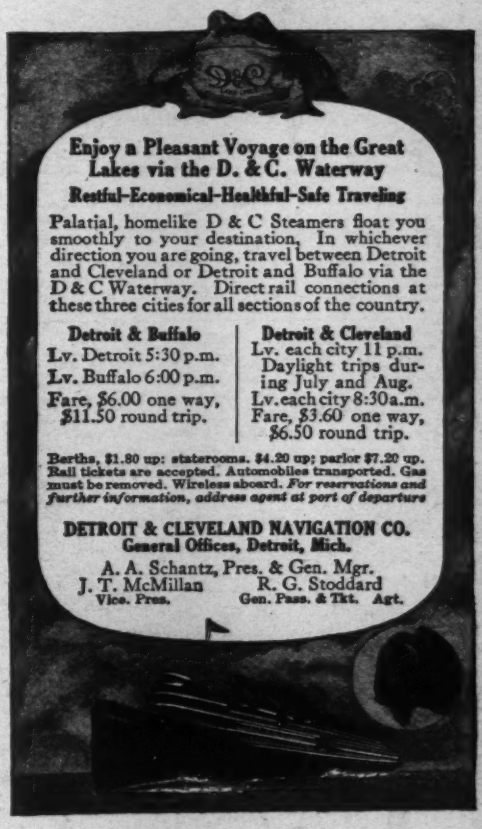

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